



MURRAY

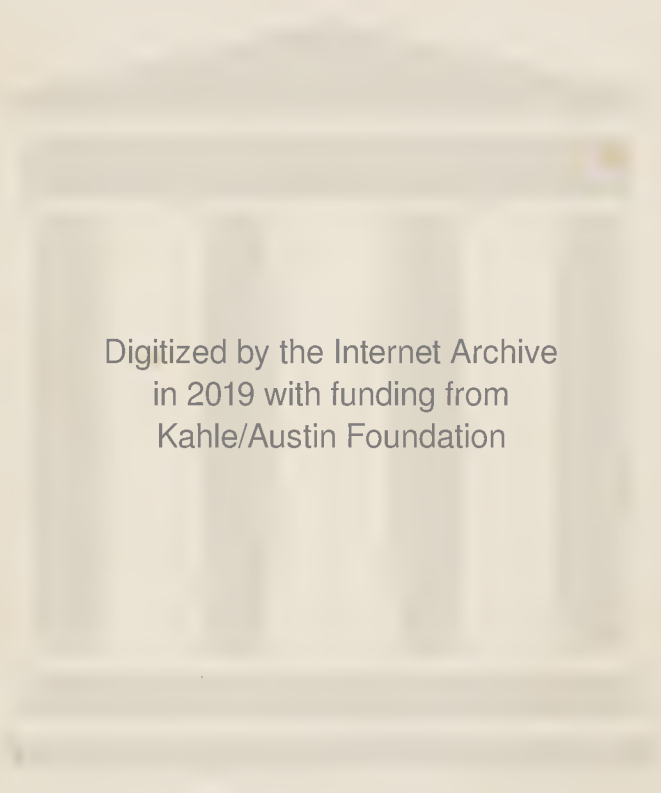
AND

SANKEY

NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

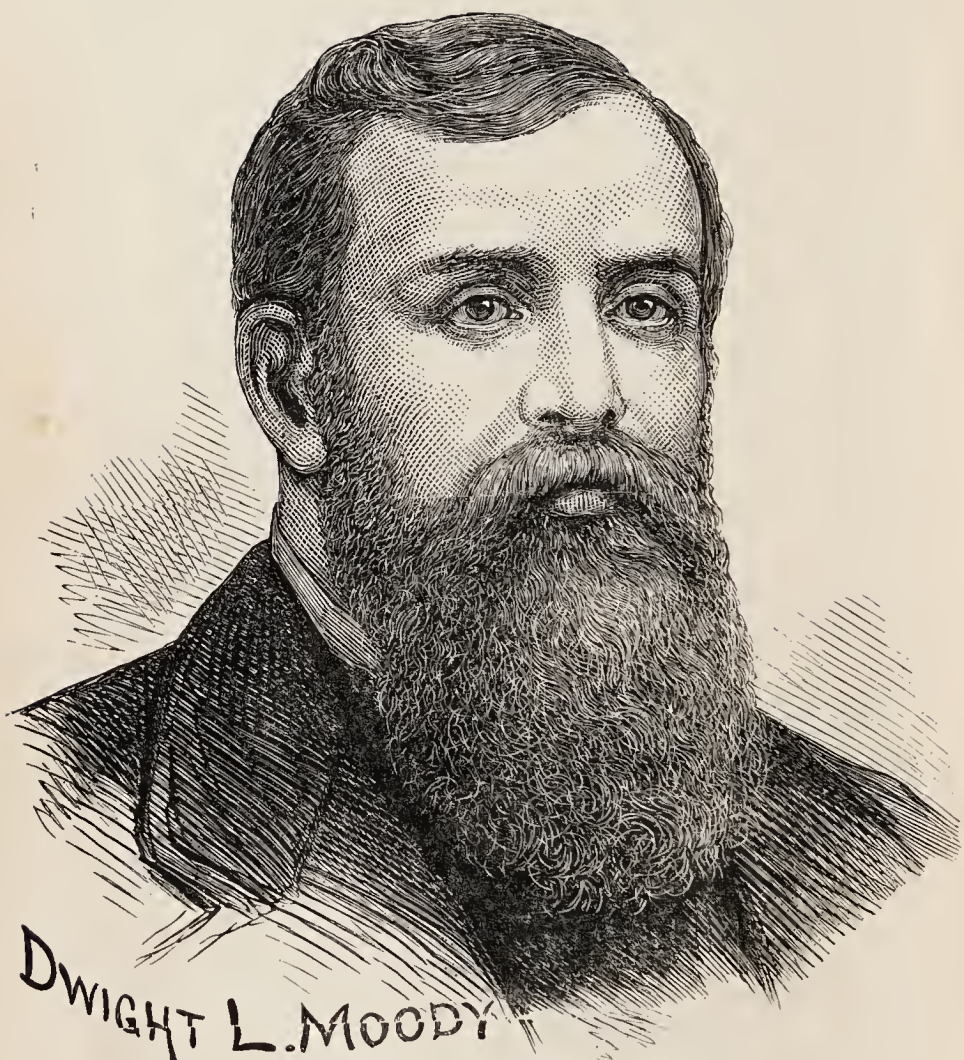


THOMAS J. BATA LIBRARY
TRENT UNIVERSITY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

Gift. Dziak



THE
LIVES AND LABORS
OF
MOODY AND SANKEY

GIVING

THEIR WONDERFUL CAREER OF CHRISTIAN CONQUEST IN
ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND THE UNITED
STATES, DOWN TO THE SUMMER OF 1876;

BEING

A CONCISE NARRATIVE OF THE EARLY LIVES, LATER EXPERI-
ENCES, AND GRAND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE MOST
SUCCESSFUL EVANGELISTS OF MODERN TIMES ;

WITH

Select Sermons and Prayer-Meeting Talks, by Mr. Moody.

BY

REV. ROBERT BOYD, D.D.,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. JOHN POTTS,

Pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

TORONTO, ONT.:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. HOVEY, 48 KING STREET EAST.
1876.

AGENTS WANTED.

RETIRED clergymen, school-teachers, professional men, and young men from the country of fair education and good address, are wanted to act as agents in introducing this book, and my other popular and standard publications, in every township in the Dominion. I now have a large number of agents engaged selling my publications, many of whom are of the highest respectability, and include ministers, school-teachers, farmers, and mechanics, who have left their former occupations to engage in this enterprise because of the large profits to be realised and the great good they may accomplish.

Still there is room, and I can give constant and profitable employment to some hundreds more. By engaging in the sale of my publications you will contribute to the intellectual and moral elevation of your fellows, and to your own improvement. Circulars, giving full particulars, will be sent to those who intend engaging in this work, by addressing,

A. H. HOVEY, *Publisher*,
48 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

INTRODUCTION.

*By Rev. John Potts, Pastor of the Metropolitan Church,
Toronto.*

I FEEL it a great pleasure to introduce to the Christian Churches of the Dominion a Canadian edition of a book written by Dr. Robert Boyd, of Chicago, giving an account of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, their lives, and their wonderful evangelistic work.

The issue of this volume is at a time when there is a general interest awakened on the subject of religion. The reading of this thrilling narrative will contribute largely to increase that interest by giving directness to the zeal and efforts of God's people, and encouraging the timid but sincere seeker to trust the compassionate Saviour, whose power and willingness to save are so amply illustrated in every chapter of this work.

The names of D. S. Moody and Ira D. Sankey are familiar in every English-speaking country throughout the world, and are well known in lands where the English language is not spoken. Why are the names of those men as household words among all denominations of Christians? Who are they? They are not ordained ministers of Christ. They are not trained in the learnings of the schools, and they make no pretensions to be masters of theology. They are laymen; but

laymen wholly consecrated to God, and called to leave their secular affairs for the great business of preaching and singing the Gospel. Their mission, already greatly honored of God, is destined to prove an unspeakable blessing to many yet unreached, and yet unborn. While the preaching and singing of these men have been blessed to thousands in their conversion, I believe that their chief work has been in the Churches—awakening drowsy professors into a quickened spirituality, and leading them out of the wilderness of doubt and barrenness into the promised land of abiding faith and unceasing fruitfulness. As a result of the visits of these honored servants of the Lord Jesus, it is found that there is witness-bearing and working for Jesus unknown before, and now a mighty power for good in the communities where such are “about their Father’s business.”

What is the secret of the success—the unparalleled success—which has attended the earnest and untiring efforts of these men, whom God has delighted to honor?

The Bible has had unusual prominence, yea, pre-eminence in all their services. Mr. Moody is a man of one book, and his unfaltering faith in its contents, both of promise and threatening, is positive. He speaks of the facts of Scripture, the doctrines of Scripture, the promises of Scripture, and the threatenings of Scripture, as if doubt had no lurking place in his heart; and by God’s blessing he has been able to communicate both his reverence for and faith in the Bible to a multitude of disciples, who are now feasting on its Divine

truths, and declaring, "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold ; sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb."

Prayer has also had a large place in this movement. We learn, and can easily credit the statement, that Mr. Moody is a man of prayer. The work that he has been able to do is largely the fruit of "effectual fervent prayer." Then, he has drawn around him a band of choice spirits from the ranks of the ministry and membership of the various branches of the Church of Christ—souls on whom the anointing of the Spirit has rested, and thus the whole movement has been surrounded with an atmosphere of prayer.

The preaching of Mr. Moody cannot be overlooked in accounting for the success which has attended the services. The sermons are earnest, direct spiritual expositions of the Word of God. There is an intensity in the appeals which burns its way to the heart and conscience, and there is such an appropriateness in the illustrations and anecdotes, that the most ordinary hearers can see and often feel the application of the Gospel message. I incline to the opinion that Mr. Moody has done good service in opening the eyes of ministers to see that hearty, earnest sermons are better than dry, elaborate discourses or polished essays upon general topics of Scripture. These are days when ministers of Christ should speak with such force of truth and unction that men may feel that messengers of heaven "are beseeching them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God."

The singing of Mr. Sankey has formed a very attractive feature of the meetings. While Mr. Moody has preached the Gospel, with no less earnestness has Mr. Sankey sung the Gospel—sung it until heads were bowed in prayer, until bosoms heaved with emotion, and hearts cried out to “Jesus of Nazareth passing by,” “Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me.”

In accounting for the unusual success of this evangelistic movement, the first place must be given to the Holy Spirit. The chief workers and subordinate helpers have acted as if they heard the voice of God saying, “Not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.” Every step has been taken with the utterance upon the lips of the leaders, “We believe in the Holy Ghost;” and thus depending upon the Spirit, the Spirit has attended the songs of Zion, and the proclamation of the Gospel, with the power that enlightens, subdues, attracts and saves. I confidently hope that this volume may stir the hearts of God’s people, and constrain many to engage more fully in the blessed work of winning souls.

TORONTO, *May*, 1876.

PREFACE.

As the intimate friend and co-worker of Mr. Moody almost from the time of his advent to Chicago, the work of preparing and presenting to the world a brief account of his life and labors in the service of Christ is to the author a very pleasant and grateful task.

Probably from no other source could so hopeful a lesson be drawn to stimulate and encourage earnest Christian efforts as from the successful labors of an uneducated person, without fortune, position or eloquence, with no adventitious helps, battling against adverse circumstances, overcoming popular prejudice, yet who, in spite of all these obstacles, urged on by the one only purpose to serve the Lord and fight the good fight, and sustained by Him who "giveth grace to the humble" has made cities his audiences, and wrought up nations to an effective and almost unprecedented revival of religion and truth.

If this little volume shall, through God's grace, be the means of stimulating in the smallest degree the work of earnest, fearless and aggressive religion; of inciting to renewed or increased effort any laborer in the vineyard whose efforts have apparently not heretofore been crowned with success; of causing any who, in despairing mood, may be ready to exclaim "I have toiled the whole night yet have taken nothing," to courageously and trustingly let down their nets once more for a draught; of encouraging any whom want of education and wealth and confidence in themselves has heretofore debarred from entering into the Master's service to bring forth and put out to usury the one talent which has been bestowed upon them, that they be not guilty of hiding the Lord's treasure; or if, through its instrumentality, any lost and wandering sheep be gathered into the heavenly fold, the author will deem that the Lord has been very gracious to the work of his hands, and that his efforts have been crowned with an abundant measure of success.

ROBERT BOYD.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAP. I.—History of their Early Life.....	17
CHAP. II.—Beginnings Abroad.....	45
CHAP. III.—The Word in Edinburgh.....	61
CHAP. IV.—On to Glasgow.....	93
CHAP. V.—The Evangelists in Ireland.....	117
CHAP. VI.—The Glory of God in Dublin.....	130
CHAP. VII.—The Harvest in England.....	140
CHAP. VIII.—Times of Blessing in Sheffield.....	153
CHAP. IX.—“The World’s Toyshop” Welcomes Them...	164
CHAP. X.—Liverpool’s Month of Mercy.....	175
CHAP. XI.—Mighty London in Blessed.....	187
CHAP. XII.—Farewell in Liverpool.....	224
CHAP. XIII.—Moody and Sankey in America.....	237
CHAP. XIV.—The Evangelists in Philadelphia.....	276
CHAP. XV.—Their work in New York ; and Sermons and Prayer-Meeting Talks, by Mr. Moody.....	425



JRA DAVID SANKEY.



MOODY AND SANKEY.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF THEIR EARLY LIFE.

WHILE seeking to satisfy a natural curiosity respecting the men who have accomplished the grandest evangelistic work of modern times, and who seem but to have entered upon their wonderful career of Christian conquest, we also unfold a stranger page of Divine Providence than we usually encounter, and see how God trains His servants for the peculiar service to which He invites them. Where so much has been written on this part of our subject, it is easy to gather materials for a much fuller sketch than is necessary to open the topic to the intelligent apprehension of our readers. It is true that whatever truly represents a human life must be interesting, however lowly that existence and humble its surroundings. We could wish for more information concerning our blessed Lord and His early Life, but enough has been given to verify Him to us as a real personage, and to show that all was in keeping with the unique character He possessed and the double office He performed. The same is true respecting the apostles and evangelists. We have no

burdensome minutiae of description, but only general outlines and occasional facts of characteristic interest and historic importance.

In reference to these new candidates for honor as great harvesters in the field of souls, one of whom is a personal friend, we find the ample materials scattered in books and periodicals, and gather them into such form as will best meet the wants of our readers, being careful to exercise judgment in the selection and grouping, that we may portray truthfully the ways of Providence in their course of education and training for their present mighty success.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, February 5th, 1837. He received but little education, being naturally averse to study and more fond of work and play. His people were of the Unitarian faith, and a writer tells a story of the boy that shows how natural it is for even a wild, wicked boy to pray when in trouble.

He had little faith in prayer. Once when he was creeping under a heavy fence, it fell down upon him and caught him, so that he could not get away. He struggled till he was quite exhausted, and then began to cry for help ; but he was far from any house, and no one heard him. At last he got safely out ; and this was the account he gave of his escape :

"I tried and tried, and I couldn't lift them awful heavy rails ; then I hollered for help, but nobody came ; and then I began to think I should have to die away up there on the mountain all alone. But I happened to think that, maybe, God would help me, and so I asked him. And after that I could lift the rails, just as easy !"

He also gives us an incident of the early home which Dwight often uses with powerful effect. Being himself a man of the strongest domestic attachments, he appeals to

these tenderer elements of our nature with rare and tremendous skill and power.

One of the elder sons, with a boyish ambition to make his fortune in the great world, suddenly disappeared.

For years no tidings of the lost boy reached the widowed mother. It seemed sometimes as if her heart would break for him. "Oh ! if I could only know he was dead, it would be better than this ! Maybe he is sick and in want !—maybe he has fallen in with wicked men, who will make him like themselves !"

They would all sit in a semi-circle about the fire of a stormy winter's night, and listen to stories of their dead father : what he did, what he said, how he looked, how he was kind to a friend and lost a great deal of money by him, and so their little home was mortgaged, and they were poor. But if by chance any one spoke the name of the absent brother, a great silence fell upon them ; the tears would come into the eyes of the mother, and then they would steal away to bed, whispering their "good-nights," and walking softly as they went ; for that name was like a sword-thrust to the mother's heart. Then they would lie awake listening to the roar of the wind among the mountains, thinking maybe *he* was out in the cold somewhere ; or, worse than that, perhaps he had gone to sea, and while they were snug in bed, was keeping watch on a wave-beaten deck, or climbing a reeling mast in just such darkness and storm.

Now and then, between the gusts, a sound would be heard like the wail of the summer wind when it used to make harp-strings of the leaves and branches of the great maple trees in the yard : low and gentle now, and again rising into louder and stronger tones. Then they held their breath and listened. Mother was sitting up to pray for her lost boy.

Next morning perhaps she would send them down to the post-office in the village, a mile and a half away, to ask for a letter—a letter from *him*, though the mother never said so. But no letter ever came.

Long years after, when the widow was growing old, and her soft dark hair was turning white, one summer afternoon a tall, swarthy man, with heavy black beard, was seen coming in at the gate. He came up under the porch, and, the door being open, he stopped and looked in, with an eager anxious face, as if he were afraid he might not find the one he was seeking, though he had stopped at the church-yard on his way through the village, to see whether there were two graves instead of one, where his father had been laid so many years ago. Surely his mother was not dead, but was she still at the old home?

The widow came to the door to bid the stranger in. The eyes that had watched so long for his coming did not know him now. He was only a boy when he ran away; years of hardship and exposure to sun and storm had made him strange even to his mother.

“Will you come in?” said she, in her courteous and kindly way.

But the stranger did not move or speak. He stood there humbly and penitently, in the presence of her whose love he had slighted, and whose heart he had broken; and, as a sense of his ingratitude began to overwhelm him, the big tears began to find their way over his weather-beaten face.

By those tears the mother recognized her son. He had come at last! There was so much of the old home in him that he could not always stay away. But he would not cross its threshold till he had confessed his sin against it, and heard from the same lips which had prayed for him so often and so long, the sweet assurance that he was forgiven.

“No ! no !” said he ; “I cannot come in till my mother forgives me.”

Weeping upon his neck, forgetting all the sorrow he had caused her in the joy of seeing him once more, she forgave him because he asked it, and because she loved him.

“And that is just the way,” says Moody,—who sometimes tells the story to his great congregations,—“that is just the way God forgives all the prodigal sons who come back to Him. Do you think mother kept her long-lost boy out there in the porch till he had gone through with a string of apologies, and done a list of penances, and said ever-so-many prayers ? Not at all ! She took him to her heart at once. She made him come right in. She forgave him *all*, and rejoiced over his coming more than over all the other children. He had been lost, and now he was found !”

Dwight also felt an irrepressible anxiety to strike out for himself, and he accordingly went to Boston with his mother's blessing on his head, and commenced his city life as a clerk. He was drawn to Dr. Kirk's church, and with Edward Kimball's Bible class. Here he made considerable sport by his desire for knowledge, and his abrupt ways. He once asked his teacher, who was descanting on the great Jewish Lawgiver, if that Moses wasn't a pretty smart sort of a man. He was led to Christ by the instrumentality of these influences, but through lack of instruction was not permitted to join the church till a year and a half had passed, or he was able to give an intelligent account of himself as a believer. Nothing daunted, he kept straight on ; but at last, feeling his own deficiencies among a people composed so largely of the educated, and being kindly advised by his pastor that he had not better attempt to speak in the meetings, he became discouraged and left the East, and gravitated to the metropolis of the West, and began work in a shoe-

store in Chicago, September, 1856. Says one of his biographers :

“On Sunday he sought out a Mission Sunday School, and offered his services as a teacher. He was informed that the school had a full supply of teachers, but if he would gather a class, he might occupy a seat in the school-room. The next Sabbath he appeared with *eighteen boys* and a place was assigned him for his new and rough recruits. This was the beginning of his mission to ‘the masses.’ On that day he unfolded his theory of how ‘to reach the masses’—‘Go for them.’

“Soon after, he commenced the ‘North Market Hall Mission School.’ The old market-hall was used on Saturday nights for dancing; and after the motley crowd had dispersed, Mr. Moody and his associates spent the late hours of Saturday night and the early hours of Sunday morning in removing the sawdust and filth, cleansing the floor, and putting the room in order for their Christian work. The repetition of this kind of labour week after week was obviously not very agreeable; but it was cheerfully rendered by a young man who lived for one object—the salvation of souls. In this hall the school was held for six years, and increased to over one thousand members. Many were brought to Jesus; and the work was carried forward amidst marked encouragements and discouragements.

“Finding it extremely difficult to hold prayer-meetings or Sabbath-evening services in this hall, Mr. Moody rented a saloon that would accommodate about two hundred persons. He boarded up the side windows, and furnished it with unpainted pine-board seats. It was a dismal, unventilated place, and during service it was necessary to have policemen to guard the door and building. Here he collected the poor and the vicious; and sought, by melting appeals and fervent

prayers, to lead hardened sinners to abandon their evil courses and accept the offers of salvation."

Says another: "The man who may be called, *par excellence*, the Lightning Christian of the Lightning City is Mr. Moody, the President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a man whose name is a household word in connection with missionary work. I went to one of his mission schools, and have rarely beheld such a scene of high-pressure evangelization. It made me think irresistibly of those breathing steamboats on the Mississippi, that must either go fast or burst. Mr. Moody himself moved energetically about the school most of the time, seeing that everybody was at work, throwing in a word where he thought it necessary, and inspiring every one with his own enthusiasm.

"As soon as the classes had been going on for a specific number of minutes, he mounted a platform, rang a bell, and addressed the children. He is a keen, dark-eyed man, with a somewhat shrill voice, but with thorough earnestness of manner and delivery. His remarks were few, but pointed and full of interrogation, keeping the children on their mettle. It is one of his first principles, never, in any of the religious exercises, to allow the interest or attention of the audience to flag for an instant. At a great religious convention held at Chicago to which five hundred delegates came from all parts of the United States, he got a resolution passed that no one should be allowed more than three minutes for his speech. The result was that an immense number got an opportunity for speaking, and an admirable check was put on the American tendency to copious, flowery oratory. Every man had to dash in *medias res*, at once, say what he had to say without loss of words, and leave out all minor points to get time for the points of most importance. One or two of Moody's remarks were, 'Services are not made interesting enough, so

as to get unconverted people to come. They are not expected to come, and people would be mortified if they did come. Don't get into a rut. I abominate ruts. There are few things that I dread more.'

"Though earnest in his piety, and full of religious conversation, Moody has no patience with mere cant, and wants everybody to prove his sincerity by his acts. At a meeting in behalf of a struggling charity, a wealthy layman, loud in his religious professions, offered up a prayer that the Lord would move the hearts of the people to contribute the sum required. Mr. Moody rose, and said that all the charity wanted was only two thousand dollars, and that he considered it absurd for a man with half a million to get up and ask the Lord to do anything in the matter, when he could himself, with a mere stroke of his pen, do all that was needed, and ten times more, and never feel the difference.

"The first thing Mr. Moody does with those whom he succeeds in bringing under Christian influence is, to turn them to account in pushing on the good work. He considers no place too bad, no class too hardened, to be despaired of. He sometimes takes a choir of young people, well trained in singing, to the low drinking saloons, to help him in wooing the drunkards and gamblers away to the meetings. On one such occasion, which was described to me, he entered one of these dens with his choir, and said, 'Would you like to have a song, gentlemen?' No objection was offered, and the children sung a patriotic song in fine style, eliciting great applause. Mr. Moody then had a hymn sung by them, and meanwhile went round giving tracts to those present. When the hymn was over he said, 'We shall now have a word of prayer.' 'No, no,' cried several in alarm, 'no prayer here.' 'Oh yes, we'll have a few words of prayer. Quiet for a minute, gentlemen,' he said, and proceeded to offer up a few

earnest petitions. Some of the men were touched ; and when he invited them to go with him to his meeting and hear more about salvation, half of them rose and went. It is believed that if Pandemonium were accessible, Mr. Moody would have a mission started there within a week."

Mr. Reynolds of Peoria said recently, as if in illustration of this last remark :

"The first meeting I ever saw him at was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon-keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold the meeting in at night. I went there a little late ; and the first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son ; and a great many of the words he could not make out, and had to skip. I thought, if the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honour and glory, it will astonish me. After that meeting was over Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent : I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him ; and I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly ; and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me when I look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day—shaking Scotland to its very centre, and reaching now over to Ireland.

"The last time I heard from him, his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day ; pray now that God will keep me humble.' "

"I shall always remember Mr. Moody," says one ; "for he was the means of leading me to Christ. I was in a

railway train one day, when a stout, cheery-looking stranger came in and sat down in a seat beside me. We were passing through a beautiful country, to which he called my attention, saying,—

“ ‘Did you ever think what a good Heavenly Father we have, to give us such a pleasant world to live in?’ ”

“I made some indifferent answer; upon which he earnestly inquired,—

“ ‘Are you a Christian?’ ”

“I answered, ‘No.’ ”

“ ‘Then’ said he, ‘you ought to be one at once. I am to get off at the next station, but if you will kneel down, right here, I will pray to the Lord to make you a Christian.’ ”

“Scarcely knowing what I did, I knelt down beside him there, in the car filled with passengers, and he prayed for me with all his heart. Just then the train drew up at the station, and he had only time to get off before it started again.

“Suddenly coming to myself out of what seemed more like a dream than a reality, I rushed out on the car platform, and shouted after him, ‘Tell me who you are?’ ”

“He replied, ‘My name is Moody.’ ”

“I never could shake off the conviction which then took hold upon me, until the strange man was answered, and I had become a Christian man.”

Thus he wrought with men wherever he could find open ears to hear the message of salvation, whether in the saloon, the railway car, the mission building or the sanctuary.

His soul being intent on saving men, he knew that by joining others in his Christian enterprises he would thus vastly multiply his usefulness. He accordingly made himself a recruiting agent for his school, and brought the neglected multitudes of the North side into classes taught by such helpers as he could yoke up with himself. The population

of his district was largely made up of Germans and other foreigners, who are accustomed to a Sabbath not of the Puritanic but rather the Satanic sort.

Sunday is the day devoted by many to concerts, balls, and pleasure generally. Mr. Moody saw that to succeed in such a population, a school must be exceedingly lively and attractive, and as he observed that the Germans made constant use of music in their meetings, he was led to consider whether music might not be employed somewhat prominently in the service of Christ. Not being himself a singer, he got a friend who could sing to help him, and for the first few evenings the time was spent between singing hymns and telling stories to the children, so as to awaken their interest and induce them to return. A hold having in this way been established, the school was divided into classes and conducted more in the usual way.

This school became the basis of wider operations. After a time a lively interest in divine things began to appear among the children. This led to the holding of meetings every night, and to the offering of prayers and delivery of addresses suitable to the circumstances of the children. These meetings began to be attended also by the parents, some of whom shared the blessing. It may be stated here that some of those young persons who were converted at this time, remain to the present day the most valuable and active coadjutors in the work with which Mr. Moody is associated in Chicago.

In most cases neither the children nor their parents had hitherto been connected with any Christian church. Mr. Moody began to find himself constrained to supply them with spiritual food. At first he encouraged them to connect themselves with other congregations. But it was found that in these they were next to lost or swallowed up; they felt

themselves strangers, sometimes unwelcome strangers, while they lost all the benefit of neighborhood, mutual interest, and combination in the worship of God. Gradually, therefore, Mr. Moody felt shut up to taking charge of them, and supplying them with Christian instruction. Both school and church continued to increase, the school amounting to about a thousand, and suitable buildings were erected through the liberality of friends. Mr. Moody had by this time given up business, so that he might be free to give his whole time and attention to the work. As he felt himself called by the Lord to this step, he resolved to decline all salary or allowance from any quarter, and trust for the maintenance solely to what it might be put into the hearts of God's people to contribute. Being quite destitute of private means, this resolution showed that his faith in a divine call to give himself to Christian work was capable of bearing a great strain. At the same time, while adopting this course for himself, he has never pressed it upon others, unless they should clearly see it to be their duty. And while believing himself called to a kind of supplementary work in the ministry, he is very far from prescribing the same rôle to others. On the contrary, he is the steady friend of a regular ministry, being fully persuaded that in "ordaining elders in every city," the apostles meant to set up the permanent platform of the Christian Church.

Mr. Moody had acquired a position of much influence in the United States in connection with Sunday-schools and mission work when the war broke out between North and South. This led to a new turn being given to his labors. There was a large camp in the neighborhood of Chicago, to which he gave much attention, going there night after night and striving to bring the soldiers under the influence of divine grace. When the Christian Commission was organ-

ized, under the presidency of his friend, George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, Mr. Moody became one of his most energetic coadjutors. He did not go into the army as an agent of the Commission, but he was President of the Executive branch for Chicago, and nine different times he went to one or other of the scenes of warfare, remaining some weeks and working with all his might. These services with the army were of no little use, not only in producing direct fruit, but also in developing that prompt and urgent method of dealing with men, that strenuous endeavor to get them to accept immediate salvation, which is still so conspicuous a feature of his mode of address. With wounded men hovering between life and death, or with men on march, resting for an evening in some place which they were to leave to-morrow, it was plainly, so far at least as he was concerned, the alternative of "now or never;" and as he could not allow himself nor allow them to be satisfied with the "never," he bent his whole energies to the "now."

In all this work Mr. Moody bore an important and honorable part. His frequent excursions to battle-fields and camps made him, more than any other man, the medium of communication between the work in the army and the work at home. He was on the field after the battles of Pittsburgh Landing, Shiloh, and Murfreesboro', with the army at Cleveland and Chattanooga, and was one of the first to enter Richmond, where he ministered alike to friend and foe.

The war being ended, Mr. Moody had more time to develop his work in Chicago.

To set others to work in the vineyard had long been one of his chief aims, and by means of the Young Men's Christian Association, in which he took a great interest, he was highly successful. Mr. Moody strove to inspire the Chicago Association with his own spirit, and to send them to work in

the vineyard. The hall of the Association became one of the stated scenes of his own labors. The Association was very unfortunate in the matter of fires—its first building having been burnt down in 1867, and its second in the great fire of Chicago in 1871. According to Mr. David Macrae, “the lightning city” showed such activity of movement, that the money for the second building was all subscribed before the fire had completed the destruction of the first. This, we believe, is somewhat hyperbolical; but in sober truth, the arrangements for the restoration of the building after the first fire were made with wonderful rapidity. The new building contained a hall of enormous size. Mr. Moody was accustomed to preach to his own people in the morning, to superintend a Sunday School of about a thousand in the afternoon, and to preach again in the evening in the hall of the Young Men’s Association.

In October, 1871, occurred a terrible fire which destroyed a great part of Chicago. Mr. Moody, with his wife and two children, was roused in the middle of the night to find the fierce fire approaching their dwelling, and leaving his house and household gear to their fate (all the property he possessed), had to hurry along to seek shelter in the houses of friends. Mr. Moody’s school and church, as well as the buildings of the Young Men’s Christian Association, perished likewise in the conflagration. The feelings of himself and his fellow-citizens, on going to see the ruins, can hardly be conceived. But after the first stunning sensation was over, faith and hope revived. In one month after the fire a temporary erection was completed! No small energy must have been required to accomplish this, amid the confusion, the bustle, and the infinity of things that had to be attended to. But reared the wooden building was, and it has served the purpose of church and school till a new and substantial building has been erected.

When things had settled down after the Chicago fire, Mr. Moody began to think of permanent premises for his school and church. A suitable site was secured, and it was resolved to proceed with the erection of a large and commodious building, which, besides accommodation for the schools, will have a hall or church, containing sittings for 2,500. The cost of the whole will be about \$100,000. Mr. Moody, by his disinterested labors, has made so many friends all over his country, that the contributions have flowed freely from all parts. Among the most interesting was a colossal subscription from 500,000 Sabbath School children, of five cents each, all anxious to have a brick in Mr. Moody's tabernacle. From Pekin he received a contribution of \$300 from an unknown friend. A few converted Chinamen collected a few dollars even from their Pagan countrymen.

Mr. Moody was now so well known that invitations to hold or address meetings poured in upon him from all parts of the country, and his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association gave him prominence, and won him hosts of influential friends. He saw that he could be more useful in widening his sphere of labor, and this also induced him to cross the sea, and catch the inspiration from earnest hearts in England, where piety runs deeper than it usually does in our active communities. A large number of his congregation in Chicago were also Britons, and this circumstance gave him an introduction to the scenes where he has won his splendid triumphs.

Twice has Mr. Moody visited England, and become known by his preaching and by organizing a daily prayer-meeting in London. His heart was won by young Harry Morehouse, who gave him many beautiful lessons in preaching by his example, and also encouraged him in those Bible readings which have made him a power for good in many

cities and communities at home and abroad. Morehouse and Varley were chosen friends of the American Evangelist, and they welcomed him to their own country with hearty enthusiasm. Mr. Varley relates that :

“On visiting at a friend’s house with Mr. Moody in England some years ago, I said to him, ‘It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ.’ Mr. Moody soon returned to America, but those words clung to him with such power that he was induced to return to England, and commenced that wonderful series of labors in Scotland and England in which he is still engaged. Mr. Moody said to me on returning to England, ‘Those were the words of the Lord, through your lips, to my soul.’”

Mr. Moody also passed through some marvellous religious experiences that roused him to attempt great things for God, so that when asked why he was going to England a third time, he answered, “to win ten thousand souls for Christ.” He had no means to go with, but having felt called of God to enter upon his tour, he prepared for it as if the money was already in hand. And up to the very eve of his departure he knew not where the money was coming from to pay his passage. Then a gentlemen came to him, and said he thought he might need funds after he got to England, and placed in his hands five hundred dollars.

Mr. Moody’s financial condition after the Great Fire was well shown by an incident that occurred the following Sunday night. He had been invited by Dr. Goodspeed, the pastor of the Second Baptist church, to preach for him. This invitation was conveyed to him by his brother-in-law, W. H. Holden, Esq., Superintendent of the S. S. of the Second church, and accepted. After sermon, the pastor offered him ten dollars with the remark, “this is all I have.”

"Then," said Mr. M., "I won't take but half of it, though I have not one cent." An immense congregation greeted the preacher, and Dr. Robert Patterson, who was present, remarked that there was more Gospel in that sermon than in half a dozen ordinary ones. His Bible, which he had snatched from the flames, he left on the desk, and the pastor finding it there examined it with care, and observed with wonder how thoroughly and faithfully it had been studied, as was shown by the ink marks it bore on almost every page. He had been wont to rise before day, and give himself with absolute devotion to the prayerful, conscientious study of that Divine Manual of instruction for the preacher's work. Going forth clad in the panoply of God, he has filled the world with his fame as a herald of Christ, who has honored him with power over men for salvation such as few of the world's heroes and saints have ever had.

What are the elements of Mr. Moody's power? He is not a man of much education or culture; his manner is abrupt and blunt; his speech bristles with Americanisms; his voice is sharp, rapid, and colloquial; and he never attempts anything like finished or elaborate composition. But he is in downright earnest. He believes what he says; he says it as if he believed it, and he expects his audience to believe it. He gets wonderfully near to his hearers, without any apparent effort. Whatever size the audience may be, he is at home with them at once, and he makes them feel that they are at home with him. He is gifted with a rare sagacity, an insight into the human heart, a knowledge of what is stirring in it, and of what is fitted to impress it. He has in his possession a large number of incidents and experiences well fitted to throw light on the points he employs them to elucidate, and to clench the appeals which he uses them to enforce. In addition to all this, he has a deeply pathetic vein, which enables

him to plead very earnestly at the very citadel of the heart. At first his tone may seem to be hard. He will take for his text, "There is no difference," and press the doctrine of universal condemnation as if the worst and the best were precisely alike. Possibly the antagonism of his audience is somewhat roused. But by and by he will take them with him to some affecting death-bed, and his tone will show how profoundly his own heart is stirred by what is happening there. The vein of pathos comes out tenderly and beautifully. He seems as if he were lying on the ground pleading in tears with his hearers to come to Christ. But, most important of all, he seems to rely for effect absolutely on Divine power. Of course, every true preacher does, but in very different degrees of conscious trust and expectation. Mr. Moody goes to his meetings, fully expecting the Divine presence, because he has asked it. He speaks with the fearlessness, the boldness, and the directness of one delivering a message from the King of kings and Lord of lords. And he takes pains to have his own heart in the spirit of the message. He tries to go to his audience loving them, and actively and fervently longing for their salvation. He says that if he does not try to stir up this spirit of love beforehand, he cannot get hold of an audience ; if he does, he never fails. He endeavors to address them with a soul steeped in the corresponding emotion. He seems to try, like Baxter, never to speak of weighty soul concerns without his whole soul being drenched therein.

With all this, there is in Mr. Moody a remarkable naturalness, a want of all approach to affectation or sanctimoniousness, and even a play of humour which spurts out sometimes in his most serious addresses. Doubtless he gets the tone of his system restored by letting out the humor of him after a long day's hard and earnest work. For children he has

obviously a great affection, and they draw to him freely and pleasantly. We should fancy him a famous man to lead a Sunday School excursion party to the country, and set them agoing with all manner of joyous and laughing games. We are sure he himself would be the happiest of the party, enjoying the fun himself as well as pleased at their enjoyment of it. The repression of human nature, or the running of it into artificial moulds, is no part of his policy. We are sure he must agree with the late Dr. Guthrie, that there is nothing bad in human nature except its corruptions, and that our aim should be not to destroy it or any part of it, but to get it restored, as God at first made it. His instincts of sagacity make him recoil from all one-sidedness, and desire that men and women, under God's grace, should hide no true accomplishment, and lose no real charm.

Speaking of his preparation for Christ's service, one tells us of a prayer-meeting where he and others offered themselves to Him with a new spirit of consecration. "We have reason to believe that at that time Mr. Moody received a fresh and full baptism of the Spirit, and that this was the Divine preparation in his soul for the great work upon which all Christendom looks to-day with wonder and with thanksgiving to God.

Among Mr. Moody's gifts is the rare one of bearing rebuke with Christian meekness. Some time before the period just referred to, a person met him and said, "I fear, Brother Moody, that you may be losing some of your humility and religious devotion, and with these your power in Christ's service." He replied, in substance, "Perhaps I am; I will look into my heart, and endeavor to humble myself before God."

The question is often asked, What are the elements of Mr. Moody's power? They are certainly not his natural gifts. They flow directly from Christ. Filled with the

Spirit, he seems to lose sight of everything but the message of his Master to perishing sinners ; and he cannot rest until they are rescued from peril. His Heavenly Father is around him and within him, pressing him every moment to serve him, and to think of nothing else. The love of the Saviour pervades and quickens all his sensibilities, and is the atmosphere through which he sees his fellow-men. He can say with the Apostle Paul, " I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Dr. Van Doren, of Chicago, says : " An incident, some twelve years ago, occurred at the city of——, where the pastors and friends of a revival sought were assembled. Mr. Moody, as his manner *then* was, laid the blame of spiritual coldness on the church, and of course the several ministers present felt the strokes.

" One arose and brought down the lash on what he called the Pharisaic display, &c., and repelled the charge. Poor Marsyas did not come out of the hands of Apollo more thoroughly flayed alive than did Brother Moody from the hands of that trenchant speaker. Instead of resenting it, he arose, and trembling with emotion, said, ' I, from my heart, thank that brother. I deserved it ; ' and then asked that brother who held the rod, '*to pray for him.*' " Every heart was melted ; and when that prayer was ended, not one, we believe, in that vast audience but was willing to embrace and welcome Brother Moody from that moment to this.

" Secondly : Our Brother Moody is a man of inextinguishable zeal. In our city of 400,000 people all the boys of this wicked city know him, and respect him too. A short time since, while distributing tracts, I rebuked some boys kindly for profanity. ' Say, Mister, do you belong to Brother Moody ? ' At one time, walking in the crowded South Water street with a friend, he met a knot of worldly acquaintances.

Pausing a moment—‘Friends, we may never meet again. Here is an alcove. Let us have a prayer.’ Love like that drew them aside, and he led, all standing. Waving his hand, and with an eye beaming with tears, he passed on in silence.

“Brother Moody is a firm believer in God’s word. It is a marvel to all our ministers, that while so many educated clergymen in the Evangelical Church treat the Bible as Homer or Plato, he practically writes over every verse, ‘*Thus saith the Lord.*’ Hence he has avoided all those *crotchets* that weaken and deform the influence of many good preachers. His profound, adoring love of the Scriptures has led some to think that he reads nothing else. But, like Dr. Johnson, who was said ‘to take the heart out of a book,’ he grasps an author’s plan and illustrations with an intuitive glance.

“Thirdly : He is a man of prayer. This, I hold, includes faith. We know that Luther spent half the night in prayer, at times.

“When President Edwards preached that memorable sermon, ‘Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God,’ at Enfield, New England, and a glorious revival began, it was discovered, by chance, that the elders of the church had *spent the whole previous night in prayer* for a descent of the Holy Ghost.

“What is remarkable with Brother Moody is, that the Holy Ghost seems actually to *precede* him, as the cloudy pillar did Israel ; and when he comes, his announcement of the terms of mercy falls on open ears and hearts.”

Before we accompany this beloved brother to England, we must give some account of his famous coadjutor the sweet singer,

IRA D. SANKEY.

His father's family was English, and his mother's Scotch-Irish, so that he has good blood in him. He was born in Edinburgh, Pa., in the year 1840. The influences of his home were spiritual, and there was an earnest Scotchman to whose kindly offices he was much indebted. In a speech at a children's meeting, Mr. Sankey says of this good man, Fraser, "The very first recollection I have of anything pertaining to a religious life was in connection with him. I remember he took me by the hand along with his own boys to the S. S.,—that old place which I will remember to my dying day. He was a plain man, and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great warm heart, and the children all loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but my impressions were received when I was very young, from that man." He was seventeen when he joined the M. E. church, and at twenty he was a S. S. superintendent, and then began to sing, as an attraction to the children, the bright melodies they love. He developed an early taste for the Word of God, and as a class-leader encouraged his brethren to use Bible language in their remarks. He was a soldier in the war for the Union, and retained his faith and zeal amidst the temptations of army life. He was President of the Y. M. C. A. of his town of Newcastle, and thus came into contact with Mr. Moody, who at first sight fell in love with his style of singing, and felt drawn towards him as a dear brother. He also made overtures to him to join him in evangelizing labors at Chicago and elsewhere. After solemn deliberation, he resolved to cast off all worldly business, and devote his life to the service of song. He united himself with Mr. Moody and they began operations, with Chicago as a centre. This was only

a short time before the city was burned ; the church of Mr. Moody's gathering was likely to be broken up. But this calamity was averted and Mr. Sankey ministered to the flock, while Mr. M. was absent. He related an incident in Dundee that is illustrative of the blessing God early gave his labours.

"I want to speak a word about singing, not only to the little folks, but to grown people. During the winter after the great Chicago fire, when the place was built up with little frame houses for the people to stay in, a mother sent for me one day to come and see her little child, who was one of our Sabbath School scholars. I remembered her very well, having seen her in the meetings very frequently, and was glad to go. She was lying in one of these poor little huts, everything having been burned in the fire. I ascertained that she was past all hopes of recovery, and that they were waiting for the little one to pass away. 'How is it with you to-day?' I asked. With a beautiful smile on her face, she said, 'It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak to my father and mother.' 'But,' said I, 'are you a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'When did you become one?' 'Do you remember last Thursday, in the Tabernacle, when we had that little singing-meeting, and you sung 'Jesus loves even me?' 'Yes.' 'It was last Thursday I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with him to-day.' That testimony from that little child, in that neglected quarter of Chicago, has done more to stimulate me and bring me to this country, than all that the papers or any persons might say. I remember the joy I had in looking upon that beautiful face. She went up to heaven, and no doubt said she learned upon the earth that Jesus loved her, from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedsides of these bed-ridden and dying ones, and sing to

them of Jesus, for they cannot enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your own soul."

These testimonies have been frequent since those humble beginnings, and Mr. Sankey has proved himself only less gifted in speech than in song. He was sought by others as a companion in evangelizing towns, but providentially clung to Mr. Moody and together they set sail for the old world. How admirably he was adapted to meet the tastes of the British, the following testimonies, and a multitude of others may serve to show.

"As a vocalist, Mr. Sankey has not many equals. Possessed of a voice of great volume and richness, he expresses with exquisite skill and pathos the Gospel messages, in words very simple, but 'replete with love and tenderness,' and always with marked effect upon his audience. It is, however, altogether a mistake to suppose that the blessing which attends Mr. Sankey's efforts is attributable only or chiefly to his fine voice and artistic expression. These, no doubt, are very attractive, and go far to move the affections and gratify a taste for music; but the secret of Mr. Sankey's power lies, not in his gift of song, but in the spirit of which the song is only the expression. He, too, is a man in earnest, and sings in the full confidence that God is working by him. Like his colleague, he likewise has a message to lost men from God the Father; and the Spirit of God in him finds a willing and effective instrument in his gift of song, to proclaim in stirring notes the 'mighty love' of God in Christ Jesus. 'It was a few evenings ago,' said a youth in the Young Men's Meeting in Roby Chapel, 'when Mr. Sankey was singing in the Free Trade Hall "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," that I was made to feel my need of a Saviour; and when he came to these words, "Too late, too late," I said to myself it must not be too late for me, and I took him to my heart there and then.'

‘I was in great darkness and trouble for some days,’ said a poor woman, rejoicing and yet weeping; ‘and just a little time ago, when Mr. Sankey was singing these words’ (pointing to them with her finger), “And Jesus bids me come,” my bonds were broken in a moment, and now I am safe in his arms.’

“Who ever heard of a fine voice and sweet music yielding such results as these? It is mere scoffing to say that Mr. Moody’s touching stories and Mr. Sankey’s sweet singing are the secret of the power exercised by these men. The work is of God, and they are His instruments, each earnestly using, to the best of his ability, the gift that God has given him, in the full confidence that the blessing will and must follow.

“Not a few have been, not unnaturally, offended by the phrase, ‘Singing the Gospel,’ which was at first used in advertisements; and some have, unfortunately, never taken the trouble to inquire what was meant. But everyone who has heard Mr. Sankey sing is well aware that his hymns are more than the mere accessory to speeches, as they have too often been among us. He has taught by example how great is the power of song when a man with gifts of music loves the truth of which he sings; and the hymns which we have heard him sing, with his wonderful distinctness of articulation, unaffected feeling, and magnificent voice, will linger in our ears and hearts till our dying day. A few weeks have made his favourite hymns as familiar to every rank and to every age as those older hymns which we have known best and longest. Poor sufferers in the wards of the infirmary, lone old men and women in dark rooms of our high houses and back streets, are now cheered in a way no one dreamed of before Mr. Sankey came, by visits from those who do not attempt to preach to them, but only to sing psalms and hymns

and spiritual songs. The consoling power of song has been tested and proved at many a sick-bed, and many a death-bed. And that is not all ; for we have been led to see that it is a mistake to confine song to utterances of praise or prayer in Christian meetings. We have learned to value more highly its power in instruction. The use of song for instruction and for the application of the truth is not new. It is as old as David, as old as Moses, but it has received a new impetus among us ; and we who are called to ‘teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,’ may well be glad to have been reminded how this may be done.”

“The admiration of Mr. Sankey’s music is enthusiastic. When he sings a solo a death-like silence reigns, or as the *Irish Times* describes it, ‘It seems that he only is present in the vast building.’ When he ceases there is a rustling like the leaves of a forest when stirred by the wind. We might apply to him the language of Scripture : ‘Lo ! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one who hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument.’ No one can estimate the service he has rendered to the Church of Christ by the compilation of his book of ‘Sacred Songs’ and their sweet tunes. They are the delight of all ages. I have heard in Scotland that already they are sung in our most distant colonies. Ere long I believe that they will be sung wherever the English language is spoken over the earth. Nor will they be confined to that language, for a lady is at present engaged in translating them into German. He was a wise man who said, ‘Let me make the songs of a country, and I care not who makes its laws.’”

Mrs. Barbour says : “Mr. Sankey sings with the conviction that souls are receiving Jesus between one note and the next. The stillness is overawing ; some of the lines are more spoken than sung. The hymns are equally used for awaken-

ing, none more than 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' When you hear the 'Ninety and Nine' sung, you know of a truth that down in this corner, up in that gallery, behind that pillar which hides the singer's face from the listener, the hand of Jesus has been finding this and that and yonder lost one, to place them in His fold. A certain class of hearers come to the services solely to hear Mr. Sankey, and the song throws the Lord's net around them.

"We asked Mr. Sankey one day what he was to sing. He said, 'I'll not know till I hear how Mr. Moody is closing.' Again, we were driving to the Canongate Parish Church one winter night, and Mr. Sankey said to the young minister who had come for him, 'I'm thinking of singing "I am so Glad," to-night.' 'Oh!' said the young man, 'please do rather sing "Jesus of Nazareth." An old man told me to-day that he had been awakened by it the last night you were down. He said, "It just went through me like an electric shock."'

"A gentleman in Edinburgh was in distress of soul, and happened to linger in a pew after the noon-meeting. The choir had remained to practice, and begin 'Free from the Law, O happy Condition,' &c. Quickly the Spirit of God carried that truth home to the awakened conscience, and he was at rest in the finished work of Jesus.

It is interesting to know that there are scarcely two of those hymns which Mr. Sankey sings by the same author. They have been collected during an eight years' experience of the Lord's use of them among believers, inquirers, and the careless. In the singing of them he seems to become unconscious of everything but the desire that the truth should sink deep into the souls of the listeners, and that the people who sit in darkness should see a great light shining for them from the cross of Him who hung upon the tree.

"In a Highland parish, a young man who had lived far from God, and seemed to his minister inaccessible to the truth, was found one day last summer deeply awakened. When asked to what this was owing, he said it was in consequence of hearing his little sister sing,

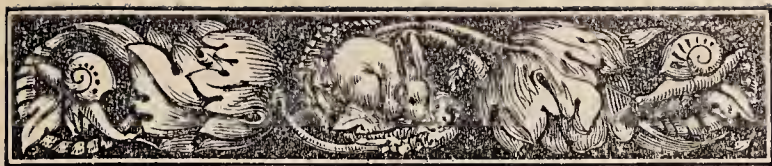
‘ When He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up his jewels.’

"Perhaps not a week has passed during the last year in which we have not had evidence that the Lord had directly used a line of one of these hymns in the salvation of some soul. A young man who had been deeply impressed, and was yet unwilling to stay to the inquirers' meeting, and about to leave a church, was arrested at the door by hearing the choir sing, 'Yet there is Room.' He felt there was room for him, went back to the pew, and after having the truth clearly laid before him, received Christ.

"The wave of sacred song has spread over Ireland, and is now sweeping through England. But, indeed, it is not being confined to the United Kingdom alone, for away off on the shores of India, and in many other lands, these sweet songs of a Saviour's love are being sung. Mr. Sankey's collection of sacred songs has been translated into five or six languages, and are winging their way into tens of thousands of hearts and homes, and the blessing of the Lord seems to accompany them wherever sung.

‘ We may forget the singer,
But will ne'er forget the song.’


"Mrs. Sankey is an earnest Christian woman, and fully sympathizes with her husband in his blessed work. Both are members of the Methodist Church; while his sweet songs float over and inspire multitudes in all Christian denominations." The Harp of David was the prototype of the Harmonium of Sankey.



MOODY AND SANKEY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNINGS ABROAD.

N the spring of 1873, Messrs. Moody and Sankey left Chicago for England. They had been invited by three gentlemen to hold meetings in that country. No one else had joined in the invitation, and no one else was interested in their visit. They had no appointments. No arrangements were made for them. No compensation was promised. No one knew of their intention to come. They were persuaded that God sent them, and therefore they went. Mr. Moody carried his Bible, Mr. Sankey his organ and singing book. In June they landed in Liverpool, sought a place to preach and sing the Gospel, and held a few services. No attention was attracted and nothing accomplished, and after a few days they proceeded toward York to find the friends who had invited them over. Two of the men were dead. But with a confidence that resembled audacity, they found a place to preach and went to work. One preached the Gospel; the other sang it. They held their meetings, conversed with

sinners, prayed to God ; and men and women began to ask what they must do to be saved. They laboured in York a month, and it is believed that two hundred persons were converted to Christ.

On Sunday, July 27th, they went to Sunderland, a considerable town near York, on the invitation of a Baptist minister, Rev. Arthur Rees. The other ministers generally hesitated, or opposed the work. "We can never go on in this way" was Moody's characteristic remark ; "it is easier fighting the devil than fighting the ministers." At length a delegation of young men from the Y. M. C. A. of Sunderland, waited upon the evangelists at their lodgings, and one of them tells the story of their reception in the following fashion :

"They had already been a week in Sunderland ; but, as yet, I had not seen either of them. Ah ! thought I, what a lift heavenward shall I get from these holy men ! We were shown into a back parlour by the servant, and very soon the two evangelists sauntered in in a style neither ecclesiastical nor dignified. Turning to me, Mr. Moody asked, in true Yankee fashion, What was our business with him ? He did not show us a seat ; he did not offer us his hand : altogether an auctioneer-like reception.

" "We represent the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Moody, and have come to ask if you will give us an address in Victoria Hall, on Sunday afternoon."

" "Preach for you ? Oh yes ! I'll preach for you," replied Mr. Moody.

" "We don't want you to preach for us ; we want you to preach for Christ."

" "Oh yes—yes ! All right ! I'll preach for you."

" "Our committee," continued I, "hope you will not misunderstand the reason of their not joining you earlier in your work. It is not for want of sympathy ; but because you

came to us in a sectarian connection, and have allied yourself with Mr. Rees ; and if we were to join you on sectarian grounds, we should injure our institution, which has enemies enough already.'

"After explaining his position, and that his connection with Brother Rees and his congregation had no sectarian significance, he said,—

"'I go where I can do most good : that is what I am after.' And when we left, he followed us out to the gate, saying, 'It is souls I want : it is souls I want.'

"Alas ! I had mistaken the man ; and whether he spoke of souls or anything else, it is all the same to me now.

"'Well, Frank, what did you think of it?' asked my companion, as we walked off from this strange interview.

"'Think ! It is money : that is what it is, James.'

"'However, I went to the meeting, being careful to keep out of sight ; but when Sankey began singing, I felt it draw me, and very little more of it would have pulled me on to the platform.

"That was not a good afternoon for Mr. Moody. His eye blazed with mournful earnestness, as it ranged that crowd, looking for anxious faces ; and its strange light lives in my memory yet, while all my prejudices and misconceptions are dead and rotten.

"On the following Sunday night, when I got to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, I found the meeting on fire. The young men were speaking with tongues, prophesying. What on earth did it all mean ? Only that Moody had been addressing them that afternoon. 'What manner of man is this ?' thought I ; but still I did not give him my hand. . . . Many of the clergy were so opposed to the movement that they turned their backs upon our poor innocent Young Men's Christian Association, for the part we

took in the work ; but afterward when the floodgates of Divine grace were opened, Sunderland was taken by storm.

“ I cannot describe Moody’s great meeting ; I can only say that the people of Sunderland warmly supported the movement, in spite of their spiritual advisers ; that there was a tremendous work of grace, when measured by its immediate effects, but far greater in its consequences, after the evangelists were away. All honor to these two brother-soldiers of the cross, who, like Jonathan and his armor-bearer, stormed this fortress of British unbelief alone ! ”

The second Sunday evening, three thousand people crowded Victoria Hall, and after the sermon, many followed them to a neighboring church, for an inquiry meeting. Among the inquirers, a young man came up the aisle, and threw his arms about his father’s neck and kissed him, asking his forgiveness with many tears ; then kissing his mother and asking her forgiveness, afterward tenderly embracing and kissing his younger brother.

The little fire kindled in York flamed so high in Sunderland, that Newcastle on the Tyne saw it. The ministers came over, and their hearts were warmed. The evangelists were invited to go back with them, and went. Their fame had preceded them, and ministers and people were ready to welcome them. The meetings were so multiplied that as many as thirty-four were held in a single week. They continued through two months, the attendance and interest increasing to the close. Crowds came from all the surrounding towns, caught the fire, and kindled it through all the neighboring counties.

Mr. Moody said :

“ We have not done much in York and Sunderland, because the ministers opposed us ; but we are going to stay

in Newcastle till we make an impression, and live down the prejudices of good people who do not understand us.

“I am always glad to see a minister come to our meetings, for he always brings a large reinforcement with him.”

Among the ministers prominent in connection with these services have been several of the Protestant Episcopal pastors, most of them of the Low Church party. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, of St. Clement's Church, a leading High Churchman, has, however, given utterance to the following sentiments from his pulpit, which will be read with a great deal of interest :

“It is probably well that I should say something respecting the work of certain evangelists who commenced their labors in this city to-day. I have heard that they are regarded with unkindly feelings by several ministers ; how far this extends I know not, but it certainly does not reach the clergy of this parish. The right and duty of every layman is by precept and example to bring erring souls to Christ, and in the exercise of this plain right I bid these evangelists God-speed in their good work of awakening souls who, when awakened, will seek the church and its sacraments. These men do not come to make proselytes, but Christians, and should be aided rather than hindered in the effort to bring lost souls to their Saviour.”

From the interesting narratives of the glorious dealings of God with his people we compile such as will most graphically portray them to our readers. After three weeks at Newcastle, great blessings were poured out on their work, which began at the Rye Hill Baptist chapel and thence overflowed on every side.

Every morning at twelve o'clock, in the Music Hall, there was a meeting for prayer, praise, and exhortation, at which were gathered from two to three hundred people, all earnestly

desiring the revival of God's work in that irreligious town, and daily bearing before God numerous written requests from believers, for their unconverted relatives and friends. These prayer meetings have been felt by all to be true means of grace to the hearts of God's children, and numerous and striking have been the answers to prayer for the unconverted. Every evening, in the Music Hall and Rye Hill Chapel, Gospel services were held, Mr. Moody and Mr. Moorhouse preaching the Gospel, and Mr. Sankey singing his sweet spiritual songs. At the commencement of this glorious work, Rye Hill Chapel, which will accommodate from sixteen to seventeen hundred people, was used ; but, as many had to go away, not being able to get in, it was thought advisable to have two services on the same evening ; hence the Music Hall, where Mr. Hoyle was carrying on a noble work for Jesus, was opened each night, and hundreds attended there to hear the preaching of the word ; and many were born again by the regenerating power of the Spirit of God.

In connection with these services, Mr. Moody, with that indefatigable zeal and fervor which so eminently characterize him, announced that he intended to have an 'all-day' meeting on Wednesday, September 10th, and earnestly invited all who could possibly come to attend. An all-day meeting was something so novel in the history of religious people in Newcastle, that much wonder was excited as to what would be the result of so bold an undertaking. Many anticipated a failure, others thought that it *might* be a success ; but those who felt the reviving power of God's love, and had made this meeting a matter of earnest prayer, knew that it would not, could not fail. According to their faith it was done unto them. Wednesday morning broke clear and beautiful. It was a day when all nature seemed to be rejoicing in the glad sunshine of the great Father's beneficence.

At ten o'clock, the hour for the service to begin, the wide area of Rye-hill Chapel was about half filled, and the people coming in quickly. By eleven o'clock the friends from Sunderland, Shields, Jarrow, and neighboring towns, had come in by train, and had occupied nearly the whole of the area. At twelve o'clock the message came, "No more room in the area; we must throw the galleries open." By two o'clock the galleries were well filled, and before the closing hour came round the spacious and beautiful chapel was filled with those who had left business, home cares and work, pleasure and idleness, to come and worship God and hear his word. Never was the faith of God's people more abundantly satisfied. They asked and it was given, they sought and found, they knocked and the door was opened unto them.

According to the programme which Mr. Moody had distributed largely over the town, the first hour of the services was to be devoted entirely to prayer and Bible reading.

After the singing of that beautiful hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," Mr. Moody led the devotions of God's people at the throne of grace, and then read and commented on Nehemiah viii., 1-12, where it is stated that "all the people gathered themselves together as one man . . . and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded Israel." Mr. Moody clearly brought out the appropriateness of this Scripture to the services of that day, and concluded by unfolding and pressing home to the hearts of the people the joyous truth contained in the tenth verse, where Ezra said to the people, "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Swinburne, and several of the brethren

spoke from the Word of God on the subject of Christian joy, and the hour of prayer and Bible-reading was gone before we had well begun to open the Scriptures. This hour was felt to be exceedingly precious, and was received by all as an earnest of what was to come.

The second hour was devoted to the promises, Mr. Moody being the leader. He said he wished the friends that day to try to see how rich they were. He thought that very few of us had ever fully considered how much our loving Father really had promised to us. These promises, like precious gems, were to be found in every book of the Bible, and that day we might get into the company of all God's great men who had passed away, and hear what things they had to tell us about our Father's love. We could summon the patriarchs—the prophets—the kings; we could listen to the historians—the biographers—the poets of the Bible; and they would all give to us some of the precious promises spoken by God, through their lives to the ears of the whole world. The meeting was to be quite open and free; not for speeches about promises, but for the reading forth of these good words of God to our souls. The audience at once seemed to catch up the spirit and intention of these words, and from every part of the chapel—from young and old, from male and female—came passage after passage of the Holy Word, declarative of what in the boundless fulness of His love the Father has promised to all.

The interest of the meeting had been steadily rising, as one Scripture topic after another had been most delightfully unfolded, when the last hour was reached, and appropriately given to the subject of Heaven.

The address was given by Mr. Moody. Having selected numerous passages of Scripture to prove his points, Mr. Moody asked some of the brethren present to read them out

as he called for them. This was a delightful picture—a crowded chapel, hundreds of open Bibles ready to be marked when the passage should be announced, and the subject uppermost in each mind *heaven*. The first thought which the speaker called attention to was the *locality* of heaven. He said that his mind had once been much distressed by an infidel asking him “why he always looked *upward* when he was addressing God? God was everywhere, and His home was just as likely to be below as above.” This set Mr. Moody back to his Bible to see what it had to say about the matter. He was soon quite satisfied that God’s home was above. The Word said that God, when communing with Abraham, came *down* to see whether the people living in the cities of the plain had done altogether according to the cry that had come to him; the angels asked the disciples on the morning of the ascension why they stood gazing *up* into Heaven; the same Jesus that had been taken *up* from them into Heaven would come again in like manner. These and similar passages were sufficient proof to his mind that the home of God was above, and that we obeyed a divine instinct when we “lifted up” our hearts to Him there.

The locality having been spoken of, the next thought was the *company* gathered together there. Whom have we there that heaven should be so dear to us?

(1) *The Father is there*. Heaven is the home, the dwelling-place of God. No home is complete without the father; and no family is complete unless they can include the father among them. Our Father is in heaven. How delightful the thought of one day being with Him amidst all the joy and splendor of home! Then (2) *Jesus is there*. He about whom we have read, whose Spirit has created us anew in Him, whose blood bought us, and whose love saved us; Jesus is there; and we look to our home in heaven with

longing eyes, because there, if not before, we shall see Him who is crowned with glory and honor. Then (3) *the angels are there*. The pure and spotless creations of God, who have known nothing of sin and sorrow and travail, who have ever lived their life of bright intelligence and holy service in the sunshine of God's presence. These are there, and we shall meet them, and tell them of something they have never felt—the compassion and love of Jesus for sinful men. Then (4) there will be *the saints*, the spirits of just men made perfect. All the old heroes of God, the warriors and the kings, the prophets and the poets, the apostles and the early martyrs, all will be there, and we shall be able to hold sweet communion with them all; and our own loved ones, the father and mother, sisters and brothers, the babes, and the young and old, they will be among this shining band, who swell the ranks of the redeemed before the throne of God. O what a company is there! Father, Jesus, angels, saints—all who have fallen asleep in Jesus—all there! Waiting for us to come.

Another point to which Mr. Moody called attention was that it is our *treasure-house*. The only things we have or can have, as saints, will be found there. All else must be left. Death strips of everything but heavenly treasure. How this should lead us more and more to obey the Master's injunction, and seek "to lay up treasure in heaven." It will be there all safe when we want it; for there neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal. Not only is Heaven our treasure-house—it is our *reward*. There we meet with the full fruition of all our labour; there we receive every man his own reward for his own work. No mixing up, no confusion; to each is given his full due. The Christian need not expect full compensation below; he will not get it. *Heaven*—and in Heaven he

will receive all that he expects. Mr. Moody next spoke very beautifully about Heaven being the place where our names are written. The disciples of Christ came back to Him from one of their journeys flushed with victory, because even the devils had been subject unto them ; but the Master said they had to rejoice because their names were written in Heaven. Our names have gone on before us. Just as a man sends his goods often before him when he is travelling, and he himself follows after, just so our names have gone on before, and we are journeying after them. We are known in Heaven before we get there. The name of each saint is in the book of life, and it cannot be blotted out. Then, again, Heaven is to be our *rest*. The time to toil and suffer is *now*. We ought not to want to rest here. Mr. Moody, on this point, quoted the example which the life of Paul gives us of a man who conceived of the present being a life of service, and not of rest. The speaker's soul seemed to be set on fire with the thought of Paul's labours and consecrated ambition to serve the Master ; with words of true eloquence he described the sacred passion which Paul had for his Master's work, and wound up a splendid panegyric on Paul's character, by wishing that modern Christianity could be imbued with some of Paul's fervor.

The last point of this noble address was, "How to get to Heaven." And here Mr. Moody found an opportunity for doing that which is so dear to his heart, namely, preaching the Gospel of Christ to sinful men. The address which throughout had been interspersed with touching and beautiful illustrations, and now and again by Mr. Sankey singing, was brought to a close with an earnest appeal to all "to become as little children, and so enter the kingdom of Heaven." Once more, as it had been many times that day, was our dear brother Sankey's voice heard giving his beautiful rendering

of one of his choice solos, and when the benediction had been pronounced, and the six hours' service had come to a close, all present felt that the time had gone too quickly. The place of meeting had been none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven. Thus ended the "all-day" meeting; but, thank God, not thus ended the memory of it; that will live till the last year of our lives, and many a soul travelling home to God will think of it as one of the deep pools by the way dug by the hand of a loving God for the refreshment of His children.

In the evening a Gospel service was held, Messrs. Moody and Moorhouse speaking; the chapel was filled to overflowing, and many souls went away having found peace in Jesus.

Let the following incident, reported by Henry Moorhouse, illustrate the feeling among the poor and needy:

A gentleman passing down a street in Gateshead heard some one knocking at the window of a cottage. He stopped, and a respectable woman came to the door, and said: "Come in!" He said he could not then, as he was going to a meeting.

"Oh, sir, for God's sake come in, and tell me something about Jesus, for I am wretched."

"What is the matter?" said my friend.

She said, "I am lost; oh, tell me what I must do to be saved. I have been standing at my window all the day to see if a Christian would come along, and if it had been a beggar who loved the Saviour I would have called him in."

She had been at a meeting a week before, and had been in a miserable state ever since. A Christian lady called to see her and told her about the love of Jesus. She trusted, and was saved. "I saw her to-day," said the speaker, "as happy and bright as possible."

The Rev. Thomas Boyd, Presbyterian minister of the

place, after describing the meetings in the Wesleyan Chapel, says, after the evangelists had gone :

“Such has been the number of cases, and such many of the parties, that had it been told to any Christian friend a fortnight ago, he would not believe it. Even with all this before us, so wonderful is it, that we almost feel as if we dreamt. God’s Spirit still works powerfully. Every night souls are aroused, and, under the guidance of Christian friends, led to Jesus.”

At Stockton-on-Tees, in which the early part of November was spent, the result is thus described by an intelligent observer on the spot ; and once for all we call attention to the union of prayer and Catholic feeling before and in the work :

“This work has been very great ; and in examining, for our own future guidance and the guidance of others, into the apparent causes of success, we are struck with the following : First, *the preparation of united, believing prayer*. Mr. Moody said, that on coming into the first meeting, he and Mr. Sankey felt that they were among a praying people ; and to this and the next cause, viz. : *the united action of the ministers of the town*, he mainly attributed the fact, that in no place which they had visited had they witnessed such evident results in so short a time. It was very delightful to see, at each of the services, eight or ten of these devoted pastors, most of them in the vigor of young manhood, strong-souled, intelligent men, representing various shades of denominational belief, but merging all differences in mutual affection, and the common desire to aid in the glorious work ; and many hearts were constrained by the sight to give thanks for such a ministry in Stockton. Another very important feature was the *absence of noise* in the meetings. The experience of the past few days will, we think, have convinced them that the best and most successful prayer-meetings ever held in

Stockton have been the quietest, reminding us of the old lady's description, 'God Almighty was so near that nobody had to shout to Him.'

"Nothing is so remarkable in this revival as the utter demolishing of the old fashioned prayer-meeting. Enter solemn minister and solemn people, scattered—six,—eight,—ten,—over a great arca. A long, slow hymn. Long portion of the Word. Two elders pray two long prayers, in which they go from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, and a great deal farther.

"Now we have crammed meetings. All sit close together. The singing is lively—new songs, new tunes. A few words from the minister give the key-note. Prayers are short. A few texts from the Word of God are frequently interspersed. Brief exhortations. . . . All this comes from our brethren from America. Why have we not found out how to conduct a prayer-meeting before? We in this country have been bound hand and foot by traditions. In the far West of America, at Chicago, for instance, there were no traditions. The only people that had traditions there, were the Indians. The brethren have thoroughly solved this question of prayer-meetings for us. We thank them.

"The border-town of Carlisle was next approached. The evangelists are nearing Scotland. The place where in former days Englishman and Scotsman used to meet in desperate feud, becomes the scene of victories of another kind. The truth is the weapon, and the Victor is Jesus Christ. This none would more readily own than the instruments He employed.

"This is the Lord's doings : it is marvellous in our eyes. As in other places, the meetings have been crowded to excess the United Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Christie is the pastor, proved altogether inadequate to accommodate the

throngs, and the large Wesleyan Chapel close at hand was also thrown open, both buildings being completely filled. The power of God was present in a most marked degree ; the solemn and magnificent songs, seeming now to bring Jesus of Nazareth right down into the streets of our own city, or, again, to take us right up to the gates of Heaven, prepared the way for the word of life from the lips of Mr. Moody ; that word was with power, and many were the anxious souls pressing forward to know the way of life. Jesus has become precious to many ; souls have been born of God, and tears of contrition have given place to tears of joy.

“This much as to the blessing bestowed on the unconverted ; but what shall be said as to that which has rested upon the Christians ? It has been a time of drawing together such as we have not known anything of before. Ministers of the different denominations have thrown themselves heart and soul into the work, and the close of the week finds us recognizing, not in theory but in fact, that we are all one in Christ Jesus, and banded together, that by our union in Him we may honour His blessed name.

“Never shall we forget Mr. Moody’s farewell address. He would not say ‘ Good-bye ! ’ No ! ‘ Good-night ’ rather, and meet them all in the morning, in the dawn of eternal day. Then strong men bowed and wept out their manly sorrow like children, blessed children as they were of the same great Father ; and one of our brothers lifted our American friends up in the arms of love in prayer to our heavenly Father, the Jubilee Singers singing thereupon, ‘ Shall we meet beyond the River ? ’ Then came the benediction. The business was over, and the grand occasion past, the memory thereof to die no more.

“Although our friends took leave thus of the country brethren, they tarried with us, the people of Newcastle, yet a

while. On that Wednesday night, Thursday night, and Friday, were immense meetings, attended by thousands, overflowing into neighboring churches, although Brunswick Place Chapel would itself hold two thousand. At these Messrs. Moody and Sankey were present. Scores were converted. They were present at the noonday meetings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at the last of which between two and three thousand people met from eleven to half-past one o'clock. On Friday there was a midnight meeting, and four were rescued from sin and shame. The Saturday meeting was the last attended by Mr. Moody. Hundreds had private conversation with him afterward, and crowds went with him to the station, *en route* for Carlisle."





CHAPTER III.

THE WORD IN EDINBURGH.

REPORTS of the wonderful interest reached Scotland, and Edinburgh heard the story. "Rev. Mr. Kelman went twice to Newcastle to see if the reports of what they heard were true. He returned overflowing with joy, and full of glowing expectations for Scotland." He spread the tidings; his report was believed, and ministers and laymen united in inviting the evangelists to Edinburgh.

On Sunday, the 23rd of November, they began their work in the Music Hall, with two thousand present, and other thousands seeking admission in vain. The next day five hundred met at noon to pray, and soon the attendance at the daily prayer-meeting exceeded a thousand. An all-day meeting was held. A meeting for students was announced in the Free Assembly Hall. So great was the eagerness to obtain admittance, that the doors were besieged by an immense crowd after it had become apparent that the hall was full. Mr. Moody went out and addressed the thousands in the open air, and returned and spoke to two thousand within, the most eminent professors in Scotland sitting around him on the platform. A service was advertised for the lower classes, and three thousand attended. Every evening there

were around the pulpit ministers of all denominations, from all parts of the country, while among the audience there were members of the nobility, professors from the University, and distinguished lawyers from the Parliament House.

At this time many abusive pamphlets were put forth against the methods and the men, and reports were circulated representing that Mr. Moody had not the confidence of his brethren at home. Measures were taken to sift this evil rumour to the bottom. Accordingly in response to inquiries from abroad, the following endorsement was proposed and sent to Scotland :

CHICAGO, May 21st, 1874.

WE, the undersigned, Pastors of the City of Chicago, learning that the Christian character of D. L. MOODY has been attacked, for the purpose of destroying his influence as an Evangelist in Scotland, hereby certify that his labours in the Young Men's Christian Association, and as an Evangelist in this City and elsewhere, according to the best information we can get, have been Evangelical and Christian in the highest sense of those terms ; and we do not hesitate to commend him as an earnest Christian worker, worthy of the confidence of our Scotch and English brethren, with whom he is now laboring ; believing that the Master will be honored by them in so receiving him among them as a co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

A. J. Jutkins, Presiding Elder of Chicago Dist.

C. H. Fowler, President North-western University.

Arthur Edwards, Editor *North-western Christian Advocate*
(Methodist organ), Chicago.

M. C. Briggs.

S. McChesney, Pastor of the Trinity M. E. Church.

W. H. Daniels, Pastor Park Avenue M. E. Church.

Sanford Washburn, Pastor Halsted Street Church, Methodist Episc.

C. G. Trusdell, General Supt. Chicago Relief and Aid Society.

Wm. F. Stewart, Secretary Preachers' Aid Society.

G. L. S. Stuff, Pastor Fulton Street M. E. Church.

T. P. Marsh, Pastor Austin M. E. Church.

Lewis Meredith, Pastor Oakland M. E. Church.

Arthur Mitchell, Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

Glen Wood, Western Secretary American Tract Society.

C. D. Helmer, Pastor Union Park Congregational Church.

Arthur Swazey, Pastor Ashland Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Rev. N. F. Ravlin, Pastor Temple Church.

A. G. Eberhart, Assistant Pastor.

David J. Burrell, Pastor Westminster Presbyterian Church.

David Swing, Fourth Presbyterian Church.

Edward P. Goodwin, Pastor of First Congregational Church.

L. T. Chamberlain, Pastor of New England Congregational Church.

Edward F. Williams, Edward N. Packard, John Kimball,
W. A. Lloyd, C. A. Sowle, John Bradshaw, C. F.
Reed, S. F. Dickinson, A. Wesley Bill, Albert
Bushnell, Congregational Ministers.

T. W. Goodspeed, Second Baptist Church.

W. A. Bartlett, Plymouth Congregational Church.

R. W. Patterson, Second Presbyterian Church.

W. W. Everts, First Baptist Church.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, Cook County, }
City of Chicago. } ss.

W. W. VANARSDALE, being first duly sworn upon oath,

says that he is the Superintendent of the Young Men's Christian Association of the city of Chicago, Illinois, and that he knows the foregoing signatures to be genuine.

W. W. VANARSDALE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 26th day of May, 1874.

ISAAC H. PEDRICK, *Notary Public*.

Thus the temporary aspersion was removed, and he was nobly vindicated as a true, honest, earnest man of God.

THE TIDE RISING.

We are having a very good time here just now, under the preaching of Mr. Moody and the singing of Mr. Sankey.

We are all delighted with them ; ministers of all denominations are joining cordially in the work, and God is indeed working graciously. About 2,000 are out every night hearing ; many more come and cannot get into the church. Two churches are to be opened simultaneously each night next week.

The singing of Mr. Sankey lays the Gospel message and invitation very distinctly and powerfully on the consciences of the people ; and Mr. Moody's Gospel is clear, earnest, distinct, and well illustrated—telling of death and resurrection—the “Gospel of God.” He is a first-rate workman, and very practical, and God has been blessing his preaching.

Every evening there have been a number of souls coming into the inquiry rooms ; but last night, when preaching on “the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost,” the *Spirit* seemed to be working in special power, and old *Formality* got his neck broken, and the wounded and weeping souls came into the inquiry room in droves. I had

to speak at one time to seven all at once, because there was more corn than reapers; and others were similarly circumstanced. I saw Mr. Moody all the evening with generally more than one. Three rooms were open for inquirers, and I don't know what they had in the others, but we had about forty names on the paper at the close, of those we conversed with in our room. Mr. Moody keeps with us in the elders' vestry. Others, who are less susceptible and can stand at doors, do so, and lay hold of the people as they retire. About one hundred, I should think, were spoken with privately last night, and numbers of them decided for Christ. About ten did so (or professed to do so), in conversation with myself. May the Divine Spirit make it a grand reality to their souls that Christ is theirs! On Tuesday night I had seven who professed conversion.

On Wednesday I fought away with two only, both chronic cases, deep in the mire of their own thoughts, and feelings, and reasonings, and I left them very much the same as I found them. (One of them has been saved.) This was, I suppose, to teach me this lesson, that it is altogether God's work to save, and man is powerless.

This experience made me go out the next night with Jesus' word on my lips, "This kind goeth not out but by *prayer* and *fasting*;" *prayer* is the symbol of our dependence upon God, and *fasting* is the symbol of "no confidence in the flesh"—or self-renunciation. No devil has so powerful a hold of an anxious soul but that *prayer* and *fasting* will cast him out in the name of Jesus.

Our noon prayer-meeting is well attended; about 700 are out daily, and there is a remarkable quickening and earnestness among ministers and Christians generally. I know Edinburgh well, and I am safe to say that I never knew a time when there was a greater appearance of harmony

among Christians ; unity among the Lord's workers ; and humble, prayerful waiting upon God for blessing.

On Friday there was much blessing to Christians, and numbers of souls were also brought in. On that evening we had delightful work in the inquiry meeting, and, I think, I had about half-a-dozen I had good hope of. One was specially interesting, a stranger from beyond Stirling. She was passing through, came to the meeting, heard, was awakened, came into the enquiry meeting, and into my hands, along with a girl of twelve, and both professed to see the way of salvation. This woman was astonished to hear that she had just to believe what she read there to be saved. She said, "Is that all ? have I only to believe ?" "Just to believe that forgiveness is yours as a gift from God." "Then I do believe." "Then God says you are justified from all things."

Large numbers were out again last night, and we had a meeting for inquirers at the Free Assembly Hall. About forty confessed that they were new converts, and about forty stood up as anxious to be saved, and were asked to go to the other side of the hall, where they were conversed with.

I got down beside a young lady whom I saw anxious in the enquiry meeting, but did not have the opportunity of speaking to her, and kept at work for an hour with her over the word of God. I could not tell you at length the deep interest of this case ; but at the close I had some hope that she has divine life and will yet get liberty.

A beautiful incident happened as I was speaking to her. A young girl bounded up to us and said, with an overflowing joy, "I am the girl you spoke to at the Barclay Church and gave the book to ; now I am just going, but could not leave without coming to tell you that *I have found Jesus.*"

We had a very sweet meeting at noon to-day. Mr. Moody gave us the prayers that God does not answer—

Moses, Elijah, Paul. I pointed out to him afterward, to his great delight, that Moses' prayer was answered, to see the land 1483 years afterward, but not as in the midst of Israel, but in better company, with Jesus in the midst, on the mount of transfiguration; and he saw the land in the light of the glory of Christ. And when he returned he did not care a bit for the land. He was all taken up with Christ, and instead of speaking of it or the goodly mountain of Lebanon, he and Elias spake to Him of His decease that he should accomplish at Jerusalem, the thing nearest the heart. That is the sight we, too, shall get it (if we do not see it now) when He comes in his glory, and all his saints with Him.

We have had a most impressive address from Mr. Moody this evening on the text, "*Where art thou?*" He spoke very solemnly to Christians, and said if they were to wake up, Edinburgh would be filled with awakening from one end to the other, inside of forty-eight hours. Then he spoke to sinners, and it was most alarming. The three steps to hell, were—

1. Neglect; 2. Refuse; 3. Despise.

He told them, even weeping, of their danger, and besought them to get the question settled now. 'Ah, it is that tender, weeping power in dear Mr. Moody, that is so overwhelming to sinners. He is now preaching in one of the best and largest churches of the New Town, and yet he has been quite as faithful as when among the poor last week in the Old Town; and there have been some marked cases of awakening. Mr. Sankey's singing of "Jesus of Nazareth" had a fine effect upon them. I saw it striking in upon the hearts of many; and many weeping eyes told of its power. A widow in front of me, with her little boy by her side, was moved deeply, and publicly addressed by Mr. Moody, listened with

very wistful eyes ; and both of them came to the second meeting. I was anxious about the result of the inquiry meeting in that church, and they were rather long in coming in, but it turned out nearly as good as before. About fifty were conversed with this first night, and there seemed to be quite a number that believed.

The first I got hold of was a working man ; and after showing him in the Word the way of life and peace, and getting him to decide, he said :

“ My wife’s here.”

“ Where ? ”

“ Sitting there by herself.”

“ Please bring her here.”

She, too, professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and they went home together believing.

Then I got a youth about eighteen in a terrible state of anxiety, and wrought with him a long time, and though hopeful, I do not know that he sees clearly ; but he lives near me, and I hope to see him again to-morrow. The life is in, I believe, but he wants liberty.

Then I got a word with about a dozen besides, and gave them books.

I saw three all at once profess Christ in Mr. Moody’s hands.

But there were chronic cases that baffled the whole of us, and after ten o’clock there was a man in a corner to whom Mr. Gall had spoken all night, who was all but desperate with conviction. Mr. Moody prayed with him, and he was bowed down and weeping, but he had to leave him still in bondage, showing how entirely it is God’s work to set a soul free.

Mr. Sankey sang “ *Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.* ” There was a power in it ; many wept. At the close I had three or four anxious sinners, and about as many anxious saints. Mr.

Moody had a goodly number professing faith in his hands. Others also were busy. I had some interesting cases of saints in darkness who again got light. Just as I was leaving, Mr. Moody put into my hands a young lady who had been conversed with by one and another all the evening; and just as I spoke the *very last word I intended to speak to her*, her face was lighted up with joy, and she said, "I now trust in the Lord Jesus." Dr. Thompson remarked as we were coming out, that he thought it had been a night of more solid work than any we have yet had. One good thing in being in one of the New Town churches is, that "the poor rich," as a noble worker calls them, have got a chance for their souls. The most respectable men and women have been plentiful in the meeting, and not absent from the inquiry rooms. The poor have far more privileges and opportunities of being saved than the better classes. But they, too, are getting a chance now; and we have seen some marked instances of salvation among them. We returned home, praising God for His grace and blessing.

I have observed that Mr. Moody speaks to inquirers with an open Bible in his hands, fixing them down to the Word of God, and anchoring their souls on the living rock of the Holy Scriptures. He also gets them to their knees in prayer; and I have seen them rising from his side by twos and threes, wiping their eyes, and smiling through their tears, confessing Christ.

Dr. Thomson said, "I think there could not have been fewer than one hundred inquirers here to-night, and I think more have professed faith in Christ than any night." It was very cheering to see the great heartiness with which Dr. Thomson entered into the work of the inquirers' meeting; and also to see other ministers there in considerable force from his own church and other churches engaged in pointing

sinner to Christ. Having been every night at work for an hour and a half in the inquiry meeting, and judging of the work from seeing about forty come to Christ in my own hands, I judge that the Lord is doing marvellous things among us, whereof we are glad.

Seven professed faith in Christ all at one time in one company, and we had a conviction that it was reality in at least four of them. On Friday night, after Mr. Moody's solemn word, there seemed to be a great smashing up of souls (as Mr. Radcliffe used to call it), and among others a lady came into my hands from San Francisco, California, here for the healing of her body ; and her trouble was, that the Spirit, she thought, had left her. We showed that her anxiety to be saved and her clinging to Christ were evidences to the contrary ; and she left after ten minutes' conversation in a state of blessed emancipation and comfort. She was brought to me by one who got out of bondage the night before, and I said, "Perhaps you will be bringing two each on Sunday night."

The last case we dealt with on Friday night was the most solemn we have seen, except that man who was specially prayed for in the noon day meeting the other day, and saved that night. This was a young woman weeping floods of tears. She complained of a hard heart, and feared the scorn of the ungodly when she went home ; she faintly professed faith in Christ.

I felt such an interest in this girl ~~that~~ that I could not sleep without sending her a line by post, inviting her to come next day that my wife might read the Scriptures with her, and tell her more about the Lord Jesus. She came : I was at a meeting I have on Saturday evening. We made special prayer for her, and the person who led us seemed to get near to God, and we had a conviction that we were heard. It was so ; for

on my return home I was met with the cheering intelligence, "The girl has been here : I have read with her for nearly two hours ; and she has just left, saved and happy. She said she faintly believed last night, as you said, but she is now at liberty, and says she never saw the fullness and freeness of salvation as she sees in now. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping last night ; but she was looking bright and smiling ; and the only tears she wept were tears of expressed gratitude that Jesus had received her, and that we had been so interested in her as to care for her for Jesus' sake as we had done." We have seen her since and she is looking unto Jesus ; but her demeanor is quiet and subdued, and she looks as one would do who had just escaped from drowning, or from a terrible railway collision.

We have had a meeting to-day for parents and children. It assembled—about 2,000 were present ; the parents got a good word. Our dear brother Sankey's singing happily gave the Gospel to the children in a number of gospel hymns.

Mr. Moody addressed parents from Deut. iv. 5-11 ; v. 29 ; vi. 7. Some young people think they hear too much about Christ and salvation from their parents, but here they have authority from God to speak of them, morning, noon, and night ; when lying down and rising up ; when sitting in the house and walking by the way. There should be the most diligent instruction of the young by parents, storing their minds with the Word of God.

Then from Mark x. 13-17 he addressed the children, and said that this is the only time when Christ was said to be much displeased. He told of the daughter of an infidel dying in peace, after being only five weeks at the Sunday school. Also, of a boy of twelve, who heard Dr. Chalmers preach, and came, at the close of the service, and said he had nothing to give, but he would give himself to Christ. He did so and

has been the means in our country of establishing many Sabbath-schools, with tens of thousands of scholars, and out of them have grown as many as thirty-eight churches, in which are many precious souls saved and happy, all through this boy coming to Christ and giving himself to Him.

Dr. Thomson said: I should consider it a very superfluous work to say anything of the trustworthiness of these excellent men. They have come among us not as unknown adventurers without "letters of commendation," but as long tried and honored laborers in the fields of evangelism in their own country, and more recently in Newcastle and other towns in the north of England, where there appears to have been a Pentecostal blessing in which every denomination of Christians has shared. And the ministers, and elders, and deacons of our different churches that have gathered around them every evening, and shared with them in their blessed work, prove the confidence in which they are held by those in whom the Christian people of Edinburgh are accustomed to place confidence.

The service of song conducted by Mr. Sankey, in which music is used as the handmaid of a Gospel ministry, has already been described in your columns. I have never found it objected to except by those who have not witnessed it. Those who have come and heard, have departed with their prejudices vanquished and their hearts impressed. We might quote, in commendation of this somewhat novel manner of preaching the Gospel, the words of good George Herbert:

"A verse may win him when the Gospel flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

There is nothing of novelty in the doctrine which Mr. Moody proclaims. It is the old Gospel—old, yet always fresh and young, too, as the living fountain or the morning sun—in which the substitution of Christ is placed in the centre and

presented with admirable distinctness and decision. It is spoken with impressive directness, not as by a man half-convinced and who seems always to feel that a sceptic is looking over his shoulder, but with a deep conviction of the truth of what he says, as if, like our own Andrew Fuller, he could "venture his eternity on it," and with a tremendous earnestness, as if he felt that "if he did not speak the very stones would cry out." The illustrations and anecdotes, drawn principally from his strangely-varied life, are so wisely chosen, so graphically told, and so well applied, as never to fail in hitting the mark.

I wish once more to call attention to one essential feature in the action of these good men—the daily noon-day meeting for prayer. It began some weeks ago in an upper room in Queen Street Hall. That was filled after a few days. Next it was transferred to Queen Street Hall, which is capable of holding 1,200 persons. It was not long ere this became overcrowded, and now there are full meetings every day in the Free Assembly Hall, which is capable of holding some hundreds more. It is a fact with a meaning in it, that simultaneously with the increase in the noon-day meeting for prayer has been the increase in attendance in Broughton Place Church at the evening addresses, and also in the number of inquirers afterwards. Before the end of last week every inch of standing-ground in our large place of worship was occupied with eager listeners, and hundreds were obliged to depart without being able to obtain so much as a sight of the speaker. The number of inquirers gradually rose from fifty to a hundred per night, and on Monday evening this week, when the awakened and those who professed to have undergone the "great change" were gathered together in our church hall, to be addressed by Mr. Moody, no other persons being admitted, there were nearly three hundred present, and even

these were only a part of the fruits of one week. I wish to give prominence to the statement that the persons who conversed with the perplexed and inquiring were ministers, elders, and deacons, and qualified private members of our various churches; and also Christian matrons and Bible-women, as far as their valuable services could be secured.

And now, at the close of the week of special services at Broughton Place Church, I wish to repeat the statement in your paper which I made on Monday in the Assembly Hall, that there is no week in my lengthened ministry upon which I look back with such grateful joy. I would not for the wealth of a world have the recollection of what I have seen and heard during the past week blotted out from my memory. When Howe was Chaplain to Cromwell at Whitehall, he became weary of the turmoil and pomp of the palace, and wrote to his "dear and honored brother," Richard Baxter, telling him how much he longed to be back again to his beloved work at Torrington. "I have devoted myself," he said, "to serve God in the work of the ministry, and how can I want the pleasure of hearing their cryings and complaints who have come to me under convictions." I have shared with many beloved brethren during the past week in this sacred pleasure, and it is like the eating of angels' bread, first to hear the cry of conviction, and yet more to hear at length the utterance of the joy of reconciliation and peace!

I was much struck by the variety among the inquirers. There were present from the old man of seventy-five to the youth of eleven, soldiers from the Castle, students from the University, the backsliding, the intemperate, the skeptical, the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated; and in how many instances were the wounded healed and the burdened released!

It may be encouraging to Christian parents and teachers to

be told that very much of this marvellous blessing, when once begun in a house, has spread through the whole family, and those who already had the knowledge of the divine truth in their minds by early Christian education, formed by far the largest proportion of the converts. The seed was there sleeping in the soil, which the influence from above quickened into life.

There was a considerable number of skeptics among the inquirers, but their speculative doubts and difficulties very soon became of no account when they came to have a proper view of their sins. Some have already come to tell me of their renunciation of unbelief, and their discipleship to Christ. One has publicly announced that he can no longer live in the ice-house of cold negations, and has asked Mr. Moody to publish the address which brought light to his heart, and to circulate it far and wide over the land.

I witnessed no excesses in the inquiry rooms; but there was often deep and melting solemnity, sometimes a sob of sorrow, and the whispered prayer of contrition or gratitude. There must, however, occur at times imprudent things and excesses in connection with even the best works that have imperfect though good men employed about them. But cold criticism that is in search of faults, of ultra-prudence that attempts nothing from fear of making mistakes, is not the temper in which to regard such events. I would not dare to take either of these positions, "lest haply I should be found to be fighting against God."

I have already expressed my high appreciation of Mr. Moody's manner of addressing. If some think that it wants the polished elegance of certain of our home orators, it has qualities that are far more valuable; and even were it otherwise, the great thing is to have the gospel of the grace of God clearly and earnestly preached to the multitudes who are

crowding every night to listen to him. When the year of the jubilee came in ancient times among the Jews, I suspect the weary bond-slave or the poor debtor cared little whether it was proclaimed to him with silver trumpets or rams' horns, if he could only be assured that he was free.

The following paper was issued, and sent to every denomination in Scotland :

“Edinburgh is now enjoying signal manifestations of grace. Many of the Lord's people are not surprised at this. In October and November last, they met from time to time to pray for it. They hoped that they might have a visit from Messrs. Moody and Sankey of America ; but they very earnestly besought the Lord that He would deliver them from depending upon them, or on any instrumentality, and that He himself would come with them, or come before them. He has graciously answered that prayer, and His own presence is now wonderfully manifested, and is felt to be among them. God is so affecting the hearts of men, that the Free Church Assembly Hall, the largest public building in Edinburgh, is crowded every day at noon with a meeting for prayer ; and that building, along with the Established Church Assembly Hall, overflows every evening when the Gospel is preached. But the numbers that attend are not the most remarkable feature. It is the presence of the power of the Holy Ghost, the solemn awe, the prayerful, believing, expectant spirit, the anxious inquiry of unsaved souls, and the longing of believers to grow more like Christ,—the hungering and thirsting after holiness. The hall of the Tolbooth Church, and the Free High Church are nightly attended by anxious inquirers. All denominational and social distinctions are entirely merged. All this is of the God of Grace.

“Another proof of the Holy Spirit's presence is, that a desire has been felt and expressed in these meetings, that all

Scotland should share the blessing that the capital is now enjoying.

“ It is impossible that our beloved friends from America should visit every place, or even all those to which they have been urged to go. But this is not necessary. The Lord is willing Himself to go wherever He is truly invited. He is waiting. The Lord’s people in Edinburgh, therefore, would affectionately entreat all their brethren throughout the land to be importunate in invoking Him to come to them, and dismiss all doubt as to his being willing to do so.

“ The week of prayer, from the 4th to 11th January next, affords a favorable opportunity for combined action. In every town and hamlet let there be a daily meeting for prayer during that week, and also as often as may be before it. In Edinburgh the hour is from 12 to 1, and where the same hour suits other places, it would be pleasing to meet together in faith at the throne of grace. But let the prayers not be formal, unbelieving, unexpected : but short, fervent, earnest entreaties, mingled with abounding praise and frequent short exhortations ; and let them embrace the whole world, that God’s way may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations. If the country will thus fall on their knees, and God who has filled our national history with the wonders of His love, will come again and surprise even the strongest believers by the unprecedented tokens of His grace. Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.’ ”

This was signed by thirty-eight ministers of all denominations.

Mr. Moody addressed some special meetings in Free Assembly Hall.

On Sabbath morning, December 14, he addressed the young men of the Sabbath morning Fellowship Union.

On Friday, December 19, he preached to young men on being born again.

On Sabbath morning, December 21, he addressed Sabbath school teachers.

The same evening he preached to the students of Edinburgh University and the New College, on "There is no difference." This was one of the most magnificent sights I have ever witnessed. On the platform with him were numbers of professors of both colleges, and I believe, the majority of the students. The hall was densely crowded, and I question whether he ever addressed a more intelligent audience, or one that gave him more profound and riveted attention. Had they not had confidence in him, and felt his power, and, we trust, the higher power of God's Spirit and truth, they would not have sat for more than two hours with such quietness. He commanded that immense meeting of about two thousand men, as no man on that platform, save Dr. Duff, could have done. The living power of God's Holy Spirit was felt giving the word, and laying conviction on the conscience. The Gospel given at the end was most touchingly illustrated; and the very appropriate hymn sung by Mr. Sankey, "I am sweeping through the gates," gave a spiritual finish to the whole that had been spoken. It was an opportunity such as no man ever before enjoyed here; and we cannot doubt but that God has given and used it for the conversion of souls and the glory of Christ.

At half-past eight o'clock, December 29, there was a meeting held in the Corn Exchange, Grassmarket, which was attended by about 3,000 persons belonging to the poorer classes. The Rev. Mr. Morgan opened this meeting with prayer.

Mr. Moody began his address by telling the well-known story about Rowland Hill and Lady Erskine. Her ladyship :

was driving past a crowd of people to whom Hill was preaching. She asked who the preacher was, and, on being informed, told her coachman to drive nearer. Rowland Hill, seeing her approach, asked who she was, and when he was told, he said there was a soul there for sale. Who would bid, he asked, for Lady Erskine's soul? There was Satan's offer. He would give pleasure, honor, position, and, in fact, the whole world. There was also, he said, the offer of the Lord Jesus, who would give pardon, peace, joy, rest, and at last, heaven and glory. He then asked Lady Erskine which of these bids she would accept. Ordering her coachman to open her carriage-door, she pressed her way through the crowd to where the preacher was, and said, "Lord Jesus, I give my soul to Thee ; accept of it."

Mr. Moody went on to urge on his hearers to give themselves there and then to the same Saviour who was that day preached in the hearing of Lady Erskine, and accepted by her. He brought out the freeness of the gospel offer, and the importance of immediately closing with it. He mentioned several instances of conversion—one of them concerning a soldier, who had been at the meeting of the previous night in that same hall, and who had afterward gone up to the Assembly Hall, had received Christ there, and was now professing himself a Christian man.

Mr. Sankey sang several of his hymns—"The Lifeboat," "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and "The Prodigal Child," being among them.

The meeting on Sunday night, Dec. 28, seems to have been the most extraordinary of all these meetings. Though there were about 5,000 persons present, the most perfect order was observed, and the deepest interest manifested in the proceedings. After this meeting was over, hundreds pressed up to the Free Assembly Hall, and when the question was put if

there were any there anxious about their souls and desiring to be saved, the whole body rose to their feet in answer to the question. The interest shown was such as many of those present had never before seen in the course of a long ministry among the people. Mr. Moody expressed himself as more impressed by it than he had been by anything he had ever before seen.

Mr. Moody preached on Sabbath forenoon in Free St. George's Church, his subject being, "What Christ has done for man." This he treated very generally. In the afternoon Messrs. Moody and Sankey conducted evangelistic services in the Free Assembly Hall, and the Free High Church at five o'clock, and in the Established Assembly Hall and Free St. John's Church at six o'clock—these meetings being for females only. The Jubilee Singers sang at each of these meetings. There was an immense meeting in the Corn Exchange, Grass-market, at seven o'clock. The great hall was filled with people, who stood closely packed together in every part of it. There must have been between 6,000 and 7,000 persons present. Short addresses were delivered by several ministers and laymen, frequent prayer engaged in, and a great number of hymns sung by Mr. Sankey and the Jubilee Singers. These hymns had each of them a bearing on the thoughts or sentiments that formed the themes of the addresses by which they were preceded. There was the most perfect quiet observed by the vast assemblage, and both addresses and hymns were listened to with the utmost attention.

In his address Mr. Moody pointed out that though it was because of Adam's sin man was condemned, it was not because of it that any one would be lost, but because they neglected to lay hold of the remedy.

Mr. Moody preached to about *fifteen thousand* this first Lord's day of 1874, at seven different times. His passion for

saving souls is self-consuming. Let all Christians pray that he may be upheld by God, in body and soul, and blessed more and more.

Tens of thousands of men, women, and children of all classes of the community, have crowded the halls and churches where they have preached, and sung of Christ and the Gospel.

Multitudes of men assembled in the Corn Exchange, and multitudes of women in the Assembly Halls and adjoining churches on the Lord's day, to hear words whereby they might be saved; and on the week days the daily prayer meeting, noon and night, was crowded with eager, anxious throngs of Christians or anxious ones; while in the Newington U. P. Church and the Canongate Parish Church, fully three thousand came together nightly to listen to the singing and preaching of the glorious Gospel of Christ.

Bible lectures have been held in the Free Assembly Hall, Viewforth Church, West Coates Church, and Free St. Mary's, and thereby have received clearer light on the Gospel, more stable standing on the sure foundation, and blessed freedom from bondage.

Mr. Moody's excellent plan of making the Bible speak for itself by quoting text after text and commenting on them, and enforcing them by striking illustrations, has been of eminent use among Christians who had life but no liberty. Christ has said through him to many a young and groaning one, "Loose him, and let him go."

Mr. Moody's clear preaching of grace reigning through righteousness and salvation by grace without the works of the law, and the believer's place in Christ where there is now no condemnation, and sin shall not have dominion over us, because we are not under law, but under grace, is fitted to give immediate relief to burdened, unclear, and legal Christians, of whom we have crowds.

His mind has evidently been in contact with clear Scripture teachings, such as one seldom meets with in our day ; for he has learned to draw his words of grace and truth from the clear crystal river of divine revelation, and not from the muddy streams of human theology ; and if we, ministers of Christ, are still to get a hearing from the people who have hung as if spell-bound on the ministry of Mr. Moody, we must preach in the same simple, scriptural, loving, and direct manner. He has lifted up a crucified and glorified Christ, honored the Holy Ghost by believing in His constant presence and grace, and his Gospel has been made the power of God unto salvation to unnumbered souls. We calculate that as many as 30,000 have listened to his beseeching voice.

The work of grace is no doubt deep, wide-spread and extraordinary, as compared with the state of things spiritually previous to the coming of those earnest men ; but it is only the ordinary and normal result of prayer and preaching, which the model of the Acts of the Apostles warrants us in expecting when all the disciples of Christ are continuing with one accord in prayer and supplication, and in dependence on the Holy Ghost are bending all their energies to the one work of getting the Christ of God magnified by the conversion of perishing souls. When we consider that the great bulk of the ministers and Christian people of Edinburgh have been doing almost nothing else for nearly two months but giving themselves to receive blessing, and to co-operate with our excellent friends to make the Gospel triumphant in the city ; and when we consider that there has been this concerted, continued and concentrated effort towards this one thing, we have hardly seen so much fruit as we might reasonably have expected ; and we are very sure if there had not been much grieving and quenching of the holy Spirit of God among us in connection with this work, both secretly and openly, He

would have wrought with mightier power, and the harvest of souls would have been much more abundant.

There has never been, as in other days, thousands Pentecostally smitten simultaneously : whole meetings arrested, as in the years of the right hand of the Most High in times past, and made to stand still and see the salvation of God. Might the Lord not have given such power as would have left hundreds instead of tens, anxiously inquiring what must we do, if there had been an entire exclusion of " the flesh " and a total self-surrender on the part of Christians, more regard for the glory of Christ, less grieving and quenching and more honoring of the Holy Ghost ?

We do not quite sympathize with some things which have been said about Mr. Moody's preaching, and especially that he is not eloquent. What, we would ask, makes the meetings flat when he is absent but the want of a quality he possesses ? and what makes them full of life and spiritual emotion when he is present, but just the superior divine eloquence which flows in his burning words, as if an electric current were passing through every heart ?

He is the most powerful speaker—the most eloquent preacher—who most fully carries an audience with him and produces the greatest results ; and if Mr. Moody is judged by such a rule, he is one of the most eloquent of living men, for none of us here who are ministers feel the least desire to speak if he is present, for with all our university training we acknowledge his superior power as a Heaven-commissioned evangelist. He has the all-powerful eloquence of a man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and fired with indomitable zeal for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls. He may be devoid of rhetoric (and that, we suppose, is meant), and he may use his freedom in extemporizing grammar to suit himself, but withal Moody is the most eloquent, as he is the

most successful preacher among us. The Lord be praised for giving such gifts to men, and for the thousands of souls He has converted by him in this city, or set into the liberty of grace by a fuller knowledge of Christ and His finished work.

What masses of young people from the schools crowded the meetings during the holidays! And so great has been the attraction of the singing of the one and the eloquence of the other, that hundreds of young persons, especially of the higher classes, who were formerly accustomed to go to the theatre, opera, and pantomime, gave them up deliberately, and from choice and the force of conviction attended the gospel and prayer-meetings. Men who can draw away our educated children by the hundred in this city that boasts of its education, from these haunts of pleasure and amusement, to hear of Christ in preaching and songs, and embrace Him as their Saviour, and cling to them as their friends, have that spiritual education which ennobles the character, implants delicate feelings, generous sentiments, tender emotions, and gracious affections, which the young very quickly discover and reciprocate.

But we have no doubt that a very great part of Mr. Moody's superiority over most ministers as a preacher of the gospel, arises from his superior knowledge and grasp of the Holy Scriptures.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's principle for gospel work is the recognition of the divine unity of the one body of Christ; and accordingly wherever they go they say, in effect, A truce to all sectarianism that the Lord alone may be exalted: let all denominations for the time being be obliterated and forgotten, and let us bring our united Christian effort to bear upon the one great work of saving perishing souls. It is a charming sight to look back over the past eight weeks and think of men

who, it appeared, were for all time to come in religious antagonism because of their controversial differences on the Union question, sitting side by side on the same platform lovingly co-operating with those American brethren and with one another for the conversion of souls. All old things seemed to have passed away, and all things had become new, and all rejoiced together in the blessing which has been so richly vouchsafed by the God of all grace.

There has been such a commingling of ministers and Christians of all the churches—all sectarian thoughts and feelings being buried—as has never been witnessed in this city since the first breaking up of the Church of Scotland, more than 140 years ago. What all the ministers and people of Scotland were unable to achieve—a union of Christians on a doctrinal basis—God has effected, as it were at once, on the basis of the inner life by the singing of a few simple hymns and the simple preaching of the gospel: for as the unity of the nation was secured by the one purpose to make David king over all Israel:—"All these men of war that could keep rank came with a perfect heart to Hebron, to make David king over all Israel; and all the rest also of Israel were of one heart to make David king, and there was great joy in Israel" (1 Chron. xii. 37)—so the one purpose to have the Lord Jesus exalted and made supreme, and His glory in the triumph of His gospel and the salvation of sinners made manifest, has united the ministers and Christian people of every name in the metropolis of Scotland: "and there was great joy in that city" (Acts viii. 8). "Be it known unto you all, that by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him" hath been "shed forth this which ye now see and hear." "This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is

become the Head of the Corner. Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 10-12). "This is the Lord's doing ; it is marvellous in our eyes. **THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE.** We will be glad and rejoice in it" (Ps. cxviii. 23, 24).

Mr. Moody is overpoweringly in earnest, and he brings in the direct, straightforward, decided methods of a thorough-going, energetic man of business into his addresses, in conducting meetings, and his dealing with souls, and, as a preacher generally stamps his own image upon his converts, we may hope to see a brood of decided Christian witnesses and testifiers arising out of this time of awakening, that will let it be known that the glory of the Lord Jesus is the uppermost purpose in their hearts.

This witness-bearing has already begun in colleges and schools, in families and work-rooms, in drawing-rooms and kitchens. There are discussions going on everywhere regarding both the men and the movement. In ladies' schools there are young converts testifying for Jesus, and boldly confessing Him as their Saviour ; evening parties, through the influence of the young believers in the household, are being converted into Christian assemblies to talk over the preaching of Mr. Moody, and to sing in concerted worship the hymns and solos which have been introduced by the inimitable singing of Mr. Sankey.

These two quiet and humble Americans have all but turned society in Edinburgh upside down, and by the grace of God, have given its citizens the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year that they have ever enjoyed, by gathering them around the Lord Jesus. It seems as if a voice from heaven had been saying, "O clap your hands, all ye people : shout

unto God with the voice of triumph. God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises ; sing praises to our King, sing praises ; sing ye praises with understanding."

WHAT GOOD HAVE MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY DONE IN
EDINBURGH ?

THIS is a question which, in its inward aspect, can be answered only by Him who knows the hearts of men ; but that which is visible and apparent can be set down in writing.

For one thing, Mr. Moody has given the Bible its due place of prominence, and has made it to be looked upon as the most interesting book in the world. This is honoring the Holy Ghost more than all the prayers for His outpouring that have been offered ; for it is getting into the mind of God as the Psalmist got, when he said : "Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name." His addresses on such themes as "How to study the Holy Scriptures," and "The Scriptures cannot be broken ;" his own Bible lectures, which were so full of Scripture, and helpful to hundreds of Christians ; his constant reference to the Bible, and quotations from it in his preaching ; his moving about among the anxious with the open Bible in his hands, that he might get them to rest their souls on the "true sayings of God ;" and his earnest exhortations to young Christians to read the Word, and to older and well-taught Christians to get up "Bible readings," and invite young Christians to come to them, that they might be made acquainted with the mind of Christ, all showed how much in earnest he is to give due prominence to the Holy Scriptures.

Mr. Moody has also given us a thorough specimen of good Gospel preaching, both as to matter and manner of

communication. It is not a mixture of law and Gospel: his Gospel is "the Gospel of the Grace of God," "without the works of the law," the "Gospel of God" coming in righteously and saving the lost, not by a mere judicial manipulation and theoretically, but by grace, power, and life coming in when men were dead, so that we have not only sins blotted out by the blood of Christ, but deliverance from sin in the nature by death and resurrection, and life beyond death, so that a risen Christ is before us, and we in Him, when it is said, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." There is "*justification of life*" in his preaching, immediately that we are "*justified by His blood.*"

He has also distinguished with much decision and precision between the Adam nature and the new creation in Christ, and made it as clear as noonday that salvation is not the mere setting right of man's existing faculties, but the impartation of new life in Christ, a new nature, a new creation, so that there exist two utterly opposed natures in the one responsible Christian man, and that "these are contrary the one to the other:" and the knowledge of this gives young Christians immense relief, and a solid foundation for holiness at the very commencement of their Christian course. New creation in Christ—not the mending of the old creation—is Mr. Moody's idea of Christianity: and it is the divine reality which many are now enjoying.

This also leads to the Pauline theory of holiness, as preached by him. He has imbibed very fully the theology of the Epistle to the Romans on this point, and insisted with much earnestness that Scripture has it that Christians are not under the law in any shape or form, and that this is essential to holiness:—"For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace" (Rom. vi. 14); "But now we are delivered from the law, that we should

serve in newness of spirit" (Rom. vii. 6). His doctrine is that the law never made a bad man good or a good man better, and that we are under grace for sanctification as well as for justification ; and yet the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh (that is, under law) " but after the spirit " (Rom. viii. 4). His clearness in distinguishing between law and grace has been the lever of life to many souls.

Our American brethren have also been of great use in showing us what may be accomplished in the conversion of souls, if the heart is only fully set upon it, and there is a determination to have it. They came to us with that distinct aim and object in view ; and the Lord gave them the desires of their hearts ; and as the result hundreds of souls have professed salvation. They gave themselves to " this one thing," and they stuck to it, brushing aside all other things : even the conventional courtesies of life were made short work of by Mr. Moody if he spied an anxious soul likely to escape. His friends might introduce some notable stranger at the close of a meeting, and feel rather annoyed that, instead of conversing with him or her, he darted off in a moment to awakened souls ; but he made that his work, and everything else had to be subordinate to it. " This one thing I do," seems to be his life-motto ; and in sticking to this all-absorbing object, he has read us a noble lesson of holy resoluteness and decision. If we who are ministers have similar faith and expectancy, and work like our American friends for the conversion of souls, the conversion of souls we shall have. Our Lord said to those who were to be the first preachers of His Gospel, " I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain " (John xv. 16) ; and when they were endued with the Holy Ghost and with power, they did

"bring forth fruit" in the conversion of souls (Acts ii. 41 ; iv. 4) ; and their fruit remained (Acts ii. 42), and has done so, in the millions of souls saved in all ages down to the present day.

Our friends have been the means of rescuing hundreds of souls in this city from impending and everlasting damnation. Their labors have been especially fruitful in the conversion of young women and girls, who in course of time will be in the important position of wives and mothers ; and if the thousand of them that appear at the young converts' meeting, to receive Mr. Moody's farewell address, should all hold out, it will be an unspeakable blessing that has been conferred by God on this community through their instrumentality.

Persons at a distance have wondered at us having so many ladies among the anxious, and the question has repeatedly come to us, "Where are the men ? Your anxious inquirers are nearly all women, as we read of them in your reports." If such persons had been present on Friday, Jan. 16, and run their eyes over the young converts in the Free Assembly Hall, between eight and nine o'clock, and counted, as was done, the 1,150 that were present, and failed to find 150 of them men, they would no longer have been at a loss to see why the greater proportion of the cases of awakening mentioned are women.

But we believe also that any one who would affirm, from the excessive preponderance of women over men on Friday at the young converts' meeting, that the movement had only laid hold of women, would be very wide of the truth ; for, although the meetings went on for three weeks almost without men, towards the close there were many young men who were brought under the power of the truth. It is, however, well known that many young Scotsmen, from a variety of influences and motives, even though converted, would rather

be excluded from the meeting than face the ordeal through which those had to pass who received tickets ; and had there been a converts' meeting for men to come to without any examination or receiving of tickets, hundreds would have attended it.

In a time of awakening it is also well known that women who are religiously impressed will go through fire and water to comply with the wishes of those who have been made useful to their souls. They will do anything they are asked to do ; hence the mass-meeting of women on Friday, the 16th. But not so with men—especially Scotsmen—hence the absence, notwithstanding that many are known to have been converted.

Before that meeting was held we had given it as our calculation, based on the facts that had come under our own observation daily in the inquiry meeting, that there might be 1,500 souls converted, or who had professed to be converted, believing themselves to be so. We are still of the same judgment, and that very many more of them are men than that converts' farewell meeting revealed. Twelve hundred women and three hundred men and boys seem to be the proportion and sum total who have professed conversion. Hundreds of them may go on flourishingly, and bring forth thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. Hundreds may go back, die out, or be choked with the world, and many who have divine life in their souls may collapse, and the work may have to be done over again, and they revived and set at liberty because of the lack of teaching. This has been our observation of the results of past revivals, having been in nearly all that have taken place in this country for the last six-and-twenty years. But we see no necessity for this sad outcome of a blessed work of grace, if the professed converts were fully taught in all the precious truth of God with regard to

their place in a risen and glorified Christ, as Romans, Ephesians, and Colossians, spiritually and competently expounded, would teach them. Good milk, and plenty of it, makes an infant thrive and grow. "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word that ye may grow thereby. Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The only way not to fall is to grow, and growth and strength are by the truth,





CHAPTER IV.

ON TO GLASGOW.

FIVE meetings in one day, at Berwick-on-Tweed, drew thousands together, and the arrows from God's quiver pierced hundreds of hearts.

A few days in Dundee awakened such interest that the evangelists returned five months later, when the enthusiasm far exceeded that of the previous visit. Every evening for a week from 10,000 to 16,000 people assembled in the open air to listen to the Gospel. Hundreds yielded to Christ, and a mighty impulse was given to religion.

On their leaving Dundee evangelistic services were held in various churches with many tokens of blessing. The number of inquirers was very considerable. Many cases were characterized by deep conviction of sin, and there were several remarkable conversions. Of the many hundreds, doubtless some were only slightly impressed, while others are bearing about their trouble to this day. For, whatever may be the explanation, there are always some who very gradually arrive at settled trust and peace in Christ. As the result of the awakening, there have been large additions to the membership of the churches—in some congregations as many as one hundred and

upward. Great care has been taken in watching over the young Christians, *and we do not know of any who have gone back.*

On the occasion of the second visit of the evangelists to Dundee, in June, when great open-air meetings were held in Barrack Park, Mr. Moody organized and set going special means and efforts for reaching young men. With the aid of a large staff of earnest Christian men, who volunteered their services at the call of Mr. Moody, the Young Men's Association carried out the scheme with energy and success. In the course of two weeks, upward of one hundred and thirty young men were individually conversed with, almost the whole of whom ultimately professed faith in Christ. The work has been carried on throughout the year by the Association, as well as by the direct instrumentality of the churches, with much prayer and pains, and many have been added to the Lord. In the *Post* and *Telegraph* offices alone there are some twenty young men and lads who have come over to the Lord's side, and are zealous in His service. As Andrew found his brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus, so in many a pleasing instance, brothers have been bringing brothers, and young men have been bringing their companions, to the Saviour. The seal of God's blessing has been clearly stamped on the efforts of the Christian young men. And although, to the eye of an observer looking only on the surface, nothing may be apparent save the ordinary ripple of Christian work, to those who look more closely, a powerful under-current of spiritual influence is plainly seen to be at work among the youth of our town. In many quarters the tide is fairly turned and is setting in steadily in the right direction; and we expect still greater and better things.

In regard to the work among the children, we have never before seen so much precious fruit in the same space of time.

All the year round there has been great joy in many a family and in many a Sabbath-school. Nor has this joy proved to be evanescent or fruitless. To this fact parents and teachers bear decided testimony. Running parallel with the work of the Holy Ghost, there has been a remarkable dispensation of Providence in the removal of many little ones to the spirit-world. Beautiful and instructive in many instances have been the last solemn scenes of life. To the clear eye of a child's faith there is almost no darkness in the valley. To the ear of the little Christian, quick to catch the voices from above, the solemn sound of Jordan's waters has no terrors. With marvellous wisdom and force, these dying children gave forth their testimony to Jesus and His grace.

While the immediate results of the work are exceedingly precious, the value of its full outcome can scarcely be over-estimated : believers are refreshed and lifted higher—Christian workers of every class have renewed their strength, and are filled with fresh hope and zeal. The whole body of the living Church has made an advance ; her forces are increased, her methods are improved. So mighty an impulse cannot fail of great and lasting results. But there remains much land to be possessed, and from the recent movement there comes to us a loud and stirring call to go forward. Thanking God for the past, and taking courage, we look into the future with a heart of good cheer ; and we feel assured, " 'Tis better on before ! "

But the great meeting in Scotland was in Glasgow. On Sunday morning, February 8, 1874, at nine o'clock, Mr. Moody addressed 3,000 Sabbath school teachers and Christian workers, in the City Hall. At half-past five in the evening, an hour before the time for services to begin, the hall was crowded in every corner. The crowds became so great that it was necessary to hold separate meetings for men and

women, and even then no building in Glasgow could be found large enough to hold the congregations. The interest among the impenitent was beyond precedent. It was another Pentecost. Again and again 1,000 inquirers remained after the sermon to be pointed to Christ.

During the six days beginning with Tuesday of last week, the suburb of Hillhead was nine times flooded with crowds hurrying to the Crystal Palace. This unique glass house is the largest place of public assembly in Scotland, and can seat about four thousand, while a thousand or two more may be crowded into it. Tuesday evening was for the young women. Hundreds appealed in vain for tickets after seven thousand five hundred had been distributed, and hundreds who had them struggled in vain for admission. The building was crowded up to the fainting point, and the meeting was partly spoiled by its numerical success. On Wednesday the young men who were ticket-holders darkened the Great Western road more than an hour before the time of meeting. All comers were welcome on Thursday, so long as there was any room. In spite of the rain the Palace was filled by seven o'clock, and about one-half of the audience seemed to be young men of the middle classes. On Friday the noon prayer meeting was transferred to the Palace, which was comfortably filled with the better, or better-off, classes. Friday evening's meeting was the most significant of the series. Tickets for it were given only to those who, on applying for them in person, declared that they believed themselves to have been converted since January 1st, and gave their names, addresses, and church connection, which information, we are told, is to be forwarded to their several pastors. It was publicly stated that about three thousand five hundred had received tickets on these conditions. As the Americans did not arrive till six weeks after New Year, and as the tickets were not exclusively for the fre-

quenters of their meetings, it was hardly fair in one of our contemporaries to insinuate that the object was to number and ticket Moody's converts. The children had their turn on Saturday at noon, and the working people at night. On Sunday morning the young women were admitted by ticket, and at six o'clock P.M. the Palace was filled both inside and outside, as an Irishman would say. While several ministers, along with Mr. Sankey, conducted the service inside, Mr. Moody addressed a crowd in the open air that filled the whole space between the Palace and the gate of the Botanic Gardens. Many hundreds did not even get the length of the garden gate. The estimates of the vast throng—mere guess-work, of course—range from fifteen to thirty thousand. A month ago, in the same place and under the same auspices, another meeting was held for six and a half hours. We refer to the "Christian Convention," which Dr. Cairns declared to be "unparalleled in the history of the Scotch, perhaps of British Christianity." It was reported that about five thousand were present, of whom some two thousand were ministers and office-bearers from Scotland and the North of England.

Now these are conspicuous facts, and challenge the respectful attention and sympathy of all, whatever their religious views may be, were it on no higher principle than that of the ancient poet, "I am a man, and deem nothing human uninteresting to me." Some have already photographed the humorous side of these religious assemblies, and proved what we dare say nobody will deny, that some blemishes cleave to them. We are persuaded, however, that many of our readers will not be disinclined to look at the higher aspects of "these wondrous gatherings day by day;" for we are not aware that so many large and representative meetings have been drawn together in Glasgow by any cause or interest whatever during

the past century. Here is a novel addition to the "May meetings"—a new General Assembly, with representatives of almost every class of society and every Protestant Church in the land.

The religious movement, of which these meetings are the most outstanding manifestation, dates, so far as it met the public eye, from "the week of prayer" in the beginning of January. The ministers and office-bearers of almost all the churches then met, and formed a committee to arrange for united prayer meetings, and also for the expected visit of the American evangelists. The record of what was going on in the North of England, and especially in Edinburgh, had previously inflamed, as well as informed, many of the more receptive and sympathetic souls. Tokens of growing interest had also been appearing in many quarters; and evangelistic services, such as those conducted by Mr. Brownlow North and others, had indicated that the spiritual thermometer was steadily rising. During the first week of January St. George's Church was crowded at noon, while the overflow was accommodated in Hope Street Free Gaelic Church. After the first fortnight Wellington Street United Presbyterian Church was made the centre, where, on an average, about a thousand met daily for prayer. In the second week of February, Messrs. Moody and Sankey began their work among us; and for the last three months they have conducted meetings every day, with a few exceptions. The mind experiences a sense of fatigue in detailing their efforts. They certainly have not spared themselves. Here is something like an average week-day's work: twelve to one o'clock, prayer meeting; one to two o'clock, conversation with individuals; four to five o'clock, Bible lecture, attended by some twelve or fifteen hundred; seven to half-past eight o'clock, evangelistic meeting, with inquiry meeting at close; nine to ten o'clock young

men's meeting. The tale of some Sabbath-day's work is even heavier : nine to ten o'clock, City Hall ; eleven to half-past twelve o'clock, a church service ; five to seven o'clock, women's ; seven to nine o'clock, men's meetings in City Hall. Very few men possess, or at least exercise, such powers of service ; though in addition to the aid from the realm beyond on which true workers rely, we doubt not that congenial and successful Christian work may sustain a man beyond any other form of human effort. Admission to these meetings was usually by ticket, a necessary precaution against over crowding. The animated scenes of last week in the Botanic Gardens prove that the interest has not waned, even after three months' use and wont had worn off the edge of novelty.

Accepting this as a genuine Christian work, it may be worth while to fix attention on some of its leading characteristics and results. We would say here, in passing, that we cannot well understand why some educated minds, without granting a hearing, condemn religious revivals out-and-out on philosophical grounds. Viewed on the human side, the philosophy of revivals, as they term it, is just a department of the philosophy of history. In no region has progress been uniformly steady and gradual ; but it has been now and then by great strides, by fits and starts, and such events as the Germans call epoch-making. In all the affairs of men there have been tides with full floods. Every channel along which human energies pour themselves has had its "freshet." We are familiar with revivals in trade, science, literature, arts, and politics. Times of refreshing and visitation are not much more frequent in sacred than in secular history ; and they indicate the most interesting and fruitful periods in both.

To say that the work betrays some imperfections, and that there have been many objectors, is only to say what has been justly said of every great enterprise, civil and religious. But this revival seems to be distinguished from all previous

revivals by the circumstance that it has been indorsed by something like the catholic consent of the churches. From the outset nearly all our leading ministers, and not a few of our foremost laymen, identified themselves with it. They sat and sang together on the pulpit stairs and platform at the daily prayer meeting. A Highland member of the Free Church Presbytery lately protested against some of the accompaniments ; and in a court that numbers about one hundred and fifty members, there was not one to second his lament. One of our most conservative churches—the Reformed Presbyterian—gave its unanimous and cordial approval the other day at its Synod.

The unfriendly letter-writers fall into two classes. Some sign themselves clergymen and are much exercised about their clerical status. If any in these days will make it their chief concern to stand upon their official dignity, they shall find by and by that they have not much ground to stand upon. No evangelists, however, have come among us who have more respected the position and influence of the ministers. Mr. Moody's first statement at his first meeting in the City Hall was, that he met with the Sabbath school teachers first, because he knew that no class would welcome him more heartily, with the single exception of the ministers, and that it would be presumption in him to lecture them. The other class of unfriendly critics write in the interest of intellectualism and culture in its "broadest" sense. We suspect that the "sages," whose profession is, as one of themselves has said, that they are neither great sinners nor great saints, are the enemies of revivals only because they are the enemies of the things revived. Would they object, for instance, to a revival that gave body and popular attractions to the worn-out ideas which they commend as the *ne plus ultra* of attainable truth ? At all events, it will not do for them to say that

only the women and children have been attracted, for there has been nightly a most imposing muster of the vigorous manhood of our city, and the City Hall has been often found too small to accommodate the men who flocked to some of the special services.

Mr. Moody is very fortunate in having such a colleague as Mr. Sankey. He has enriched evangelistic work by something approaching the discovery of a new power. He spoils the Egyptians of their finest music, and consecrates it to the service of the tabernacle. Music in his hands is, more than it has yet been, the handmaid of the Gospel, and the voice of the heart. We have seen many stirred and melted by his singing before a word had been spoken. Indeed, his singing is just a powerful, distinct, and heart-toned way of speaking, that seems to reach the heart by a short cut, when mere speaking might lose the road. Most people admit that the work has been conducted in a very calm and sober-minded fashion. Mr. Moody is credited with a large share of shrewdness and common sense. He has not yielded to the temptations that powerfully assail his class. He does not give himself out to be coddled and petted by well-meaning but injudicious admirers. We have not noticed in him that offensive affectation of superior piety that provoked a sarcastic acquaintance of ours to say that some revivalists seemed to begin their story as Virgil makes Æneas begin his, "I am the pious Æneas." He keeps close to the essentials, and is free from such crotchets as often narrow the sphere and destroy the influence of evangelists. It is not irritation but balm, that he tries to bring to our religious divisions. It must be owned that a premium has not been set on the hysterical, the convulsive, and the sensational forms of religious excitement. The proverbial weakness for numbers has been more apparent in some of his sympathizers than in himself. Nor does he

make himself responsible for the reality of every apparent conversion. He has set his face sternly against the religious dissipation in which some of his most indefatigable hearers rejoice. Novelty-hunters and marvel-mongers have not been gratified. Sight-seers have been usually excluded from the meetings for inquirers, and only "workers" have been admitted. That there has been nothing necessarily repellant to thoughtful and educated people is proved by the number of middle-class young men in sympathy, and by the fair proportion of them at the "Converts' Meeting," and also by the crowds of genteel people at the quiet afternoon Bible lectures. Though he has introduced some novel methods, he has stuck to the simple old truths, and his convictions are in entire accord with Scottish orthodoxy. His straightforward, business-like, slap-dash style gives a fascinating air of reality to all he says, while his humor, capital hits, vivid and homely illustrations, and now and again his deep feeling, seldom fail to rivet the attention of his hearers. He has not a round-about and far off way of handling divine things, and hence many accuse him of abruptness, brusqueness and undue familiarity. The Christian life he commends is manly and genial, intense, and yet not strained or twisted. These features go far to explain what would be called in America his personal magnetism.

Many ask, "But will it last? What is to come out of all this?" In Edinburgh, they say that since the Americans left, the impression has been steadily increasing, and that it has entered influential spheres almost untouched before. The summer scatterings will severely test the reality of the movement, but perhaps they may also scatter a share of the stimulus along both sides of the Clyde. The avowed end from the first has been that the ordinary congregational channels might be flushed and flooded with fresh energy. Such extraordinary

efforts are most successful, though their success is less apparent when they add new power to ordinary agencies. If this be the result, the friends of the movement will have no cause for disappointment, while its enemies will point to the absence of demonstrative accompaniments as a proof that it has entirely collapsed.

We may expect that something will be gained from the experience of the past months. New methods of conducting meetings are already finding favor. Some may be in danger of surrendering hastily the individuality, and adopting modes of speech and action foreign to them. We may easily ascribe too much to the new methods of the American evangelists. Their success is due largely to the fact that they approach the Scottish churches on the side on which they are weakest. It would seem that Scottish styles are about as popular in America as American styles have proved in Scotland, and for the very same reason. At the Evangelical Alliance in New York, the speakers from our country were most appreciated, because they were strong where Americans felt themselves to be weak. The career of Dr. Hall in New York is also a notable case in point. By all means let us have more elasticity and a greater readiness to adopt and adapt whatever is serviceable. But, after all, new methods will not help the churches a great deal. The surprise and force of contrast soon wear off; and if men go too far for a little in any direction, they take their revenge in abandoning what formerly they overpraised. Age and repetition by and by make the most skilful methods dull and conventional. The grand need is far deeper—an inward vitality that makes men and churches fresh, vigorous, and fruitful. If, as we are told, multitudes in all the churches have been recently quickened, new bottles should be made, as well as borrowed, for the new wine.

Some confidently expect a more general co-operation of

Christians than has hitherto prevailed. Dr. James Hamilton's quaint illustration has been so far verified. When the tide is out each shrimp has a little pool of salt water, which is to him all the ocean for the time being. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of his lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet and mingle, and soon they have ocean's boundless fields to roam in. It will be a pity if an ebbing tide carries each back to his little narrow pool.

The relation of this work to the masses has been much discussed. Those who blame Mr. Moody for not working among them should remember that the tickets for all the meeting were distributed by the ministers of each district, and that in some cases the non-church-going had the preference. Recent speeches in presbyteries and synods show that many are anxious to give a home-mission direction to the movement. Quickened life in presence of neglected multitudes must approve its sincerity by zealous mission work. We hear that the committee have already purchased a monster tent, capable of holding two thousand, and that it will soon be one of their chief rallying-points. The young ladies of the choir, who give invaluable aid, are likely, it is said, to continue at their post. This would be a very graceful and telling way of bringing together the East and West Ends. Hundreds of young ladies with splendid voices and an expensive musical education might thus find a grateful relief from *ennui*, and a healthful substitute for other excitements. The work among the masses gives them a fine opportunity of gaining a recompense for all the trouble and cost by which they have become gifted musicians. It will be a new power to them and to many preachers who can appreciate such co-operation."

Says one: "It seems to be generally admitted that the young men have had the largest share of the blessing. Their

case from the very first was especially laid upon the hearts and consciences of the praying people. Our spiritual dead among the young men were carried forth like the dead son of the widow of Nain. A widowed Church carried them forth with affectionate sorrow ; but not in despair, as Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and His fame was in the land. At His bidding she stood still, expecting his aid ; and many of our spiritual dead heard His life-giving word and were restored to the crown and joy of the Church. I do not think that I have ever seen better religious meetings than some of those young men's meetings."

Among the laborers at Glasgow was Brownlow North, Esq., one of the wonderful men whom God has lately raised up to propagate the Gospel outside the ordinary channels. We give the following obituary notice.

The death of this distinguished lay preacher and evangelist took place at Tillichewan, Dumbartonshire, on the 9th of November. "All that was interesting in his life to the Christian community," says the *Daily News*, "began exactly twenty-one years ago in November, 1854, when he was suddenly and overwhelmingly arrested by the fear of death when playing at cards. He was then forty-four years of age, and his previous life had been such as to make him tremble at the prospect of death and judgment. His talents were of a very high order ; with his athletic frame and vast energy he was fitted to take a foremost position in any line of life he might have chosen. But, not requiring to engage in professional pursuits, he gave himself to what seemed to him a life of pleasure, and, in the highest sense of the word, became a man of the world. But the cold hand of death, as he took it to be, came upon him with a terrible arrest. He earnestly cried for mercy that night ; next day he announced to his family that for the future he was a changed man, and he immediately

owned God in his house by daily prayer and reading of the Scriptures. After many months he found peace of conscience through our Lord Jesus Christ, set himself to distribute tracts and visit the sick and dying in his neighborhood. Gradually this led to larger meetings, and then to preaching in country churches, for which his Oxford studies fitted him ; for he had been educated for the Church of England, but his conscience kept him from taking orders. After two or three years he preached in Edinburgh to great crowds, and with a very singular power. He had been carefully taught the grand Bible truths regarding sin, redemption and regeneration ; he always stated them with great clearness and force. But at that time his peculiar power above other preachers lay in his marvellous unfolding of those two truths—the existence and presence of the Living God, and the great eternity that is before every man. These truths he did not hold, but was held by them, and was borne onward with an irrepressible enthusiasm to communicate them to every living man whom his words could reach.”

After three months of toil and conquest almost unparalleled in the history of evangelization, the brethren turned their faces to the North, having closed their campaign in the following way :

The last week has been a most impressive one. The interest may be said to have culminated in the assemblages in the Kibble Palace. On Tuesday evening a fresh meeting of *women* took place there ; all classes and ages were largely represented, and the bearing of the majority was most devout. Although upward of five thousand were accommodated within the building, the issue of tickets had been so liberal that nearly two thousand more could not gain admittance, and were addressed on the green outside by various clergymen. Even among those who could hear nothing the greatest good humor prevailed.

On Wednesday night upward of seven thousand men managed to find sitting and standing room within the Palace, packing exceedingly close. The vast assemblage was most decorous, and obeyed orders implicitly. The full, strong singing of the hymns was a sound to be remembered. Numbers of inquirers gathered afterward in the opposite church and many could state that there was a good result of that night's work.

Admission to these two meetings had been exclusively by ticket. On Thursday night the Palace was open to all ; but soon the doors had to be shut, leaving large numbers outside. The meetings throughout were conducted in the usual vigorous style, Mr. Moody being present, and delivering pointed addresses, clergymen and laymen relating their own experiences, and bringing forward instances and reports of the work elsewhere.

On Friday evening came the meeting for those who professed to have been converted during the last few months. The tickets for this had only been given to those who placed their names and addresses, and the names of their ministers, on a register, opened for the purpose ; and of which, they were informed, extracts would be forwarded to the clergymen to whose churches they belonged, thus to prevent thoughtless application for converts' tickets, an ultimate check being established. The Palace was comfortably filled, and the utmost order prevailed. In looking over the assemblage, it was apparent that the great proportion consisted of young people, probably under twenty-five years of age. All were well-dressed, clear-eyed people, in the ring of whose voices, when singing the opening hymn of praise, more than the common sound was heard. It was a glorious sight. Some, no doubt, may have joined that throng without due warrant ; but with such exceptions, each individual had found his title

clearly written in the Word of his Lord and Master. One instance came within our knowledge of two ladies who, receiving tickets under a misapprehension, personally came to deliver them up. This was the more honorable, as many would have entered by any means in their power, had the register not stood in the way. An instance, indeed, occurred of one old lady, who, having made up her mind to enter, would take no denial, and indignantly gave the peculiar reason for insistence, that she was well known to the best people of the West End, and to the magistrates of the city and county.

On Saturday came the meeting for children, and in the evening another for grown people ; but the greatest gathering of the week took place on the Sabbath, when, after a meeting in the morning for women who had not obtained admittance on the previous Tuesday, the gates were thrown open in the afternoon to all comers. Such a crowd had never been seen in these parts before. Many a time during the week the Great Western road had been darkened for an hour and a half with the living stream, but that night for three hours the stream was incessant. Vehicles were not easy to be had on Sunday, so nearly all came on foot—all classes, "gentle and simple," young and old, blind and lame. The Palace was immediately filled, but the afternoon sun was so hot there that soon the whole had to turn out on the green ; there a crowd, variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand, was soon gathered. Some apprehension was entertained that mishaps might ensue inside or outside the building ; but by the exercise of considerable firmness, and compliance with orders on the part of the people, the danger was happily averted. Mr. Moody addressed the crowd, standing on the box of a private carriage, and by those within comfortable ear-shot he was considered to have surpassed himself in ear-

nestness and force. The singing of the sweet hymns by such a strength of voices, sounded upon that quiet sunny Sabbath evening from amidst the fresh foliage of the gardens, was deeply impressive. Such a sight, too, had probably never before been seen within the limits of the land. While the main body dispersed, filling all the approaches and the public roads, about five thousand Christians, and those professedly anxious about their own state, gathered inside the Palace, and for the last time heard the voice of the man for whom such an affection has sprung up in the hearts of many. The scene was impressive when an English speaker, with rapid and energetic utterance, reminded the assemblage, many of whom have the greatest cause to thank God for all he had recently done for and by them, that that man (Mr. Moody) ought to be constantly remembered in the prayers of all to whom he had proved an instrument of grace. Many were much moved. Mr. Moody then took a farewell of the people, most of whom he could never hope to see again in the body, and, as a final message, declared that many Christian friends in that place and elsewhere had agreed to unite in prayer that night for those then gathered together who might be anxious about their own state, conscious they were not saved. The twilight was rapidly deepening when he asked those in such a case to rise to their feet in sign of their desire. The solemnity of the feeling was indeed deep, when from four to five thousand persons quietly rose all over the house, and as quietly resumed their places, actuated evidently by something outside their ordinary lives.

Was not that something like the Spirit of God? We shall, perhaps, never know here; but when from among the ranks of those who have felt his power we find men and women quietly affirming to friends and strangers the inner change which has been wrought in them, and then going out

to work for him ; when we find this wide-spread, and representatives of all classes among the believers, have we any right further to question that God has been working, and will continue to work, in men's hearts powerfully ? Be the instruments who they may, are they not of God's choosing ? Some of His own servants may have been kept from joining in the work of promoting the awakening ; but now that the first instruments of this general awakening have left us, it must be, it is, the sacred duty of all the stated ministers in the field to take up the work where it now stands, and to carry it on, thankful and joyful in the fresh vigor infused into the spiritual life of many, and jealous only for the extension of the Master's kingdom.

THE SUMMER BLESSING.

Another brief visit to Edinburgh and Dundee was followed by a tour of great interest in the Scottish Highland country. Many of their meetings were held in the open air, and attended by vast multitudes. As a specimen of what transpired at these places we take the account of a visit to Elgin, Aberdeen, and Craig Castle.

It was a strange contrast last Thursday ; at five o'clock, in the busy Show at Inverness, at seven in the streets of Elgin quiet at all times, but that night altogether passengerless and deserted. Surely something unusual was going on—the streets abandoned, the house doors fast, the shops closed. Through half a mile of the empty streets ours were the only footsteps that echoed on the pavement, and everything was silent and desolate as a plague-stricken city ! At last, just on the verge of the town, the stillness was broken by the distant sound of a voice, and the turn of a lane revealed a sight which time can never efface from the memory. There stood the inhabitants, motionless, plague-stricken indeed—plague stricken with the plague of sin. The sermon was evidently half over,

and the preacher, with folded arms, leaned over the wooden rail of the rude platform. Oh, the sin upon these faces round him! How God was searching the heart that night! I cannot tell you who were there, or how many, or what a good choir there was, or what Mr. Sankey sang, or which dignitary prayed. I cannot tell you how beautifully the sun was setting, or how fresh the background of woods looked, or how azure the sky was. But these old men penitent, these drunkards petrified, these strong men's tears, these drooping heads of women, these groups of gutter children, with their wondering eyes! Oh, that multitude of thirsty ones—what a sight it was! What could the preacher do but preach his best? And long after the time for stopping, was it a marvel to hear the persuasive voice still pleading with these Christless thousands?

One often hears doubts as to the possibility of producing an impression in the open air, but there is no mistake this time. No, there is no mistaking these long concentric arcs of wistful faces curving around the speaker, and these reluctant tears, which conscious guilt has wrung from eyes unused to weep. Oh, the power of the living Spirit of God! Oh, the fascination of the Gospel of Christ! Oh, the gladness of the old, old story of these men and women hurrying graveward! The hundred-and-one nights in Glasgow excepted, never have we seen the Holy Spirit's nearness more keenly realized. These thousands just hung spell-bound on the speaker's lips. It seemed as if he daren't stop, so many hungry ones were there to feed. At last he seemed about to close, and the audience strained to catch the last solemn words; when the preacher, casting his eye on a little boy, seemed moved with an overpowering desire to tell the little ones of a children's Christ. Then followed for fifteen minutes the most beautiful and pathetic children's sermon we have ever

heard; and then, turning to the weeping mothers and fathers, concluded with a last tender appeal, which must have sunk far into many a parent's heart.

Long before the close of the address it was evident to all that the Lord of the harvest was going to give us a glorious reaping-time that night. We had not, indeed, been ten minutes on the ground, when a stranger whispered, in the very middle of the address, "Will you come and speak to a woman about her soul?" and at the same time pointing out a drooping figure standing near, with face buried in her shawl. We were not surprised, therefore, at the great crowds which entered the inquiry-meetings—in one church for women, another in a large hall for men, while the Christians went apart by themselves to another church to pray. The arrangements connected with these after-meetings were all beautifully managed, and shortly after nine o'clock the whole three were well under way. The womens' inquiry-meeting was supplied with relays of workers from the prayer-meeting. The work was on a very large scale, and the workers' report was, that the cases were of a very hopeful character. But the work among the men—and this is a splendid testimony to the depth and reality of the impressions—was even on a larger scale still; and the sight in the Evangelistic Hall, where the men's inquiry-meeting was held, is not soon to be forgotten. The whole hall was filled with men, broken up into little groups of twos and threes, talking in hushed yet earnest voices on the great subject of the one thing needful; while behind, in the committee-room, half a hundred young men were gathered in prayer for their groping brothers. Many of these had themselves but newly decided for Christ, and were the fruit of the week's meetings for men, which have been blessed by God far above all expectation.

It is useless to attempt to give even an approximate idea

of the extent of the blessing which fell upon Elgin on Thursday night. The whole of Morayshire has shared it, and a powerful hold has been gained in nearly every farmhouse and village throughout the country side.

At the pressing request of a large number of those who had taken part in the evangelistic work set going in Aberdeen some months ago, Mr. Moody paid a farewell visit to Aberdeen in August, and addressed several meetings, at the same time taking occasion to urge on to greater zeal those who were engaged in the good work. Mr. Sankey has been obliged to go south to a more genial temperature to recruit his health, but Mr. Moody has wrought on since he left Aberdeen in different districts in the north almost without ceasing; the same remarkable results always attending his labors.

At seven o'clock Mr. Moody met with a large body of young converts in the Free South Church, and addressed to them a few parting words. He spoke on his favorite topic of "confessing Christ," pleading hard with those who had lately come to Christ to come boldly forward and confess Him.

The Music Hall was crowded to excess long before eight o'clock, the hour at which Mr. Moody was announced to give an address, the passages, orchestra, and galleries being quite packed. "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," was the text on which Mr. Moody based his discourse. Christ did not say these words to a drunkard, to a thief, to a harlot, but to a man who in our days would be made a D.D. or an LL.D.

After referring to the often-doubted possibility of sudden conversion by those who could not understand it, even although there were living evidences of it before them, he bade the meeting farewell, with the hope that they would all meet on the shores of eternity.

Mr. Moody stayed in the hall conversing with anxious inquirers until about ten o'clock, when he drove to a men's meeting in Trinity Free Church, which had gathered at nine o'clock in the expectation that Mr. Moody would give them a farewell address. In the course of the few sentences he spoke to them, Mr. Moody said they could have no idea of the influence the Aberdeen men's meetings had had in other places he had visited. In all of the towns the example of Aberdeen had been followed, and large bands of young men were enlisted in evangelistic work.

A number of the young men then retired with Mr. Moody into an ante-room to hold private conversation with him, and he continued to converse with them until it was time to go and prepare for his journey to Wick by steamer.

On Sunday afternoon an open air evangelistic service was held on Craig Castle lawn, conducted by Mr. Moody. The weather in the early part of the day was very unpropitious, heavy showers descending, with brief intervals, until 4 P.M., when the rain ceased, and it continued fair during the evening. The wet detained not a few at their homes, no doubt, but most of those who came seemed to have determined to be present in any case; and by five o'clock a very large company—especially taking into account the thinly-peopled districts from which they had gathered—had assembled on the beautiful lawn in front of the castle. Every valley and hamlet within a radius of ten miles sent its company in gig, cart or afoot, until at five o'clock about 2,500 people stood on the lawn. The gathering resembled somewhat one of the Covenanter hill-side meetings, save that while the Bibles were still present the broadswords were altogether absent; and the rendezvous, instead of being a wild, rocky pass, was a hospitable castle, with its fairy dell and leaping linn, celebrated in song, and known as one of the loveliest spots in Scotland.

The beauty of the scene seemed specially to move Mr. Moody, who referred to it in his discourse, which was one of peculiar beauty, power, and pathos. Standing in an open carriage placed near a towering tree, the preacher spoke for nearly an hour from the parable of the marriage feast. A very marked impression was produced, and many retired at the close of the service for conversation with the preacher and other ministers and friends.

The Craig gathering of August, 1874, will, we believe, be ever memorable to not a few as "the beginning of days" to them.

"I must say," said Dr. H. Bonar, "that I have not seen or heard any impropriety or extravagance. I have heard sound doctrine, sober, though sometimes fervent and tearful speech, the utterance of full hearts yearning over the wretched, and beseeching men to be reconciled to God. That I should accord with every statement and fall entirely in with every part of their proceeding need not be expected. Yet I will say that I have not witnessed anything sensational or repulsive. During the spiritual movement which took place in Scotland about thirty years ago, in most of which I had part, I saw more of what was extreme, both in statement and proceeding, than I have done of late. There was far more of excitement then than there is now. The former movements depended far more upon vehement appeals, and were carried along more by the sympathetic current of human feeling than the present. When the present movement began, I feared lest there should be a repetition of some of the scenes which I had witnessed in other days, and I did not hesitate to express my fear to brethren. My fears have not been realized. I have been as regular in my attendance at the meetings as I could, though I will not say that there was nothing which I might not have wished different, yet I have been struck with the

exceeding calmness at all times—the absence of excitement—the peaceful solemnity prevailing these immense gatherings of two or three thousand people, day by day—the strange stillness that at times so overawed us; and I felt greatly relieved at the absence of those audible manifestations of feeling common in former days. Rowland Hill was once asked the question, ‘When do you intend to stop?’ ‘Not till we have carried all before us.’ So say our brethren from Chicago. We say, Amen. This needy world says, Amen. Human wickedness and evil say, Amen. Heaven and earth say, Amen. The work is great and the time is short. But the strength is not of man but of God.”

And after more than two years have passed by, the great results continue to appear, and the wave of holy influence has swept with purifying energy over all that land.





CHAPTER V.

THE EVANGELISTS IN IRELAND.



R. MOODY said at his last Bible-reading, that in considering what should be the subject, he thought, What was it he wanted most himself? When nine months ago he came to Scotland, a perfect stranger, he felt utterly powerless, and could only have been sustained by the Holy Spirit's help; now, when he was going to Ireland, he felt just the same; and if he attempted to go there resting upon the grace given for Scotland he should fail. He needed a fresh anointing for this new service.

In this spirit of entire reliance upon the Lord, Mr. Moody contemplated the Irish field. God honors those who honor Him. We shall see how much this confidence in the Lord was justified by the results of efforts in Ireland.

It would seem that after fourteen months of such toil, they might well have taken a little rest. But Ireland was calling them; and bidding farewell to Scotland, they proceeded to Belfast, where they held their first meetings on Sunday, Sept. 6, 1874.

The work had a good commencement in Belfast. Numbers thronged and crushed to the churches, so much so that the happy plan was adopted of dividing the meetings, and

holding gatherings for women only at two o'clock, and for men only at eight o'clock. Consequently, the large churches are all well filled, without any unseemly disorder.

On Friday Mr. Moody addressed both meetings, taking for his text, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." With great power and aptitude he proclaimed the Lord Jesus as the "Seeker;" and very touchingly he convinced the people that he was now seeking each individually, seeking to save and to bless them. Mighty *Faith*, then, appears to be the secret of Mr. Moody's power. On the hearers he urges *decision*, now to believe, instant salvation on faith in Jesus only. His address was interspersed with telling illustrations, which came right home to every heart. He rapidly referred to the parable of the lost sheep and lost piece of silver, and graphically narrated the sudden conversion of Zaccheus, unmistakably evidenced by the immediate fruit of the Spirit in his change from an extortioner to a restitutor. Mr. Sankey's very sweet solcs and touching hymns, accompanied on the American harmonium, seemed to exercise a powerful effect in, as it were, deepening the impression of the Word.

The large church, which holds 2,000, was filled with women of all classes; and the one which holds 1,500 had every seat occupied with men. They were mostly shopkeepers and mechanics, and a large proportion such as do not regularly attend churches. After the evening meeting the Christians were invited to remain and pray for the speakers to the anxious, and the inquirers were directed to side apartments, of which several were filled with those whom the Holy Spirit was convincing of sin and of the need of the seeking Saviour. Thus, while such a glorious work as has been witnessed in Scotland has not yet taken place in Belfast, a sweet and encouraging commencement has been made.

The interest in the meeting in the evening is increasing. From fifty to a hundred remain each evening, under anxiety of soul, desiring to be pointed to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. These are found of all classes, and of all shades of moral and religious character—backsliders, notorious sinners, moral young men, whose consciences are yet tender, and sceptics, whose hearts have been blasted as by an east wind. The majority of the inquirers are young men. This is a special, and I may add a most hopeful, feature of the work. Many seem clearly to have embraced the offered gift, and to be rejoicing in God.

On Sabbath Mr. Moody held a meeting for Christian workers at the early hour of eight, and notwithstanding the hour the place was crowded, so much so that the overflow filled an adjoining room. The address was touching entire consecration to God, and more whole-hearted activity in His service. An open-air meeting was advertised for half-past two o'clock. It was held in an open space, in the midst of the mill-workers of our town. Few, if any, of the thousands who attended that meeting will ever forget it. Very many, I believe, will remember it with joy in the Father's home on high. The attendance was great, estimated variously at from ten to twenty thousand! The weather was exceedingly favorable. Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." While he did so I could observe in the glistening eye, and the deep sighs of many around where I stood, that it was even so.

As time advances, this gracious work of God seems to extend and deepen rapidly. On Tuesday the experiment was tried of holding a meeting in the evening exclusively for women, in order to reach the case of workers in mills and warehouses. More than an hour before the time of meeting, the streets around were packed with a dense mass of women ;

and when the gates were opened the place was filled almost in a moment; and after that, with the overflow, three large churches. In all these meetings the anxious, willing to be spoken to, were more than could be overtaken. We have reached a blessed difficulty—our inability to find Christian workers in sufficient number, who are able and willing to point the seeking sinner to the Lamb of God.

The number of strangers who from long distances visit Belfast to attend the mid-day meetings is daily increasing. In this way the work is already extending, and, I trust, will cover the whole island. At its present stage of progress, the most marked features are desire to hear the Word of God, willingness to be spoken to upon the state of the soul, frank confession on the part of many that they do not savingly know Jesus; and, most blessed of all, the equally frank confession on the part of many that they have “found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth.”

To-day the mid-day meeting is solely for professing Christians—the subject, “Assurance.” In the evening the meeting is intended for such only as are seeking Jesus. Mr. Moody has adopted these expedients because of the want of any hall or building sufficient to contain the crowds seeking admission.

Intense calm and deep earnestness characterized all the meetings. The Holy Spirit was poured out, not with a rushing wind, but in a still, small voice. An unusual proportion of fine young men waited to be conversed with in the inquiry-rooms. All seemed to feel there are but the two classes, the saved and the lost.

Various were the difficulties felt by inquirers, but all such as anxious souls have expressed from time to time. Some could not understand what “coming to Christ” is; others had previously come, but were staggered because they had not the

complete mastery of sin ; others, again, had not felt a sufficient sense of danger. Warm-hearted and experienced Christians listened to the difficulties of each and all, and were in most cases enabled by the Holy Spirit to speak the suited word and remove the stumbling-blocks.

The open-air meeting was attended by numbers variously estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000. The fundamental truths of the gospel were forcibly put and ably illustrated. Many were bathed in tears. Multitudes of careless men and women have been awakened.

Singing bears a most important part in the work of God. Deeply effective are Mr. Sankey's solos, not only in touching the heart's affections, but in deepening the impressions made by the Word. The solo "Too Late," following on Mr. Moody's address on the despair of the lost in hell, had the most solemn effect. The wail "Oh ! let us in ; oh ! let us in," and the awful response, "Too late ! too late ! you cannot enter now," are enough to wring the inmost soul of every wavering and undecided sinner.

A meeting for inquirers only was arranged to be held in the evening of the same day, in the Ulster Hall, the largest public building we have. Admission to this meeting was strictly limited to those professing anxiety to find Jesus. Christian workers were admitted by ticket, a method adopted to avoid the mistake too often made at such meetings of allowing incompetent or improper persons to engage in such work. There is not one Christian in a hundred fitted for this most delicate and difficult service, requiring, as it does, close communion with Jesus, much knowledge of the human heart, and very clear views of gospel truth, and not less a desire to know nothing, and to speak of nothing, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

While all this is true, it is equally true that none are

oftener blessed in this work than young converts, while their virgin love is yet fresh, and their faith clear and simple. There was at the meeting for inquirers an attendance of some 500—this in addition, it may be noticed, to many meetings of like kind held in various churches at the close of the evening service. It was very touching and stimulating, when an opportunity was given by Mr. Moody at the close of the meeting, to hear many young men read out, in trembling tones and yet with beaming countenances, some previous promise of the Word of God. It seemed like throwing out a life-buoy to the struggling ones around, who were swimming for life in the waters of death—like the letting down of a cord to the prisoners in the pit in which there is no water. Subsequent information in the young men's meeting proved that these truths were laid hold of savingly by not a few that Sabbath night in the Ulster Hall.

On Sabbath night we had our first meeting for young men, from nine till ten o'clock. To the surprise of all of us, there were about 1,500 present. The beginning is a special work, which, I trust, will spread as in Glasgow. There had been during the spring a very marked work among the young men in Belfast, in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. Now it has been deepened and greatly extended.

During the week the tide of spiritual life seemed to increase each day. The Bible-readings at two o'clock have been full of interest, specially stimulating to many whose spiritual life had hitherto been very dormant.

The manifestations of the Spirit's presence and power were very marked. In the earlier days of the movement, of the many who were deeply convinced of sin, comparatively few seemed to come to rest and peace and faith in Jesus. It seemed as if a higher tide of the Spirit's power were needed,

to guide them through the quicksands of difficulty, and over the bar of doubt and distrust, into the haven of rest.

This week, we thank God, it is otherwise. We can say with thanksgiving concerning many, "They which have believed do enter into rest."

The meeting for the young was very striking. Mr. Moody presided. The truth seemed to reach, in the Spirit's power, many young hearts. A meeting for boys under fifteen has been organized. Some of the cases in it are exceedingly touching, affording, I conceive, illustrations of the work of God upon the human heart in its simplest and deepest form. This meeting for boys assembles every evening now at half-past seven.

On Monday we had no meeting—rather, one of the most remarkable meetings, I shall venture to say, ever held in Belfast. Fisherwick Place Church was open for inquirers from two till ten o'clock. Mr. Moody and other Christian workers were occupied all that time in pointing sinners to the Lamb of God. It is impossible to say how many wounded spirits were conversed with during the day. Many very experienced Christians, who have seen much of the Lord's work in other years, declare they never saw a meeting like it.

It was a sight which would, I think, have drawn tears of joy from any heart, to see upward of 200 young men, the very flower of our youth, one after another acknowledging the yoke of Jesus. Passing just across the street, I entered May Street Church, where more than 1,000 men were assembled to hear the glad tidings of great joy.

In order that as many as possible might have an opportunity of hearing the gospel at these special services, admission on Tuesday night was by tickets, given only to such as had not hitherto heard Mr. Moody. About 3,000 tickets were

given on personal application. It was a season to be remembered. The soil, so to speak, was virgin ; the attention so marked as to be almost painful in its silence ; the presence of God very powerful in the consciousness of every spiritual mind. The inquirers at the close of the meeting were spoken to, as far as they could be overtaken, in adjacent churches, to which the men and women were sent respectively.

It is worthy of remark, the great contrast in outward manifestation between the present work and that of 1859. I have not heard of or noticed any physical excitement—not even an outcry, much less what were then known as “prostrations.”

Here let me say, it has been most noteworthy that during the last weeks, while we have had most inclement weather, every Sabbath-day, and at the hour of our great gatherings, it has been all that could be desired.

The number in attendance was fully equal to any preceding Sabbath. It may give you some idea of the multitude if I state that the field on which the meeting was held contains about six acres, and that the people stood densely packed from one end to the other. There was profound solemnity. The impression upon the hearts of the people by the truth in the power of the Spirit was very deep, as the sequel will show.

Mr. Moody held his usual meeting on Sabbath evening for those in deep distress about salvation, and for those who had found eternal life during the past weeks through faith in Jesus. The meeting was exclusively for men, and admission solely by ticket. The hall in which it was held was completely filled. Mr. Moody stated in the noonday prayer-meeting on Monday that, in his judgment, it was *the most remarkable meeting he has had yet in Europe*. To God be all the praise ! One after another of these young men—and they comprise the very flower of our youth—rose, and, with

clearness and wonderful felicity of expression, in burning words declared what God had done for his soul. At length, at nine o'clock, the meeting was closed.

Meanwhile another meeting of men was assembling in a church. It was already very nearly filled when we heard the tread of a large company approaching. It was a phalanx of these redeemed youths. They sang the new song. In a spontaneous burst of praise they were telling forth the wonders of redeeming love. No language can describe the scene. The heavenly echoes of that burst of praise, I think, will never be forgotten by any who heard it. The meeting that followed, consisting of some two thousand men, I need not say, was one of profound interest—Jesus in the midst, and the marching glorious.

During each day of this week, and at every gathering, more and more of the presence of the God of salvation has been manifested. Let me in a sentence or two describe one which, in sober language, was most wonderful. Mr. Moody addressed on Monday evening, in Fisherwick Place Church, a meeting of men. At the close of his address all who had recently been found by the Good Shepherd, and also all who were seeking Him, were requested to retire to the adjoining lecture-room. Some six hundred men did so. Mr. Moody again sifted them, by requesting that those only who were deeply anxious to be saved should adjourn to another room. Probably nearly three hundred did so. In breathless stillness Mr. Moody addressed them, very briefly stating that he could do no more for them—that they had heard the gospel, and that it was for themselves to decide. He called upon them to kneel and pray for themselves. They bowed as one man, and now here and now there might be heard the short cry for mercy—a few earnest words of supplication; probably about thirty or forty so cried to God one after the other.

Surely the Lord is in this place ! was the thought which rose in holy fear in the hearts of all.

After a short prayer by Mr. Moody, he addressed them very faithfully. He again held forth Christ, and invited all to rise who felt that they could there and then accept Jesus. All of that large company, save twenty or thirty, stood up, and solemnly avouched the Lord to be their God. This wonderful sight cannot be described. The glory of it cannot be realized, even by those best acquainted with divine things. If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, what shall we say of the gladness in the Father's house when the prodigals in companies of some two hundred enter, as it were, at once ?

Thursday, October 8, we had fixed for a gathering of the masses in the open air. Many had fears for the weather, but much prayer in many places over the three kingdoms was offered to God for the success of the meeting. God did for us above what we asked. The weather was splendid ; everything as regards order and decorum all that any of us could wish. It was the largest open-air meeting I ever attended. I cannot pretend to fix a limit to the numbers. He who counts the stars knew the history of each present, and what were the dealings of his heart with Christ and the free offer of His salvation. The only regret that seemed to be expressed by any was, that the services were so short.

Mr. Moody addressed the vast multitude from the words, "I pray thee, have me excused." With graphic felicity, great clearness, and soul-piercing power, he exposed the miserable pretences by which sinners impose upon themselves in refusing a present offer of present blessedness. The address seemed to strike with convicting power many consciences, and, from many instances coming under my own observation at the inquiry-meeting in Fisherwick Place Church, I have reason to believe in salvation power.

The great gathering in the Botanic Gardens on October 8 has been our crowning mercy in this season of blessing. We feel as if every prayer had been heard and every heart gratified by our gracious God. As the days pass, and as tidings reach us from the country districts all around, we continually hear of rich blessings bestowed and of precious fruits following. Many carried with them to their homes the spark of renewed life. That spark has, in some cases, already burnt into a blaze. We receive the good news from many places of great readiness to hear the Word of God, and the cry, "Come over and help us," reaches us from many quarters.

Our dear American brethren left us on Saturday for Derry. Tidings have reached us that a great and effectual door was opened unto them in that city.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey returned from Derry this morning (October 15), to hold their final meeting ere passing on to Dublin. Mr. Moody presided at the noonday prayer-meeting. The subject was, "Lessons from the Life of Jacob." The meeting was one of great interest. The meeting in the evening was held in St. Enoch's Church. It was exclusively for sinners under anxiety of soul, who professed to be earnestly seeking Jesus. Admission was by tickets, and that, moreover, on personal application.

Readers may judge of the depth of the movement and the measure of awakening power upon the souls of men by the Spirit of God, when I state that upwards of 2,400 persons were so admitted! It was Mr. Moody's last appeal in Belfast to the Christless. I may not attempt to describe the scene! He set before the anxious, sin-stricken multitude, Jesus in all the glory of His sufficiency—in all the attractions of His dying love. He showed Him, as with one foot upon the threshold of the heart he sought admission. Now in faithful and firm words he warned them of the dangers of delay; and

now he gently moved them, in tenderness, as one whom his mother comforteth. At length he ceased speaking, that each might hear, in the silence, the voice of Jesus pleading directly. And in the awful stillness of that moment many of that great company of seeking sinners, I trust, were able to say in words expressive of soul-submission, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

I think it must have been the most notable meeting in the experience of Mr. Moody. I do not at present remember to have read of any such meeting, as regards the number of the awakened, in modern times. Does it not seem like a return of Pentecostal power, when 3,000 were similarly smitten with soul-concern !

The meeting in the evening was for the young converts—for all who have reason to believe that they had found Jesus since Messrs Moody and Sankey came to Belfast. Admission was strictly by ticket. These tickets were only given on personal application. About *two thousand one hundred and fifty tickets were given !* What a rich harvest ! How soon gathered ! The result of some five weeks' work ! I have good reason to believe that even this number fell very far short of the whole number who profess to have received Jesus as the gift of God.

It was a soul-stirring sight to see that vast multitude, including the Christian workers and ministers, numbering more than 3,000. It was like the sound of many waters to hear this multitude sing the new song. As all stood and sung in one burst of praise—

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God,"

the effect was overpowering, filling the soul with the sweet foretaste of the praises of heaven.

Mr. Moody's last word of comfort and encouragement was founded on Rom. xiv. 4, "God is able to make him stand." He closed his address by commending all the new-born souls "to Him who is able to keep you from falling." Hundreds of men not used to a melting mood, with weeping eyes and heaving bosoms, heard him say, as he concluded, "Good-night; we shall meet in the morning when the shadows flee away."

A very touching incident in the service was the singing, by Mr. Sankey, of a hymn composed by a dying youth in Belfast, "Is there room? they say there is room!"





CHAPTER VI.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN DUBLIN.

THE brethren began in this beautiful capital where only about 40,000, or one-sixth of the population, are Protestant, on the 26th of October, and continued there till November 29. Says one :

“It was not found necessary to preach those sermons which are generally used as a preparation for revival. The revival commenced immediately. Dublin had been waiting to hear the Gospel preached ; and its people, by crowds, when they heard it, eagerly pressed into the kingdom of Christ. From all over the island, multitudes came up to attend the meetings ; many of whom went home happy in the love of Christ. One woman came a hundred miles to hear Mr. Moody preach, but was too late to obtain admission. The next day, however, she read a report of his sermon in a morning paper, and it was blessed to her salvation. One new convert wrote a letter to a lady friend, and this letter was the means of her conversion. Then she read it to her mother, who also was led to the Saviour : and afterwards her father and her brothers, all by reading the same letter, were induced to give their hearts to Christ.”

We have never before seen such sights in Dublin as we have seen this last week, night after night, at the Exhibition

Palace. It is estimated to hold 10,000 persons. Every night it is filled, and the attention and silence is wonderful. One feels that the spirit of God is present, and that "a wave of prayer" is continually going up to the throne from the Lord's people.

The committee of management procured the Exhibition Palace for holding these services, the largest and most commodious building which has yet, in Europe, been placed at Mr. Moody's disposal. On Sunday last the Christians of Dublin witnessed a sight to gladden their hearts. It has been estimated that at the first service at four o'clock from *twelve to fifteen thousand* persons were gathered there. Never before was it put to so blessed a use.

Such a sight has never before been witnessed here as may now be seen every day—thousands flocking to the prayer-meeting and the Bible meeting, and most of all to the evening services in the great Exhibition Palace. It is a sight to fill the heart of the child of God with deepest emotion to stand upon the platform erected in that building, from which Mr. Moody preaches, and to cast one's eye over the vast concourse of people, hanging on the speaker's lips, as in burning words he discourses on life and death, heaven and hell, "Jesus and His love," and one cannot but ask the question, "What is the magic power which draws together those mighty multitudes and holds them spell-bound?" Is it the worldly rank, or wealth, or learning, or oratory of the preacher? No; for he is possessed of but little of these (spiritually, indeed, he is richly endowed with them all). It is the simple lifting up of the cross of Christ—the holding forth of the Lord Jesus before the eyes of the people in all the glory of His Godhead, in all the simplicity of His manhood, in all the perfection of His nature, for their admiration, for their adoration, and for their acceptance.

For some time, notwithstanding the huge crowds, our brethren felt that they were not reaping heavy sheaves as they had done elsewhere. But the conviction grows upon us that the "set time" to favor us has come. The work is deepening and widening every day. In many families with which I am intimately acquainted one or more of the members have hopefully turned unto the Lord. I know cases in which I may say the whole family has been brought to seek salvation as the one thing needful. It is very observable, too, how previously existing prejudice has abated, or entirely disappeared, at least in the case of those who manifest any respect for religion. There are, of course, scoffers not a few. But it is truly a matter of astonishment in a city like this, that there is so little of open resistance or even of ridicule.

Our Roman Catholic brethren, as a rule, have acted a noble part. They have been respectful, and, to a certain extent, sympathizing. In this week's number of the *Nation*—an organ at once of national (as it is called) and Ultramontane principles—an article has appeared entitled "Fair Play!" which is exceedingly creditable, and which indicates the advent of a new day in Ireland. The editor informs his constituents that "the deadly danger of the age comes upon us from the direction of Huxley, and Darwin, and Tyndall, rather than from Moody and Sankey. Irish Catholics desire to see Protestants deeply imbued with religious feeling, rather than tinged with rationalism and infidelity; and as long as the religious services of our Protestant neighbors are honestly directed to quickening religious thought in their own body, without offering aggressive or intentional insult to us, it is our duty to pay the homage of our respect to their conscientious convictions; in a word, to *do as we would be done by.*" (The italics are the *Nation's*.) It would surely be a bright and blessed day for our country if this spirit of mutual respect

and toleration were everywhere honestly acted out amongst us. Mr. Moody never makes controversial reference to others. His success in attracting the favorable attention of our brethren of a different faith has been unexampled in the history of our city.

One very marked feature in the movement is the number of men that are influenced. Many people have remarked the large proportion of them that are inquiring.

A few nights ago an old gentleman, more than seventy years of age, threw himself down on his knees and sobbed like a child. He said, "I was utterly careless about my soul till last night, but I have been so unhappy since, I could not sleep. I seemed to hear ringing in my ears, 'Jesus of Nazareth is passing by,' and if I don't get saved now I never shall be."

Already the influence of this work has begun to tell upon the most remote districts of the country. Parties of thirty, fifty, sixty, etc., are being organized from the most distant parts to Dublin. Many of these carry back with them much blessing. We hear of the young converts witnessing for Christ fearlessly in the trains on their way home from their meetings. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." But we expect greater things still. I am fully confident, from all the indications I see, that next week will be likely greatly to surpass the previous delightful weeks we have had. The memory of these blessed meetings in the Metropolitan Hall and the Exhibition building, will long, yea, will ever be fragrant in our hearts. I do not think we had ever such an antepast of heaven.

The Public Breakfast given to Messrs. Moody and Sankey yesterday morning was, in every way, a wonderful meeting. I heard nearly all to whom I spoke on the subject say it was the happiest reunion they ever attended. It was a truly

catholic gathering. Eminent men among us, under the influence of deep emotion, bore testimony to the spiritual good they had received at the meetings. Ministers testified of the instruction and quickening that had come to them.

No men—ministers, evangelists or others—ever before brought a more interested assembly around them in Dublin than these honored servants of the Lord did yesterday morning in the Shelbourne Hotel. And yet it is not Messrs. Moody and Sankey, but the Christ they preach and sing. It is Christ lifted up that draws all men unto Him. Oh that we might all learn that we have here the true and only uniting power for Ireland !

I can confidently say that the work here intensifies and spreads every day, I might say every hour. Some of our more timid and cautious friends who had almost never come in contact with a great religious awakening, were fearful, while we were making our preliminary arrangements, that it would be next to impossible to keep up the interest of the people for a month or more ; but the fact is, the interest was never nearly so great as it is this moment ; and as the time of our brethren's departure draws near, the eagerness to hear their every word and catch their every song is something wonderful to see. As I remarked before, this eagerness does not now proceed from curiosity.

At all the meetings yesterday, the attendance was enormous. It is a very healthful sign of this work that the daily prayer-meeting continues to be so largely attended, although neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey usually takes a very prominent part in it. The requests for prayer have become so numerous, that it has been found impossible to read even a brief classification of them. The letters have for some days been "spread before the Lord," after the example of good King Hezekiah, the meeting uniting in silent entreaty for the special cases sent in.

Hundreds were obliged yesterday to go away disappointed in their efforts to get into the Bible-reading in the Metropolitan Hall. Mr. Moody reserved his best wine to the last. A more suggestive Bible-lecture it was never our privilege to hear. We had a compendium of some half a dozen Bible-readings. The great bulk of the people, ministers included, were taking notes. It is given to few preachers to have so many reporters. Many a good sermon will be got out of yesterday's addresses. One minister remarked that it was as good as an addition of many a good book to his library. It is calculated that in the evening there were not less than 12,000 persons assembled in the Exhibition building. There is not a Sabbath service in any congregation in Britain in which there is a greater solemnity and decorum than there was in that vast assembly. The sight from the platform of these earnest, and, in many cases, awe-stricken thousands, is one that it will be impossible for us ever to forget. Some one remarked to me, a day or two ago, how significant it was that during the severe weather of last week, even a cough was scarcely heard in that great-crowded glass building. When Mr. Sankey sings the silence is sometimes even oppressive.

We are now engaged in giving out tickets for the Thanksgiving meeting to be held on Wednesday evening, the last night Mr. Moody has promised to be with us. The tickets are given only to those who profess to have been brought to Christ during the special service. We are very careful in giving these tickets, though I doubt not there may be many stony-ground hearers.

We have had the help in this work of some of the most experienced ministers of the gospel in our city ; and the general impression made on the minds of the brethren who have taken part in it, is of deep and intense gratitude for the many indubitable tokens of the presence and power of

the regenerating Spirit of God. About a thousand tickets have been already given out ; but many of the converts have not yet applied.

Arrangements have been made for the carrying on of special prayer and evangelistic meetings, after our brethren have left. Leading ministers of all our evangelical churches have thrown themselves heartily into these arrangements. We have felt that it *is* a good thing—good for ourselves, and good for that cause which, with all our imperfections, is dearer to us than life—for brethren to dwell together, and work together, in unity.

The labors of the Evangelists closed with a three days' convention, which was attended by 800 ministers from all parts of Ireland, besides thousands of the general public. The first day was devoted to discussions on the following topics : " Praise and Thanksgiving ; " " How are the masses to be reached ? " " What can be done to promote the Lord's work throughout Ireland ? " &c. The second day was signalized by a gathering of over 2,000 converts, to whom Mr. Moody addressed loving counsels, and on the third day there was another gathering of the ministers in the Exhibition Palace. And thus terminated one of the most remarkable gatherings ever held in Dublin. Mutual love and courtesy marked all the proceedings. Strangers could not tell to what body of Christians many of the speakers belonged.

The labors of the Evangelists in Ireland were ended ; and on Sunday, the 29th of November, at Manchester, they began their new work in England.

The happy visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Dublin is now a thing of the past. These men of God are gone from us, but the work remains. That work consists :

1. *In a great general awakening* throughout Dublin and its neighborhood. This is a fact which is patent to all, and cannot be gainsaid or denied. It is a fact that from 12,000

to 20,000 persons have been attracted to the Exhibition Palace every Sunday afternoon since the work began ; that the attendance at the services held each evening in the same place, beginning with some 5,000 people, increased each evening till it became as great as on the Sundays ; and this notwithstanding an audience of from 2,000 to 2,500 had been in daily attendance at the noon prayer-meeting in the Metropolitan Hall, and on three days in each week at the Bible readings at two o'clock in the same place. What has been the great attractive power which has drawn together such vast multitudes ? Thank God, it was the simple statement of gospel truth—the old, old story of Jesus and His love, plainly and lovingly told.

2. *The bringing in of some 3,000 converts to the fold of Christ.* Nearly 2,000 tickets were issued to those who professed to have found the Lord Jesus as their Saviour since these services began. To these must be added the many hundreds who came up from all parts of the country to attend the services, and who found “joy and peace in believing,” some of whom are known to myself, besides all those who are still day by day being added to the Lord.

3. *The quickening and refreshing of many hundreds of ministers,* in connection with the convention held this week. It was a happy thought to bring so many ministers of the various evangelical denominations together at this time. It afforded them an opportunity of seeing with their own eyes the reality of this great work of God which is going on around us, getting their own hearts warmed up afresh, and thus of becoming, when they return home, more than ever centres of spiritual light and heat in their own parishes and districts.

Says a well-informed writer : “The finances of the Dublin revival are worthy of special attention. Some days before Messrs. Moody and Sankey arrived, three or four gentlemen

met at the office of Mr. David Drummond ; and, after consultation and prayer, decided to send out a circular, saying that the American Evangelists were coming ; that the Great Exhibition Palace had been engaged for them ; and that money would be wanted to meet the large expenses attendant upon the services. It was determined to ask for the sum of £1,500 ; and circulars for this purpose were sent out to five or six thousand of the leading citizens of Dublin. Only two instances of personal solicitation are mentioned, but the money came in so fast that Mr. Drummond, who was the treasurer, was obliged to employ a clerk to keep the record. Old ladies would come in Bath chairs to bring half a crown. People in high life came in carriages, bringing cheques or gold. Even the poor desired to have some share in the work, and gave their pennies and half-pence. By some means the subscription became known to the prisoners in a certain jail in the south of Ireland, and they, regretting their inability to be present, sent their good wishes and a little collection which had been raised among them, to the amount of twenty-five shillings. From Protestants and Papists, masters and servants, the contributions poured in. No sum larger than £30 was received. A large part of the money was in silver and copper, but the full amount required was raised.

“Having now come so near to the question of the support of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the readers of this work will naturally desire to know something on that interesting topic. Here let it be said, once for all, that these brethren do not work for pay. They have never sought an invitation ; never stipulated for any sum of money to be given them, either for their services or expenses. In every instance Mr. Moody determined the question of going to or passing by a place under the direction, as he believed, of the Spirit of God. The committees which have invited him have held the matter of

finance entirely in their own hands. They have raised the money as they pleased, and given him such sums as they judged suitable; these he has shared with Mr. Sankey, and thus they have labored together, taking what God sent them—which in many instances has been very little, and in no case very much. At Dublin the committee consulted together, and determined to give Mr. Moody a sum of money, which they afterwards were glad to learn was in excess of what he had received hitherto; but even upon the proportion of this generous gift the American Evangelists will never become rich out of their present employment. Still, in the secular press, and in the gossip of the streets and offices, these men are accused, by those who know nothing of them, of mercenary motives in their great work for Christ.

“Only a little while ago a certain newspaper suggested that they were an advance guard sent over by Barnum; and that the advertising scheme, no doubt, would presently appear. Another equally discerning party had heard of Mr. Moody’s little device for setting children to study the Bible, which he calls ‘the Gospel clock.’ It consists of the grouping of twelve texts of Scripture in a circle, containing respectively the same number of words as those which mark the hours upon a dial. A great many of these Gospel clock-faces have been arranged by the little people to their no small profit and delight. But the individual referred to saw in it a suggestion of a different character. ‘I have it at last,’ said he, ‘Moody is a clock-maker in America, and this is the beginning of a system of advertising by which he means to sell his wares.’

“In like manner Mr. Sankey has been assailed as an agent for the sale of that peculiar make of harmoniums which he uses to accompany his singing. But it is scarcely needful to say that no such charge can be properly made against him.”



CHAPTER VII.

THE HARVEST IN ENGLAND.

NO LONGER the strangers who first struggled for a hearing in York, but brethren "beloved and longed for" by thousands who had not yet seen their faces in the flesh, preparations at Manchester, whither they first went, were intelligently made for the successful conduct of their work, and we soon hear the tidings through the press that "Manchester is now on fire."

The most difficult of all English cities, perhaps, to be set on fire by anything but politics, is now fairly ablaze, and the flames are breaking out in all directions.

Free Trade Hall, within whose walls scenes of no common interest and excitement have often been witnessed, presented a spectacle such as those who beheld it will not easily forget. Dr. McKerrow assured me that he had seen no such sight, even in the most excited political times, during the forty-seven years of his life in Manchester, as that which he saw there on Sunday afternoon.

The building was densely crowded. Not an inch of standing room was unoccupied. Long before the appointed hour hundreds found it impossible to gain admission. And Mr. Moody—in what terms shall I describe his address? Theological

critics might have said there was nothing in it ; but only eternity will reveal how much there came *out of it*. I should not be surprised if hundreds of conversions should result from that single mighty appeal. Taking for his text the first question addressed to them, "Where art thou?" he brought it home to the bosom of every hearer with a power and pathos that were simply irresistible. Having referred to the case of a young man who had cried out in the inquiry-room on Friday night, "Oh, mother, I am coming !" the young man himself sprang to his feet, and exclaimed in tones of impassioned earnestness, "THAT WAS ME !" The effect was electrical. Not an eye but was suffused with tears. The whole vast assembly was impressed with a profound sense of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost.

The meeting for young men in the evening was equally wonderful, no fewer than seventy-one having remained behind as anxious inquirers, not a few of whom went home rejoicing in the peace of God that passeth understanding.

There is only one sentiment, I feel convinced, in the hearts of all God's children in this vast community in regard to this great work, and that is, a sentiment of devout thankfulness to our heavenly Father, that He has sent among us two such men, full of faith and power, and yet eminent for humility and lowliness of mind. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The meetings of December 11, that memorable Lord's day, gave a tone of solemnity and a character of power to all the meetings of the week. The tide rose steadily day by day, until it became full, overflowing the bank in all directions—a very spring-tide of blessing ; and only eternity will reveal how many immortals are now launching out upon its waters in the bark of a simple trust in the Son of God.

The evenings of Monday and Tuesday in the Free Trade

Hall will long be remembered by the thousands who were present. Mr. Moody delivered his famous discourses on "Heaven." Much as we have read and heard of the fervor and unction that characterize them, we were not prepared to find these apostolic qualities in so superlative a degree as that which marked them on this occasion. The second was especially interesting and delightful, treating as it did of the society and the treasure of heaven ; and the contrast drawn by the preacher between these and the treasures and society of this world, seemed to strike the minds of the vast audience with all the force of a revelation, constraining many a heart, doubtless, to resolve to seek henceforward "The things that are above." The appeal with which it closed, for power and pathos exceeded, in our judgment, anything that he himself has uttered.

And then the discourse on "Hell," on the evening of Wednesday, coming as it did immediately after the addresses on "Heaven," was certainly one of the most solemn and impressive utterances that have been heard within those walls. Every eye was riveted on the speaker. The projected shadow of the great white throne seemed to fall and rest upon every countenance. Even the fervent exclamations in which some of our friends indulge at religious meetings, and which had been just a little too fervent the night previous, were hushed, and scarcely a sound broke the awful stillness with which, for nearly an hour, the people listened to the oft-repeated charge, like so many claps of thunder, "Son, remember !" In bygone revivals such heart-smiting, conscience-stirring, soul-firing words as those which poured from the preacher's lips would have caused hundreds to start to their feet and cry out with frenzy, "God be merciful to me a sinner !" But in harmony with the prevailing character of this awakening, the conviction of sin produced on that occasion seemed to be too deep

and too sacred to find expression in mere excited exclamations or physical prostrations, and were known only to Him who seeth in secret! God was in the midst of us, of a truth. The Holy Spirit came, as of old, with the force as of a rushing mighty wind, and filled all the place where we were sitting. The powers of the world to come were brought nigh to every conscience in a manner never to be forgotten. We seemed to be looking across the gulf that divides time from eternity, and beholding the torments of the self-destroyed victims of a broken law and a rejected gospel. No wonder that the inquiry-room was full that night of inquirers of the most anxious description, and that the after-meeting, over which we presided, was larger and more earnest than any that has yet taken place. Doubtless the heavens blossomed into song overhead, and the angels of God rejoiced over many souls turning from sin and Satan unto the living God!

On Saturday evening the Oxford Hall presented a spectacle which those who witnessed it will not soon forget. In response to Mr. Moody's invitation, some 3,000 persons, professedly Christians, and chiefly young men, assembled to hear him counsel them regarding Christian work. The heartiness with which they ever and anon broke forth into song before he made his appearance, and the manliness with which they sang, especially "Dare to be a Daniel," indicated that they were ready to receive with gladness the word of command from the lips of the great organizer. He spoke briefly but effectively. He told of the work done by the young converts elsewhere, especially in Glasgow, in connection with the evangelisation of the masses. He made particular reference to the noble army of volunteers that rose to their feet in that city when the appeal was made to them, "Who will work for Jesus?" And then, when he made the same appeal to themselves, calling upon all who were ready

to work for the Master to stand up, almost the entire body of young men—a grand and inspiring sight—sprang to their feet. One could not help exclaiming, “God be thanked! there’s hope for our city! Manchester, with such a host, may yet be won for Christ!” By a special arrangement, as it seemed, of Providence, Mr. Reginald Radcliffe was present, and immediately put before them a definite plan for making a great gospel attack, so to speak, upon the city. He suggested that an Ordinance Map of Manchester should be cut into small squares, each representing a district, and that two or three young persons should undertake to carry the gospel, in the shape of a tract or otherwise, to every house, great and small, within that district, so that no single dwelling should be omitted. The plan appeared to approve itself to the judgment of the meeting, all the more so that he told us how successfully he had carried out a similar one in Edinburgh and Liverpool in years gone by. The Lord grant it abundant success!

The worker’s meeting was the largest since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to Manchester. The address was most powerful. A forcible appeal was made to Sabbath-school teachers in this city; but one conviction seemed to exist in the minds of the vast audience of 5,000, “Let us arise and work.”

Had Mr. Moody come to deliver only this address, his mission had not been in vain. In the afternoon from 15,000 to 17,000 struggled for admission. Various meetings had to be held in the Free Trade Hall, Oxford Hall, and Cavendish Chapel; all crowded as they never have been before. As many more halls of the same size could have been filled. From twenty to thirty meetings were held in the streets of the neighborhood, where addresses were delivered by ministers and laymen. At every meeting the Lord was present to heal,

Anxious inquirers were very numerous. Great numbers professed to find the Saviour.

The meeting for young men in Oxford Hall, at eight, was also crowded to excess, hundreds being unable to obtain admission. Mr. Moody spoke as if tongues of fire hovered over his head.

The spiritual movement in this city is now a fact—a solemn but joyful fact—which must be observed even by those who take their stand outside as mere spectators, with marvel ; and, indeed, sceptics marvel.

“It is a most strange phenomenon,” said one to me, who is a clever journalist, “to see such multitudes brought together by mere curiosity, and this curiosity increasing day by day, when there is nothing to be seen or heard that is fitted to excite curiosity.” So it is. A striking feature of these meetings is the absence of all excitement. The thousands who usually flock to our hall, when once seated, are impressively still ; it is a grand, encouraging sight to watch this sea of human faces eagerly waiting for the word of life. Mr. Moody puts no effort forward to attract ; he stands before his audience quiet ; he never introduces himself ; you see at once he wants you to listen to his message. His words are most simple and earnest ; there is nothing elaborate, or strange, or new, not even his illustrations. But as his words fall from his lips, hearts are moved. If you watch the audience you can see faces changing expression ; you can read there shame, contrition, confession, hope, faith, peace—as the case may be. The truth comes home ! There is power ! No man could do it ! It is God’s power ! It is the Lord’s doing !

Christians have been drawn together as we have not known here before ; and though there remains yet much that is to be desired, still we are encouraged and hope for greater things ; we know that we cannot make unity by arrangements and

efforts ; the Lord's laborers have learned to realize more than ever that the work is God's, not ours ; that He works mightily with His power, if we do not hinder, and are willing, as Mr. Moody puts it, to be simple channels, just as those dusty, rusty, crooked-looking gas-pipes. And many who have been hitherto too ignorant or indifferent, or too cowardly to work, have now come forward and said, "Here am I ; send me."

A dear friend from Liverpool, who is almost daily with us, has used the opportunity and organized a scheme by which every house in this city shall be visited. I will only add, that hundreds of our visitors are already busy visiting and speaking and singing in the sick chambers of isolated sufferers, in the desolate homes of the godless, of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. The reports of the visitors are most cheering.

The noon prayer-meeting in the Free Trade Hall has steadily kept up its numbers. The large proportion of men who find time in this commercial centre to consecrate an hour to prayer at midday, is a striking feature of the meeting. The first twenty minutes are generally spent in reading the requests for prayer, and presenting them in silent and audible supplication to God ; a large proportion of these requests bear upon intemperance. This noon gathering affords an opportunity for Christian workers from all parts to give tidings of the progress of the work of God. The other day Mr. Moody read a telegram from the venerable Mr. Somerville, who has gone on an evangelistic mission to Calcutta, reporting the conversion of thirty-one persons at a special service held by him in the theatre there on the previous evening. Last Monday, the Rev. G. Stuart, of Glasgow, told how solidly the work is continuing in that town, and how it is in contemplation to purchase Ewing Place Church for £20,000, for evangelistic purposes, growing out of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's labors.

He also related several remarkable instances of answers to the prayers offered at the Glasgow noon prayer-meeting. On Tuesday, the Rev. A. McLaren followed up Mr. Moody's address by a brief and telling speech, in the course of which he strongly urged prayer for the consolidation of the growing union now observable among the churches of Manchester.

The meetings for Christian workers in the Free Trade Hall on Sunday mornings at eight o'clock, have imparted a great stimulus to Christian labor. Never shall we forget Mr. Moody's address on "Daniel!" last Sunday morning. The hall was crowded to excess; between 5,000 and 6,000 persons brought together at that early hour, in the depth of winter, testifies to the power with which the awakening has laid hold of the city. The character of Daniel was exhibited with graphic skill; the varied scenes of the first six chapters of the book were vividly portrayed; every actor in the story became instinct with life and humor, and the lessons were rapidly and sharply drawn in a way not likely to be forgotten. The scene of Belshazzar's feast was powerfully sketched; and while Daniel read out the mysterious writing on the wall—read it easily, for it was "his Father's handwriting"—the breathless silence which fell upon the vast throng in the hall told with what reality the scene was presented before them. The whole story involved a running satire upon the yielding temper of the present day; and the address constituted a powerful appeal to young men which we have never known surpassed. At the close Mr. Sankey sung "Standing by a purpose true," and the audience joined with unmistakable enthusiasm in the chorus, "Dare to be a Daniel."

The gospel meetings on Sunday afternoons and week evenings are still as thronged as ever. The numbers at the inquiry meetings increase; many have been led to the Saviour. So permeated with Bible truth is the teaching given in Mr.

Moody's addresses, that inquirers perceive the way of salvation with unusual quickness ; Christ is presented to them, and they simply and immediately close with Him. Last Sunday afternoon Mr. Moody addressed the great assembly in the Free Trade Hall, from the seven following "Beholds : " " Behold, I was shapen in iniquity ; " " Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy ; " " Behold the Lamb of God ; " " Behold, now is the accepted time ; " " Behold, now is the day of salavtion ; " " Behold, I stand at the door and knock ; " " Behold, he prayeth." It was an address of thrilling solemnity. The crowded meeting which, at the time, filled the Oxford Hall, was addressed by the Rev. J. Rawlinson and W. Hubbard. It may interest readers to learn that a band of workers has been organized to visit every house in Manchester and Salford, with a card bearing on one side the hymn, " Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and on the other the following address by Mr. Moody : " ' Behold, I stand at the door and knock : if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.' " (Rev. iii. 20.) A woman in Glasgow got into difficulties. Her rent was due, but she had no money for the landlord, and she knew very well that he would turn her out if she did not satisfy his claim. In despair she knew not what to do. A Christian man heard of her distress, and came to her door with money to help her. He knocked, but although he thought he could hear some one inside, yet the door was not opened. He knocked again, but still there was no response. The third time he knocked, but that door still remained locked and barred against him !

"Some time after he met this woman in the streets, and told her how he had gone to her house to pay her rent, but could not get in. ' Oh, sir ! ' she exclaimed, ' was that you ? Why, I thought it was the landlord, and I was afraid to open the door.' "

“Dear friends ! Christ is knocking at the door of your heart. He has knocked many times already, and now He knocks again by this message. He is your best Friend, although, like that woman, perhaps you think He comes with the stern voice of justice to demand from you the payment of your great sin-debt. If so, you are sadly mistaken. He comes not to *demand*, but to *give* ! ‘The *gift* of God is eternal life.’ He knows you can never pay the great debt you owe to God. He knows that if that debt is not paid for you, you are forever lost ! He loves you, though He hates your sins ; and in order that you might be saved, he laid down His life a sacrifice for the guilty. And now He comes ! bringing the gift of salvation to the door of your hearts. *Will you receive the gift ?* D. L. MOODY.”

It has been resolved to purchase the museum in Peter street for the Young Men’s Christian Association for \$150,000, which has been raised. The building will then become the home of the noon prayer-meeting and the centre of the united Christian effort which now appears to be fairly inaugurated in Manchester.

A few yards from the Free Trade Hall, on the same side of the street, stands a dingy-looking old public building. It was formerly used as a natural history museum, but since the erection of the magnificent Owen’s College, and the consequent transference of its contents, the old museum has been unused. The Young Men’s Christian Association have long been looking for some suitable building as a centre for their operations in this important city with its 70,000 young men ; and now the necessity is felt for a place to carry on the daily prayer meeting and other united evangelistic efforts, after Messrs. Moody and Sankey have left ; so it has been decided to purchase the old museum building and use it for these purposes. It was secured accordingly on Monday last ; and

in a couple of days part of the building, giving accommodation to about 500 persons, was seated, lighted with gas, and heated ; so that on Wednesday night Mr. Moody used it as an inquiry-room after the meeting in the Free Trade Hall, and we had the joy of seeing it full of anxious souls. This was a blessed consecration of the building for a higher and nobler object than ever it had been used for before.

The scheme for the visitation of every house in Manchester is working well and with the happiest results. The following is the plan adopted : A Christian architect, who has entered most heartily into the service, has cut up the large scale Ordinance Map of Manchester into about fifty districts, each of which is under the charge of a superintendent, who is supplied with a sufficient number of visitors to reach every house within the limits of his district. A leaflet, containing the hymn "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by" and a short address by Mr. Moody, is left at each house ; but it is understood by the visitors that this paper is only to be used as an *introduction* for the purpose of gaining admission to the houses, so as to have personal conversation about eternal things with each individual, as far as possible. Some of the visitors have already given in most cheering reports of the marvellous way in which the hearts of the people seemed open to receive their visits, showing that the Lord is in this movement, and is preparing many hearts for the reception of His own blessed message of salvation.

The meetings came to an end the last day of 1874. They have been blessed to vast numbers. In the inquiry-room I have met with many who stated that they had never had the way of salvation so plainly put before them as by Mr. Moody. In not a few instances, too, Mr. Sankey's beautiful and touching solos, especially "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," "Almost persuaded," and "Prodigal child," have proved to be

arrows of conviction, entering the heart in the most unexpected manner and leading to conversion. And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of all the blessed fruits, already apparent, of the extraordinary efforts of these dear men of God. Suffice it to say, in a sentence, that all classes of the community—old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, ministers and laymen, masters and servants, teachers and scholars—have received a large blessing from the religious services conducted by the American brethren, and are deeply sensible, I trust, of the mighty debt of gratitude under which they have been laid. The Lord bless them, and make them blessings wherever they go!

The closing week has been the most joyful of all. The tide of blessing which has been steadily rising has this week reached its flood; the earnestness of the preacher and the eagerness of the people have seemed alike to intensify, and the unconverted have been called to take refuge in Christ with a vehemence of entreaty which has exerted a mighty influence on the assemblies. During these five weeks God has answered the prayers of many years, and we cannot but feel that what has been going on in the city has made Manchester peculiarly interesting to the dwellers in heaven.

At nine on Wednesday evening, about 2,000 men reassembled in the hall, to hear what Mr. Moody had to say on the subject of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Herbert Spencer occupied the chair, and gave a brief address, intimating that it was in contemplation to buy the Museum for the Young Men's Christian Association, for £30,000. Mr. Moody delivered an inspiring address, in which he enlarged on the spiritual advantages of the Association, and urged the straining of every effort to reach the young men of Manchester, and to secure the building in question for the Association. A collection toward the object, made at the close, realized

\$9,000, \$5,000 of which was given, I believe, by the chairman. This amount, with what has been received before, including \$2,500 given last week by Mr. J. Stuart, makes a total, at present received or promised, of \$40,000.

On Thursday morning, Mr. Moody addressed a crowded meeting in the Higher Broughton Presbyterian Church, and then came on to the noon prayer-meeting in the Oxford Hall, where he read and commented on the earlier part of the 103rd Psalm. He said he had to bless the Lord for what He had done for him. It had been the best year of his life. He had been more used by God than in all the seventeen preceding years. He did not know of one sermon he had delivered, that had not been blessed to the conviction or conversion of some souls. It was a delightful meeting. Every word uttered was set to the tune of "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" When one minister rose to say, "I have to praise God for the conversion of the brother of dear friends of mine, who have prayed for him twenty-five years; for the conversion of a sister and of the servant of another friend; for the salvation of three persons in my own congregation, for the dispelling of the doubts of a young man who had travelled 150 miles to these meetings—all which blessings have been given in the course of the present week;" when another minister rose to say he had never met with so much spiritual teaching concerning the way of salvation, and the clear direction of inquirers to Jesus, as in Mr. Moody's addresses; and another to say that the last ten days had been the happiest of his life—that he had derived an inspiration, had discovered how to preach Christ, had enjoyed sweeter communion with Jesus, and felt like a man whose chains were broken—they only uttered what many could have endorsed as a description of the blessings they themselves had received.



CHAPTER VIII.

TIMES OF BLESSING IN SHEFFIELD.

THIS city of a quarter of a million is noted for its workers in iron and steel. Hearts hard as adamant were now to be assailed by sermon and song, and God honored the man who honored His gracious truth. At nine in the evening of December 31, 1874, the evangelists first appeared before a Sheffield audience, and for two weeks the power of God was manifested through them in the most delightful manner.

The work opened here most auspiciously ; the two meetings held on New Year's eve were crowded, and the impressions produced were most solemn.

The first meeting was held in the Temperance Hall at nine o'clock. Mr. Sankey sang a new hymn, written by Dr. H. Bonar expressly for him, "Rejoice, and be glad ! the Redeemer has come. "

The impression produced by his singing was very striking ; those who had been merely curious or altogether indifferent seemed attracted, and earnest attention, and even in some cases silent weeping, took the place of carelessness. The watch-night service was particularly solemn. The Albert Hall, where it was held, was crowded, many having stood before the doors an hour before they were opened, in order to make sure of admittance.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey were accompanied on to the platform by a large number of ministers of all denominations. The vicar offered up a fervent prayer for the Divine blessing on the work in Sheffield.

One most interesting feature in this service was Mr. Sankey's singing of "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." It might be the novelty of his style, or the associations naturally arising at the near approach of the new year, but I certainly have never seen such an effect produced. I have heard him in all the towns they have visited in Scotland, and also in Manchester; but I never heard him sing so pathetically, more especially in the last stanzas :

"Too late ! too late ! will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

Mr. Moody spoke from Luke xix. 10, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." As illustrating this verse, he graphically narrated the two stories immediately preceding his text, that of the opening of the eyes of blind Bartimeus, and the conversion of Zaccheus. It was only a re-telling of the stories, but given in that way peculiarly Mr. Moody's own, making his listeners part and parcel of the story, as if the whole thing were enacted just in the Targate, and Jesus was just passing the hall-doors. He connected the two stories by throwing out the thought that as Bartimeus was on his way home to tell his wife, Zaccheus met him. "Why, isn't that the poor blind beggar? it's like him ; but it can't be he, for his eyes are open."

"Yes, it is I."

"What has made your eyes open?"

"Jesus of Nazareth did it."

"Where is He? I must see him."

"He's just on the road to Jericho."

Away Zaccheus runs ; and because he is a little man, he gets up a tree, to see well. Jesus stops, looks up, calls him ; " Zaccheus, come down." This was one instance of sudden conversion. Some don't believe in sudden conversion ; but here Zaccheus was not converted when he went up the tree ; yet he came down a converted man. We are told he received Jesus gladly. From these incidents, he proved how willing, how eager Christ is to save all. What have we to do ? Nothing, blessed be God ! If we had, we would never do it. Only accept. What had Zaccheus to do ? Only come down, only obey.

He concluded by drawing the attention of the audience to the fact that the old year was fast dying—only a few minutes—and what if the new year should come and find us where we were—lost ! Oh, let each of us take it, the offer is here ; will you have it ? Salvation—ay, even before this year is closed you may be saved. As there are only a few minutes of this year remaining, let us finish the old and begin the new on our knees.

The whole audience then sank on their knees, and the new year found them bent in silent prayer. Mr. Moody asked that those who were unsaved might stand up, that they might be prayed for. For a time none were willing to do so, but on Mr. Moody's asking a second time "if there were none in the hall wishing salvation," a few stood up, and the Christians were asked to pray for them.

Just then the bells began to ring in the new year, and the Rev. R. Green engaged in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the town of Sheffield, and most particularly on the special meetings to be held. Mr. Moody also engaged in prayer. This was one of the most solemn scenes I have ever been privileged to witness. While the audience were bent in prayer the most intense stillness prevailed, broken only by

an occasional sob. After singing the doxology, the meeting separated.

The streets were made lively after the meeting with vigorous singing of hymns, as bands of Christians wended their way home.

Sunday was a day of blessing for Sheffield. The meetings were attended with most blessed results.

The morning meeting for Christian workers was not, perhaps, so well attended in point of numbers as might have been expected, but the Christians who had come out at this early hour were right-down hearty workers. As Mr. Moody said, "He would rather have a moderately small meeting of such earnest Christians than have it packed with thousands of careless people."

At the afternoon meeting, the Albert Hall was densely packed half an hour before the time; the lower Albert Hall was thrown open for the overflow, but even then many had to go away disappointed.

Mr. Moody addressed this large gathering from Rom. ii. 23: "For there is no difference."

Many were evidently struck to the heart; some whom we heard scoffing at the commencement, were in tears at the conclusion of his address.

When Mr. Sankey followed by singing "Free from the law, O happy condition!" it seemed to produce a deep impression.

The Sunday evening meeting was glorious. The hall was again densely packed. Mr. Sankey sang his solo, "There were ninety and nine." Mr. Moody then gave his address on "Regeneration," from the words, "Ye must be born again." The result of the whole proceedings in Sheffield since the coming of our dear brethren must be considered highly satisfactory, and as affording great cause for thankfulness.

Mr. Moody spoke no less than *four* times on Friday, on each occasion with much power, and with signs following. It need scarcely be added that Mr. Sankey's solos, including such favorites as "Only an armor-bearer," "Dare to be a Daniel," "Whiter than snow," etc., deepened the influences produced by Mr. Moody's impassioned discourses. Indeed, it is made more and more manifest that the special gifts of each Evangelist have been most happily wedded together for the common purpose they have in view.

At the closing service in the evening there was no diminution either in the attendance or the interest. It was chiefly intended for the young converts, who were admitted by ticket, and crowded a large part of the area of the Albert Hall. Both the galleries were also crammed long before the hour of commencing. It was a glorious and inspiring sight to look on such a vast sea of human faces, all lit up with eager expectation, and all assembled to hear the simple story of the Saviour's grace and power. The scene was more impressive still when, at the appointed hour, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey having quietly crossed the front of the platform and taken their seats, the whole assembly rose and joined in singing the hymn,

"Ring the bells of heaven, there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild."

And afterward, in that jubilant old hymn that used to be sung at revival meetings fifteen years ago, and is ever fresh and new :

"O happy day ! that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

After Mr. Sankey had sung "Whiter than snow," Mr. Moody spoke with his accustomed pungency, simplicity, and power, chiefly addressing the young converts. Surely they will

never be able to forget his words of affectionate encouragement and caution, as he pointed out the dangers that would inevitably come to them in their Christian life, and the unfailing source of strength amidst them all. Then came his parting words, evidently painful alike to speaker and hearers. "I have learned to love you," said Mr. Moody; and the earnest gaze and tearful eyes before him testified more loudly than words how his love was reciprocated and his labors and counsels prized. I was forcibly reminded of the scene of Paul's farewell meeting with the elders at Miletum. I verily believe that many hundreds of young converts would, one and all, have fallen on Mr. Moody's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. One little fellow, at the close of the meeting, came to me in great distress when he found that Mr. Moody had left without having given him a shake of his hand.

Before the meeting was dismissed, Mr. Sankey sang a parting hymn to the tenderly pathetic tune of "Home, sweet home," and the vast crowd lingered long in the hall where Christ had won so many sons and daughters within the past two weeks.

The work among the young men has been taking root during the week. It has been a "Happy New Year" for Sheffield, and the faith of the Lord's people prompts them to hope that "still there's more to follow."

Upward of eighty—clergymen of all the evangelical denominations in the town, and the other members of the committee—met Messrs. Moody and Sankey at breakfast in the Imperial Hotel, on Saturday morning, to bid them farewell. Reporters were excluded, but I understand that the unanimous expression of the company was one of gratitude to the Evangelists for their untiring and successful labors in Sheffield, and for the spirit of cordial co-operation among the various

divisions of the Church that their visit had so blessedly generated. Practical as he always is, Mr. Moody used the occasion to urge upon the committee the necessity of rearing a central and suitable building in the town, where all those interested in the continued success of the work could meet on neutral ground and carry on the meetings.

In summing up the results, and giving general impressions of the value of these special services, the following account may be found useful :

The crowded meetings, thrice repeated every day, attended by persons who set aside engagements, alike of business, work and pleasure, have been accompanied with much power from above. Sheffield is usually considered as a population difficult to arouse—sturdy, independent, unimpressionable ; like the metal in which we work in these parts, true, but hard as steel. Yet the place has been thoroughly aroused, and proof to demonstration given that God is able to work here, as in Jerusalem of old, and as in other towns of England now, thus greatly encouraging Christian ministers and laborers to look with faith for greater things. All the meetings have been pervaded by a sense of God's nearness ; believers have been filled with fresh joy and fired with new zeal ; the anxious have found soul-rest, the careless have been aroused. In fact, we have had at once a revival and an awakening—a revival touching the hearts of God's people, and an awakening spreading among the thoughtless. The influence reached its height on the last night of Mr. Moody's presence in the town, when he addressed specially the converts, who were present in goodly numbers, together with a vast crowd of Christian workers. His words seemed to have a thrilling power among us all. When he closed by saying that he did not like "farewell," and "good-bye" was almost as bad ; he would therefore just say "good night," and meet us in the morning (pointing to the skies), I

think the whole audience deeply felt how much our beloved brother had endeared himself to us. And when Mr. Sankey followed directly with his touching farewell hymn, so appropriate to such an occasion, and so specially addressing every class of hearers, many were the eyes that were bathed in tears. Had it been possible, we would not have parted with our brethren. But may the Lord go with them in other places, confirming their word with signs and wonders, as He has done here !

The verdict of almost all Christian people upon this movement is, that it is the work of God. I am convinced that such an estimate is just, on many grounds.

1. The movement was an answer to prayer. Though we had not waited on the Lord so long as Christians in some other towns have done, a weekly united prayer-meeting had been maintained for nearly a year previously. Many of God's people were also quietly sighing and crying for the abominations of the city, and hungering and thirsting for spiritual blessing. One feature in the prayers previously offered was very noticeable. While all were preparing heartily to welcome Messrs. Moody and Sankey, there was a thorough recognition in the supplications that not they, but their God, must open the floodgates of grace. The Spirit was honored ; and we have had the answer.

2. Remarkable unity prevailed. At least in its outward manifestation this was realized, when ministers of the Established Church and those of the Free Churches sat together on the same platform, and followed each other in prayer. The force of exhortation, backed by the united sympathy and supplications of the whole Christian Church, is multiplied tenfold. Doubtless Christian union is of God. When will it genuinely prevail ? Is not the attainment of it worth the surrender of the causes of division ?

3. The movement had a growing power. Its influence at first was not to be compared with what it became in its progress. Indeed, the feeling of myself and of others with whom I have conversed was at first one of disappointment. Both Mr. Moody's speaking and Mr. Sankey's singing seemed to fall short of what we had expected; but it was not long before the impressiveness of both made itself felt by all. To my mind this is a true test of excellence. A picture, a piece of music, a landscape—do they grow upon you by repetition? The work of these Evangelists has grown upon us. I apprehend it would have been the other way, had it not been of God.

4. The stillness was remarkable. The noise and confusion, favorable to revivals which are the work of man, was altogether absent. The quiet, favorable to the descent and operations of the Holy Ghost, was marked. A man of my acquaintance once observed that "anybody could get up a revival, if he only made enough noise." There was nothing of that kind here. Indeed I noticed that if any brother threw a needless physical exertion into his entreaties, Mr. Moody would be sure to say, "Let us have a few minutes' silent prayer;" and this was mostly followed by the subduing strains of Mr. Sankey's harmonium and voice. A solemn quiet reigned at all times, and even Mr. Moody's humorous sayings did not destroy the solemnity of it. A work done under conditions such as these, so different from those which have prevailed in some "revivals," commends itself to me as the work of God. There are many things that I might touch on; but only one thing more will I mention.

5. The work is evidently one of faith. This quality is very observable in Mr. Moody. He has faith—not a proud self-confidence engendered by success, but a humble reliance upon God and fearless expectation of blessing.

LETTER OF MR. MOODY TO THE YOUNG CONVERTS.

A meeting of converts was held on the evening of January 19, presided over by the Rev. R. Staunton.

During the proceedings the chairman read the following letter :

BIRMINGHAM, *Jan. 19, 1875.*

“MY DEAR FRIENDS : Mr. Sankey and I would have been very glad to have seen you all once more to-night, but God has given us work in another corner of His vineyard, and we can only join you in well-wishes. I am very glad now to have this opportunity of fulfilling my promise to send you a short message. There are many things I should like to say if I had the time, but I fear I must confine myself to one or two very plain words. Ever since we left Sheffield, every one of us will have changed a little. Some will be merrier, and some will be gloomier. Some will be fuller of God’s love, and some may even feel a little emptier ; others, again, may not have got over the period of *wonder*, and still find themselves asking,

And can it really all be true ? Is it not just some strange dream ? Is it really possible that God loves us, and that we are really saved for evermore ? And this is my only one reply to these very common and rational questions : *We are changed, but Christ is not.* Oh, if *He* were different, it would be a very, very serious thing. And if we are changed and are frightened about it, we must find out at once if *He* is changed too. If it is only *we* who are different, it does not matter much, because salvation does not depend upon us, but upon Him. And the Bible tells us all about it in one little golden sentence, which we must all ask God to burn into our hearts, and then we shall never be troubled any more about our feelings. In Heb. xiii. 8, He says, ‘Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.’ Yes ! the same ; no matter how changed we are, no matter how dull, how joyless, He is

just as He was yesterday, just as He was the night when we got our first glimpse of His dying love for us.

“Oh, dear friends, let us keep looking to Him, and as we look, God will give us the longing to be more and more like Him. Perhaps some of you already feel that longing, and you don't know what it is! Perhaps you think it is very hard to have this craving after a better heart and a holier life. But Christ says it is ‘blessed.’ It is not hard; it is not a misfortune; it is not a sign that the health of the soul is gone. No; appetite is not the symptom of disease, but of health. And the Master himself has told us that it is blessed to be hungry and thirsty after Him. And some of you may be mourning over your empty hearts, for little love is there; how little faith, how little zeal for the Master's service! Well, it is not hardship to feel like that. If it be real, it is not sad to be that way, only don't mourn over it. Christ says it is ‘blessed’—blessed to be poor in spirit; and the poorer, and weaker, and humbler we feel, the more room is there for Him to perfect strength in our weakness. ‘My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness; * * * for when I am weak, then am I strong.’ And now, dear friends, before closing, let me ask you all to do something for Christ, something this very week. I cannot tell you what to do; but God will if you ask Him. He has something for everybody to do; and let us be earnest in doing our best for Him, and let us do it soon. Death will be upon us when our work will be but begun, and ‘the night cometh when no man can work.’ And for every one of you, that God may bless you, and keep you, and cause the light of His face to shine upon you, and enable you to grow in the knowledge and likeness of His only begotten Son, is the earnest and humble prayer of your affectionate friend,

“D. L. MOODY.”



CHAPTER IX.

THE "WORLD'S TOY-SHOP" WELCOMES THEM.

BIRMINGHAM, with its 400,000 people, the constituency of John Bright, the English reformer, now looks up to God for a shower of grace upon the seed-sowing of the Evangelists, who began there January 17, and closed on the 29th.

Never before in Birmingham have any preachers drawn such vast numbers of people as these brethren are doing at this time. Thousands are flocking daily to hear them from the districts around. The whole community seems stirred up. That which seems to be uppermost in men's minds, is the present marvellous gatherings that are daily taking place. There is no lack of opportunity for the Christian to put in a word for the Master, for wherever you go—whether in the counting-house, shop, refreshment-room, train, omnibus, and even as you walk along the street—the one topic is the doings of these wonderful men of God. If you want to get a seat at their meetings, you must be there fully one hour before the time, and a stranger entering the town must be struck with the determination of those who daily seek these gatherings.

Every day this week hundreds have been turned away from the noonday meetings held in the Town Hall. Meet-

ings are now being held in Carr's Lane Chapel every afternoon at three o'clock, and here again it is necessary to be there some time before the service commences. In fact, yesterday I was there at two o'clock, and the body of the chapel was then filled. It is estimated that three thousand people are in this building every afternoon.

To convey to the mind of the reader the sight which presents itself on entering Bingley Hall is impossible. Sloping down from the galleries which run round the building, other galleries have been erected, and the whole building, from the speaker's platform, looks like one vast amphitheatre. The crimson cloth which drapes the galleries adds to the general effect, and makes the hall look very comfortable. The immense sea of faces is singularly impressive, especially when from 12,000 to 15,000 people are listening eagerly to catch the words that fall from the speaker's lips.

The question may be asked, What effect is this movement having upon the people in general? I reply, Good every way. The stirring addresses given by Mr. Moody to Christians from the very first morning, are bearing fruit. They are beginning to look about, and realize that thousands around them are living without Christ. Many Christians have spoken to me of the fresh energy with which they have been stimulated, through attending the meetings. As for those who nightly throng Bingley Hall, the best test of the work I can give is, that whereas at first the after-meetings were held in a neighboring church, the anxious ones have now become so numerous that they are obliged to remain in the hall, while earnest Christian workers, with Bible in hand, pass from one to another, and open to inquirers the way of life.

All this proves to us the great power of God, and what He can do by two men who give themselves wholly up to Him. The work "is marvellous in our eyes," but it is not less mar-

vellous that their physical strength does not give way under their unceasing labors. While Mr. Sankey is greatly gifted with power to use his voice in singing the Gospel, Mr. Moody has a way of marvellously picturing, in the most vivid manner, Bible truths. From the humorous he can come down to the pathetic, and so move his hearers to tears, and withal there is a "holy boldness" which is seldom to be met with in the preachers of the present day.

The *Morning News* says: "Never before in the history of Birmingham, I believe, have two men drawn such large numbers of people together as Messrs. Moody and Sankey have done, time after time, during the whole of last week and yesterday. The Town Hall, Carr's Lane Chapel, and Bingley Hall, have been entirely filled at most of their meetings uncomfortably crowded at some, and all but full at one or two others. Since commencing their labors here, they have held twenty-two services, namely, four in Carr's Lane Chapel, six in the Town Hall, and twelve in Bingley Hall. No doubt in many cases the same persons presented themselves at the meetings again and again; but it is probable that the audiences were, for the most part, different on each occasion. At the four meetings in Carr's Lane Chapel, some 12,000; at the six in the Town Hall, about 24,000, and at the twelve in Bingley Hall at least 120,000 persons must have been present, making a total of 156,000 men, women, and children, to whom, during the last eight days, they have preached and sung the Gospel. Nor does the interest in the men and their work as yet know any abatement, it being likely that the services to be held this week will be as numerous attended as those of last week."

Amidst all the cavil of unbelief, and other opponents, thousands can testify, day by day, to the *reality* and *power* widely spreading and *deepening* blessing upon their souls.

Sinners have been converted to God, and believers edified. Whole congregations, both in churches and chapels, have felt its animating power. The clergy and ministers of various denominations have rejoiced together in this blessed work of the Lord, and felt its quickening influence. Many of the Lord's servants have met together for the first time, and felt their hearts drawn out in brotherly love and sympathy, enabling them to overlook various minor differences of creed and church government.

The noonday prayer meeting was first held in the Town Hall, which large building was filled long before the appointed hour. A very solemn and prayerful spirit seemed to pervade the masses—the stillness was quite impressive, and the great bulk of the people seemed to enter most deeply into the importance and solemnity of the occasion. The numbers at the noonday prayer meeting were probably quite 3,000. Afterward it was changed to Bingley Hall, where thousands more might be accommodated.

The afternoon Bible-reading is also well attended, and greatly enjoyed by many. The evening meetings have gone on steadily increasing, until at length, I suppose, some 15,000 must have been congregated together. The attention of these great masses (assembled an hour before the time) was well sustained by singing—and, as a brother clergyman said to me on the platform, "We never heard such singing of the good Old Hundredth Psalm before, and probably may never hear the like again"—as it burst forth from the hearts and lips of this vast assemblage. Oh! it was a touching sight and a telling sound—such as Birmingham itself had never witnessed before—15,000 met together, night after night, to listen to the loving, sympathizing, fervent preaching of JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour of sinners! And the audience felt it! The Holy Spirit of God seemed working in our midst—alike

alike on preacher and hearers—and many were the hearts moved.

At 7.30 Messrs. Moody and Sankey entered the building. The service began by singing, then prayer was offered, another hymn or two were sung, a portion of Holy Scripture read, another hymn, and then followed the address. Numerous anecdotes were related, as if not only to illustrate certain points, but also to rivet the attention, and then, as the preacher's heart and tongue seemed set on fire, all these little adjuncts were submerged in the one glowing, burning theme—salvation for lost sinners—yea, a present and immediate salvation, for every one that believeth in Jesus! As I sat near the preacher, I could read the meaning of the big drops upon his brow, and how his whole frame was moved, not with selfish passions, seeking personal admiration, but steeped in the love and spirit of his Master. One great object was kept steadily in view—the glory of God in the salvation of sinners through Jesus Christ, and the intense longing that thousands might share with him the blessings and the joys of THIS GREAT SALVATION! Almost breathless stillness chained the audience.

Numbers stayed for the after-meetings; the females in the side-galleries, the males in the Scotch church adjoining. On the first Monday evening Mr. Moody himself undertook the men, but finding the numbers so large, he sent up to the platform for assistance. Undoubtedly personal interviews are the best.

We have reason to believe that many found pardon and peace in Jesus, and are spreading their happy and holy influences around. The singing appeared to be improving night after night, as the vast masses gradually learned the tunes and hymns. Mr. Sankey's solos were powerfully and sweetly sung, and his clear utterance and distinct enunciation of syllable after syllable gave a great effect and pathos to the whole.

And on Tuesday, January 26, the day of the convention, it was supposed that from one to two thousand ministers of various denominations attended the gathering, which began that day at ten o'clock and continued till four P.M. Truly it was a great evidence of the Divine blessing, as the delegates from Edinburgh, and Dublin, and other cities, told how the work was still progressing in their respective cities after Messrs. Moody and Sankey had left, and in some places ripening in a most marvellous manner. Indeed a letter reached me only yesterday, telling me of a brother clergyman in Dublin who had a list of *sixty* persons in his congregation who had apparently been brought to Christ through attending the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

Verily, the Lord is blessing the evangelistic labors of our dear brothers in Christ—Moody and Sankey. I do not pretend to endorse every utterance, or to see with them exactly, eye to eye, on every point. But I do see, and I do greatly rejoice in their being raised up by God to proclaim, so touchingly and so successfully, the utter ruin of sinful, fallen man, and his recovery solely through FAITH in JESUS CHRIST!

The all-day convention on Tuesday was in every way a successful meeting. It was attended by immense crowds throughout the day, and many well-known ministers and others were present from London and various towns in the provinces, as well as Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Moody presided throughout the day, with his usual tact and energy.

The first hour was fitly devoted to praise, and Mr. Sankey's opening address was followed by powerful testimony to the value of the services by our brethren in Scotland and Ireland. All the speakers concurred in saying that a new song had been put into their mouths.

Mr. Moody occupied the next hour with an address on "Work;" and his trenchant words, uttered in the presence of

so many Christian workers, were potent with blessing in stimulating them to do more than ever for the Master in their widely separated vineyards.

"How to conduct prayer-meetings" was the next topic, and a most important one it is. We cannot better describe many of the prayer-meetings we have been accustomed to attend in past years than by comparing them to "wet blankets." They have been characterized by so much frigidity and routine that we do not wonder the attendance has mostly been small. Mr. Moody will have done us British Christians a great and lasting service if he has been enabled to show how our prayer-meetings may be made broad and deep channels of blessing and happiness, both to Christians and the careless world round about us. We look for this result.

More important, perhaps, was the subject of the next hour, "How to reach the masses." Whoever will solve that problem will earn the unspeakable gratitude of all who sigh for the conversion of the nations to Christ. The rousing addresses of Mr. Chown, of Bradford; Mr. Newman Hall, of London; Mr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham; Mr. Fletcher, of Dublin, and others, all men of large experience, will, we trust, have contributed somewhat to this desired end.

Mr. Moody was as practical as ever in his answers to the questions sent in; and if those who sent them will only apply those answers, we are inclined to think the hour devoted to the "Question Drawer" will be the most fruitful of any.

In the evening a public service was held in the same place; hundreds were unable to gain admission. The Rev. Newman Hall, of London, delivered an address, earnestly entreating all present to forsake sin and come to Christ. Mr. Moody, in his discourse, urged on his hearers immediate decision for Christ.

Mr. Sankey's singing of sacred songs seems to make a deep impression upon the great congregation.

At the meeting in Bingley Hall on Friday evening, Mr. Moody said: I was very dejected last night. Our meetings have been so much blessed that an effort was put forth to get Bingley Hall for another week. When we got home last evening, we found a despatch from a gentleman, saying we could not have the hall. I was greatly depressed all day. Now, however, I have just been told we may yet obtain the hall for another week. But the committee are wavering a little, as they have some fears the people will not come out to the meetings next week. We have had good committees wherever we have been; but we have never had a better committee than the Birmingham one, and I know they will come to a wise decision. But if you are anxious about your souls, you'll attend the meetings. We'll get several gentlemen to speak, and we hope you'll rally round them and the committee. We have had great blessings in other towns; but I think we never met with anything that came up to this—to our meetings in Birmingham. I must say I've never enjoyed preaching the gospel more than I have done since we came to Birmingham. We've reached so many people. I only wish we could have such a hall wherever we go. I think if we could only take up Bingley Hall, we would carry it round the world with us, as a place in which to preach the gospel to all men. But I would like you Birmingham people to go with us. Well, then, if we do our best to get speakers for another week, will you do your best to get hearers for the speakers? (Many cries of "Yes," "yes.") Well, keep your promise. Why, almost any man could speak in this hall to such a meeting as this. The very sight of you is enough to make a dumb dog bark. I'll telegraph off to Liverpool and London to send us all the help they can. There will be a service on Sunday afternoon, when one of your own ministers will preach. On Monday night you'll have a thanksgiving service. Come to it to thank God

for having answered our prayers to bless these meetings. Has God not answered your prayers? (Cries of "Yes," "yes.") Then on Tuesday we'll get some one else to speak. On Wednesday there will be the usual services in the churches and chapels. On Thursday night there will be another speaker. On Friday I will come back, on my way to Liverpool, and we'll have a meeting for all the converts. Now, let all rise who will support the committee and attend the different meetings. (Almost the entire audience stood up in response to this appeal.) Yes; the committee are quite satisfied. We'll go on then. Pray there may be hundreds and thousands converted next week. If things do not always please you, don't complain; just pray. Pray for a great blessing next week.

Services were held in Bingley Hall, from 5,000 to 7,000 persons having been present at each.

At Messrs. Moody and Sankey's farewell service, Bingley Hall was once more crowded to its utmost, nearly 1,600 converts' tickets being applied for. It would be manifestly premature to assert that this number of people have been converted during the previous three weeks' services. As Mr. Moody said at the Conference in London, on the same day, they did not desire to reckon up the number of converts, because they could not judge of the reality of the cases. At the same time we think it very probable that many have been brought savingly to believe in Christ who did not apply for converts' tickets. In any case, the progress of the movement in Birmingham has been such as greatly to encourage and cheer our American brethren and those who helped them in their labors; and we respond to Mr. Moody's hope that it may "continue for a year."

Mr. Moody's address to the converts was, as usual, most fitting. His parting sentences were the expression of affectionate regard, and it was plain, from the demeanor of the

audience, that the parting on their side was a most reluctant one.

Mr. Sankey sang the farewell hymn with great pathos and feeling ; and on leaving the hall both he and Mr. Moody were besieged with friends anxious to receive a parting shake of the hand. They proceeded to Liverpool on Saturday.

A correspondent writes concerning this meeting: "We shall never forget that address." Such was the almost involuntary exclamation of a well-dressed mechanic who was standing by us in the aisle of Bingley Hall. And truly the work of the Lord in this town is such as has never before been seen here. We were praying and expecting great things, but the blessing has exceeded our expectations ; never before have the people of every class been so moved and such glorious results followed. A week having elapsed since Mr. Moody left us, we are enabled to speak in a measure of results. First, the life of the ministers who have taken part has been largely increased, so that the testimony of many of the hearers last Sunday was, "Our minister preaches like a new man ;" then the renewed life of the churches is already manifesting itself in the desire to work either in Sunday schools or tract districts ; and besides this, the people outside are more disposed to hear the gospel, many coming into our churches last Sunday, and in more cases than one when notice was given out after the service that inquirers would be spoken to, numbers varying from twenty to sixty passed into the vestry, and many rejoiced in a new-found Saviour. Our hearts are indeed full of praise ; should we be silent, the stones might well cry out, "But we will bless the Lord from this time forth, and for evermore."

I know of no one of the many blessed hymns which has more struck the heart and arrested attention than that sweet one whose chorus begins, "Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous

love, the love of God to me." This love and its manifestation is the theme of every sermon, and, of course, God owns it. Ministers wonder at failure, and try to discover the cause; a week of services such as Birmingham has had for the last fortnight, I think must answer the question, "What is the cause of failure?" for we have seen in the crowded meetings, in the overwhelming number of anxious ones, in the utter breaking down of strong men, the secret of success. The wondrous love of God has been the weapon which has been used; failure in using this weapon has been the cause of failure in result. Never has Birmingham been so mightily moved; in the workshops Sankey's songs are sung, and men who cared for none of these things are anxiously inquiring after the good news. Oh, may our God carry on the work begun with mighty power.





CHAPTER X.

LIVERPOOL'S MONTH OF MERCY.



UR brethren revisited this great city by the sea on the 7th of February, and remained till March 7, 1875. Twenty thousand dollars had been expended for a building capable of seating eight thousand persons, and, when crowded, several thousand more were accommodated. It was named Victoria Hall.

The Friday preceding the arrival was observed as a day of preparation on the part of many of the churches, and the first meeting of the Evangelists was on Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, for Christian workers. This was followed by the afternoon and evening meetings.

All Liverpool was moved by them ; but not with the most desirable feelings. Some were actuated by a spirit of embittered hostility, and did not hesitate to write and speak of these servants of Christ what had not the shadow of truth. This very opposition, however, did good. God makes "the wrath of men to praise Him." I have known of some who entered Victoria Hall bitter enemies, and left it attached friends to the movement. Many flock to the meetings apparently from idle curiosity, and thousands under spiritual anxiety, whilst God's people rally round the Evangelists with

an enthusiasm and hearty good-will which is cheering to observe.

At last Monday evening's meeting, an intelligent young man informed me he came into that hall to scoff at all he heard. "I believed only in God and the devil; the latter I served well, and, as sitting laughing at the fools (as I then thought) about me, that beautiful hymn, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' was sung. A sudden thrill passed through my whole frame, and then like a dart ran through my very heart. My feelings were awful, but I listened to the next verse, and felt there is a Saviour. Who is He? Where is He? Instantly I realized the truth, Jesus is the Saviour. I threw myself into His loving arms, and here I am now, rejoicing in Him."

"Blessed be God," I said, "for such news. Now, brother, go home and tell your friends what great things God hath done for your soul."

"Will you pray?" he said.

We went together to the throne, and then he said, "God bless you. I will now live and work for Jesus."

The devil lays his plans, and no doubt thinks they are well arranged, but whilst he proposes certain events, God disposes of them in a very different way than Satan expected.

Of this I have had an instance.

"I am under a dreadful temptation," said a young man to me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was given drink by a man professing to be a Christian, and whom I have heard preaching the truth to me and others, but who is opposed to Moody and Sankey, and I was sent here by him to give annoyance. Now I am brought to Christ, in place of dishonoring Christ in this meeting, what am I to do to this man?"

"Pray for him," I said, "and God will give him to you as a star for your crown. Tell him plainly his state, and bring him here with you next night.

"I knew a lady who went to a religious meeting an avowed infidel, sent there by two sisters-in-law for a similar purpose to that which brought you this night here. She was brought to Christ, and sent back to them full of Jesus, and was the means of their saving conversion; and now all three are rejoicing in the great salvation effected by Jesus, the Son of God, for every penitent, believing child of Adam."

Truly the Lord is doing great things for us, "whereof we are glad."

It may emphatically be said of them, "They came, they spoke, they conquered." For twenty years I have been more or less mixed up with the evangelistic work of the town, but never have I met with more opposition and scorn to any movement than the present.

The erection of the vast hall to hold 10,000 persons, was looked on as monstrous folly. As it was being built, the talk was, To what purpose is this waste? But now what was called Moody's folly, is seen to be God's wisdom.

Men who wrote, spoke against, and laughed at it, now speak with bated breath, come and hear, and go with changed thoughts. "Nothing succeeds like success," is an old world's adage, and in this is proved to be true:—6,000 at a midday prayer meeting; 6,000 at the afternoon Bible lecture; 10,000 at the evening meeting, with the inquiry rooms full, are something that even the Exchange has to admit. But beyond this, there is the mighty working power of God's Spirit working and acting, which no tables can register or numbers record. "'Tis not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit," was the key-note of the preparatory meetings, which has been steadily kept before all the workers,

The part allotted to me in the great work has enabled me to see and test much that is going on. And this I can say—there is wheat; there is chaff. The wheat is sound, and will be a glorious, bountiful harvest. The chaff will be blown away. Wheat and chaff always grow together. Never have we been privileged to see so much real, genuine work—
anxious faces, tearful eyes, aching hearts.

Mr. Moody, after a telling address, went into the inquiry room, and his place was occupied by a layman, who wielded the sword of the Spirit with amazing power right and left. His words, powerful and well chosen, fell with force, and told on the vast audience, that seemed spellbound. Many seemed to be convicted of sin, and hurried into the inquiry room.

Mr. Moody remarked that many people thought the Victoria Hall was a bad investment, but that, if souls were born there, perhaps some of them would like to have a little stock in it.

Mr. Moody's earnest invitation to those who were anxious about their salvation to stand up, and afterward to meet him in the inquiry room, was responded to by hundreds, who were not deterred from showing their anxiety by the curious gaze of many thousand spectators.

Many striking instances of conversion have occurred, and other cases have come under my own observation in which backsliders have been led to return to their first love. One day at the noon prayer-meeting, Mr. Moody told of an interesting case of conversion he had met the night before. A young, stalwart man, who was to sail for America next day, had come into the meeting. He had been pricked to the heart by Mr. Moody's pointed appeals, and found his way to the inquiry room, and here, as he believed, to lay his hitherto unforgiven sins on Jesus. Later in the evening he called on Mr. Moody at his hotel, and received a letter of

introduction to any of the Christian friends in America he might meet. He was accompanied to the hotel by his brother, who had come from the country with him to see him sail, and who seemed overjoyed to think that one so nearly related to him was taking Christ with him ere he left his native shores.

At the evening meetings the hall is always crowded with something like 10,000 people, and if it were not that the committee kept a great part of the passages clear to allow of access to the inquiry room, every inch of standing ground would be occupied. The attendance at the noon prayer-meeting averages 4,000 to 5,000, the audience, of course, not being so mixed as those in the evening. One gratifying circumstance, however, in connection with the noon meeting should be noted, and that is, the presence of so many of the Liverpool merchants and business men. I have heard it stated that between twelve and one, when the noon prayer-meeting is held, 'Change is half deserted, and it has been remarked that no other source of attraction has ever drawn so many of these busy men away from their money-making for an hour in the middle of the day. May they carry away some truth that will cling to them when they are tempted to forget God in their haste to get rich !

A very happy feature of the work here, as elsewhere, is the sympathetic co-operation of many clergymen and ministers of various denominations. They appear on the platform and take part in the services, as well as in the personal dealing with the anxious.

"This is glorious work ; this is *reality*." Such was the remark that reached my ears one evening last week, as I was passing through the inquiry room adjoining Victoria Hall. There, I thought, is the whole movement in a nut-shell. The more I see it, and the more I ponder over it, I am impressed

with the feeling of *reality* that pervades this work, as it is now going on in Liverpool. Endless are the surmises, and very ludicrous some of the guesses, as to the secret of its wonderful success. The Liverpool critics (and their name is legion) are fairly puzzled. I sum it all up in the one word *reality*.

Mr. Moody has often been described, and criticised, and dissected, both by friends and foes, but I think sufficient stress has been laid on his predominating characteristic of *reality*. As he said the other day, he pulls up his net anon to see what he has caught. This is the highest test of his reality, and the one that has evoked the greatest criticism. But it is the one that has all along contributed most to the success of the movement.

During the past week the slain of the Lord have been many. Every evening has seen fresh groups scattered over the inquiry room, with tearful eyes and troubled hearts, drinking in the affectionate words of invitation, or the plain words of appeal, addressed to them by Mr. Moody and his co-workers. People who know least about it may affect to shrug the shoulder at the inquiry room, but one or two visits there would do them good, and probably convince them how indispensable it is to success in this work. I hope one result of this awakening in our land will be that every minister of the gospel, and every one who seeks to speak to his fellow-men about salvation, will not only cast out the net, but will draw it up every time.

The leading attraction of the meetings last week was Mr. Moody's Bible lectures. On each occasion the hall was crowded ; so that on a moderate computation, the seed of the Word of God relating to these two most important subjects was sown in the hearts of some 60,000 or 70,000 persons, many of them from a long distance.

The lectures are a treat of no ordinary kind. As expository discourses they are most valuable, and reveal, to some extent, how Mr. Moody has got, to use a common phrase, "the Bible at his finger ends." But these lectures have a wonderful hortatory as well as expository value.

It is a gratifying fact that the attendance at the evening meetings chiefly continues to increase. During the first week of the services the Victoria Hall was almost sufficient to hold the crowds of eager listeners ; at any rate, the overflow was not considered so great as to necessitate the opening of other places. Last week, however, overflow meetings were held sometimes in two and sometimes in three different places.

One evening I went to St. John's Church, where I found W. H. M. Aiken and the vicar of the church conducting the service after the model of the services in Victoria Hall. The body of the church was filled partly with the overflow from the hall, and partly with those who had been induced to enter by personal solicitation, and by hearing a group of young men singing hymns in the churchyard. It was a motley company, and a great majority consisted of those who, from their dress and appearance, do not often find their way to God's house. There were numbers of men such as one sees lounging at street corners and about public-houses, many young girls in working attire and without bonnets, and a number of rough neglected-looking street Arabs. Their behavior, with one or two exceptions, was most orderly and attentive. A good sprinkling remained at the close to be conversed with, and many of them were enabled to lay their sins on Jesus, or, as the speaker said, to accept the fact that God had laid them there nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

It is interesting and refreshing to notice how all grades of society and all ages are represented among the anxious who throng the inquiry room at the close of Mr. Moody's

addresses. From the richly-dressed lady to the poor waif of the street, with scarce enough of clothing to cover his nakedness; from the boy and girl of eight or ten years to the horny-handed, gray-headed working-man, with all the intervening stages of life—there you find all, burdened with the same sense of sin, and afterward rejoicing in the same Saviour.

The special work among the young men, which has been carried on in other towns where the Evangelists have been, is being organized here also. On Saturday evening there was a meeting for young men, chiefly to make arrangements, at which Mr. Moody was present. In the meantime the meetings will be held in Newsome's Circus, and shortly it is expected that the concert-room of St. George's Hall will be available.

Sunday last was another day of much sowing of the precious seed of the word, and reaping too. The early meeting for "workers" was some 8,000 strong.

The afternoon meeting for women was a wonderful sight. The hall was packed to excess, and many hundreds failing to gain entrance, an overflow meeting was held in Newsome's Circus. Mr. Sankey sang the solo "Mary Magdalene" amidst the most profound silence, and the pathetic and beautiful words of the hymn brought tears to many an eye. Mr. Moody spoke on "What Christ is to us," a most pregnant and powerful address on a theme that he said it would take all eternity to exhaust. As at other times, Mr. Moody asked those who wished to be prayed for to rise up, and hundreds upon hundreds responded in all parts of the house. A more touching or cheering sight I never witnessed. Mr. Sankey sang "Almost persuaded," and Mr. Moody said that there were so many anxious, it would be impossible to speak with them; so he asked them to go home, and at five o'clock to

take God's Word, and kneel down pleading His promise, and commit themselves to Him. All the Christians in the hall would be praying for them at that hour. He prayed that they might be altogether persuaded.

Mr. Moody repeated his afternoon address to an immense audience of men in the evening, and in the course of it made strong reference to the great curse of Liverpool, the drink traffic, amid the approval of the vast congregation. He asked them to show their detestation of it by becoming abstainers. There were hundreds of inquirers at the close. A deeply interesting meeting of about 7,000 young men was held in the Circus from nine to ten o'clock, conducted by Mr. Henry Drummond. These meetings are to be continued every night.

Valuable testimony was given as to the tangible effects of the work in Liverpool. It was stated that one class reached had been those who, though religiously trained, had, during these special meetings, seen a new meaning and power in the truths with which they were familiar. Many sailors, and ship captains too, had come to the meetings and been guided into the true haven of rest and peace. Then there were many working men who had plunged into the depths of intemperance, and whose insulted and injured wives, after being driven from their homes, had been compelled to support themselves and their children for years together. These wives, in this day of grace, had sent letters to their husbands, extending their forgiveness and imploring them to come to Victoria Hall and seek forgiveness of the Saviour. Some of them had come and found that forgiveness, and gone back to lighten their homes again with a new lustre and joy.

Allusion was made by one of the speakers to another class, one much too large and full of strange and painful interest,

consisting of those who have in past years made a profession of love to Christ, but have wandered

“Away on the mountains, wild and bare,”

and have been glad to take of the husks that the swine did eat. It had often been asked whether the converts connected with this revival would stand the test of time and endure the temptations of the world. When the question is put, as it often is, “Brother, have all *your* converts stood fast?” I can only confess, that during the forty years but one that I have preached in this town, I have missed a great many from the fold; but I have found some of them in that inquiry room. The first night the inquiry room was needed I lingered on the platform, not intending to go into the room, when a message came to me, “You are wanted immediately; an inquirer wishes to see you.” I went, and I had not seen that face—I will not tell you whether it was man or woman—for twenty years; and I found that soul had wandered away and had kept out of my sight with perfect success. The first conviction was to go and tell him by whose hands they had been received into the Christian Church. Many a wanderer has come, and Christ alone knows how many more He will welcome back to His all-forgiving arms, and fill our hearts with a gladness they have never experienced before.

And so the great work flows steadily on. As the days and weeks roll past, and the same scenes are so often repeated, it is difficult to find fresh terms in which to describe “these wondrous gatherings day by day.” The four meetings on Sunday last may briefly be stated as a repetition of those on the Sunday before. All crowded to the utmost capacity of the great hall, and in some cases, especially at the afternoon and evening meetings, multitudes turned away for lack of room.

The service for "non-church goers" at eleven o'clock was a fresh illustration of the power of Christ's wondrous love, or "compassion," to melt the hearts of the most supine, and to move the consciences of the most sin-stricken. The arrows of conviction went home right and left, and there was a large ingathering of souls at the close. Mr. Moody used, by way of illustration, a very touching chapter of personal family history that brought tears to many eyes.

At the three o'clock service for women, the hall was filled to overflowing an hour before the time. The women are quite as determined in their efforts to get in as the stronger sex, and some say are not quite so well behaved under the trying conditions of a crowd. To my mind, these Sunday afternoon meetings for women have been the most wonderful of all, and certainly not the least important, when we consider the power for good or evil that must be exerted by so many thousands of our mothers and sisters. I must say these meetings have proved that the women are not only quicker in their apprehension of the truth, but more honest and courageous in avowing their apprehension of it. At the close of Mr. Moody's searching address on "Excuses," a very considerable proportion of the audience promptly stood up to show that they wished to excuse themselves no longer from accepting the gracious invitation to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Mr. Moody spoke to the inquirers that filled the inquiry room, in language and by illustration so beautifully simple and apt, that it is almost impossible to conceive any difficulty could have remained in their minds. At the same time Mr. Sankey addressed, in a very artless, homely, and touching way, a large body of anxious inquirers who remained in the hall.

Mr. Moody, before leaving Liverpool, addressed an immense meeting in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Asso-

ciation, and laid the corner-stone of the new building, inscribed, "This memorial stone was laid by D. L. Moody of Chicago, 2d March, 1875." He used a silver trowel presented to him for the occasion.

The closing services were held on Sunday, the 7th March, at eight A.M., for Christian workers ; at eleven A.M. for young converts and inquirers ; at three P.M. for women only ; and at eight P.M. for men only. Each was very largely attended.

In 1873, not a convert was known to have been made by the meetings held by the Evangelists in Liverpool, and now behold the wonderful victories of the Truth !





CHAPTER XI.

MIGHTY LONDON IS BLESSED.

THE scale of magnitude by which the work was carried on in the metropolis may be measured in our thoughts by one fact—over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were expended in the prosecution during the four months from its commencement—March 9th to July 11th, 1875. During the first month the meetings were held in North London, and in the Agricultural Hall, the largest building in that quarter. It is said that once, at the Agricultural Hall, Mr. Spurgeon preached to twenty-two thousand people. But for the different style of the arrangements in the vast interior, that would probably have been the number present on Tuesday night, when the Chicago Evangelists entered on their London campaign. As it was, the audience could not be less than eighteen thousand; in all likelihood it reached twenty thousand. The chairs numbered fourteen thousand according to some authorities, fifteen thousand say others; and not one of these, nor scarcely an inch of standing-ground, was left unoccupied, while the doors had to be closed in the face of many hundreds for whom there was no room. The anxiety to procure admission was indicated by the fact that fully two hours before the time advertised for the beginning of the service crowds began

to assemble. We were there a few minutes after six, and already the building seemed to be more than half full, while the stream of people entering was in full flood, and required not many minutes to crowd every vacant spot, excepting only the reserved seats near the platform, for which tickets were required. At half-past six the singing of a hymn was begun in a distant part of the hall; but the Rev. Thain Davidson, from his seat on the platform, requested the stewards to repress volunteer attempts of this sort, and in a moment his wish was obeyed. The arrangements were indeed admirable. Ushers, each invested with an official rod, were scattered all over the building. Those near me were young merchants and professional men; and they did their work with quiet, effective energy. There seems to have been no screw loose anywhere. The silent seating of so many thousands was a masterpiece of administrative care and skill.

The appearance of the vast throng was in itself a sight worth going many miles to see. No architectural features of the building came between the eye and the great sea of humanity that seemed to stretch as far as the vision could go. There was abundance of light shed from thousands of gas-burners beading the walls—these at times running in straight lines, and at regular intervals assuming a semicircular form. A broad strip of red cloth running round beneath the lines and arches of light bore appropriate passages in white lettering. The first of these, on the right of the platform, was, “Repent ye, and believe the Gospel;” and the first on the left, “The gift of God is eternal life.” At the centre of the platform there is a small dais, covered with red cloth, and having a slight rail round it, and a little book-board at one corner. This is for the president of the meetings. On his right are the seats for the choir, and Mr. Sankey’s American organ. The seats on the left are for the committee and

others taking part in the service. On and around the platform were hundreds of leading men of all the evangelical communions, ministers and laymen ; and it struck me that the Congregational and Presbyterian churches were represented in special strength, especially the former body. The Earl of Cavan and Lord Radstock occupied seats on the platform.

At seven o'clock the Rev. Thain Davidson gave out the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice," and the volume of sound which rose from the audience indicated that it was a familiar strain to most of the people present. Then, after a brief interval, the hymn, "Tell me the old, old story of Jesus and His love," was finely sung by the choir, which was composed of two hundred voices. At half-past seven to a moment, Mr. Moody stepped on to the dais, while Mr. Sankey took his place at the organ ; and the former, in the least conventional of voices, said, "Let us rise and sing to the praise of God. Let us praise Him for what He is going to do in London." The response, as the people sung the familiar Doxology, was thrilling ; and no sooner had the strain ceased than the Rev. Mr. Billing, the incumbent of the nearest church, offered prayer. "We bless Thee, that we have seen this day and this hour," he said ; and hundreds gave audible vent to a thanksgiving that was uttered with deep fervour. Very hearty, too, were the "Amens" which followed the request that God might be pleased to "speak to all London" by the mouth of His servants from the other side of the sea. Mr. Moody gave out the Scotch version of the hundredth Psalm, Mr. Sankey saying, "Let us rise and sing. Let all the people sing." To all, but more especially to the Scottish friends, that was a soul-stirring strain.

Mr. Moody then stated that he had that day received despatches from all the great cities in Britain, letting him

know that the people were praying for London. All their expectations must be in vain unless they were depending upon God. He therefore asked them to spend a few moments in silent prayer. Hereupon a great calm fell upon the assembly, and every head was bowed. In a minute or two the hush was broken by the voice of Mr. Moody, who prayed that God's blessing might rest upon the work on which they were now entering, and that many might be encouraged to go out and labor in this dark city. "It is a great city," he said, "but Thou art a great God. May we ask great things, and expect them." He gave special thanks for the many ministers present, and prayed that there might be "no strife among the herdmen." Mr. Sankey then sang the solo, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," explaining before he did so that it was simply a Christian song. "May the Lord bless the singing of this song here, as He has blessed it elsewhere," said Mr. Sankey, and he requested the people to keep very still. The first stanza, and especially the line, "What means this strange commotion?" was thrilling in its effect; but a slight disturbance in a distant part of the hall somewhat marred the closing verses. At the end of the piece some present began to applaud; but they were instantly rebuked into silence by a murmured "Hush!" from thousands of lips.

On Wednesday evening the second meeting was held in the Agricultural Hall. The attendance was not nearly so large as on the first evening, resulting from the fact that Mr. Moody requested the doors to be closed at half-past seven, thus preventing many thousands who were unable to attend so early from gaining admission.

It was speedily apparent that great blessing from on high was present in that meeting. The address was full of power; anecdote, illustration, Scripture entreaty, persuasion, suc-

ceeded each other again and again, with lightning speed and force, while the vast audience listened intently. As the interest heightened, and story after story was told, many could be seen wiping the tears openly, apparently unconscious of what they were doing. The graphic picture of the meeting of Bartimeus and Zaccheus, after the former had been healed, was thoroughly enjoyed ; and the quiet hit at those "who don't believe in sudden conversions," in the statement that Zaccheus "was converted between the branches and the ground," was greatly enjoyed. The story that followed, of "the young man converted on his mother's grave," gave occasion for an impassioned appeal to turn to Jesus then and there. Silent prayer followed the conclusion of the address ; and, amid a hush that was almost awful, the sound of music floated on the air, and Mr. Sankey sang softly, "Come home, come home." Every head bowed, thousands earnestly praying, while the soft music seemed to enter into the very souls of that mass of humanity, bowing and swaying even the hardest to thoughts of repentance and prayer. Then Lord Radstock concluded with prayer, and the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice," was sung as Mr. Moody went from the Hall to the first inquiry meeting in London. Many hundreds followed him, but whether workers or inquirers did not at the time appear, and it is far too early yet to speak of results.

On Thursday Mr. Moody presided for the second time at the noon prayer-meeting. There was also a falling off in the attendance here compared with the day before ; but the great Hall was nearly filled, and would doubtlessly have been filled to overflowing during the service had the doors remained open. Mr. Moody was just a very little bitter in saying, "I don't know what some men would do at a Pentecost," or his earnestness seemed intensified to bitterness ; but this disap-

peared when he spoke of a boy of fourteen with a Bible under his arm, whom he had met in the inquiry room the previous night, and asked as to his presence there. The boy replied that he was a Christian, and hoped to meet some little boy like himself to tell about Jesus. Afterward the boy was seen kneeling with another in a corner. Mr. Sankey also spoke earnestly in defence of the inquiry room—asking objectors to visit and see for themselves, instead of finding fault beforehand; adding warmly, “It don’t take half a man to find fault.” The meeting ended as usual; but after its close there appeared to be an impromptu reunion of nearly all the evangelical workers in London, the resemblance being almost perfect to one of the evening conferences at Mildmay Park.

The third evening service was much more largely attended than the second. Much better order was observed than at the commencement of the previous evening, the meeting being admirably controlled. The address was most solemn and searching in character, concluding with an exhortation to immediate and final decision. Mr. Moody ended his discourse by prayer. Then “Safe in the arms of Jesus” was sung; then silent prayer; next, “Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!” then the benediction and the inquiry meeting.

On Friday the great hall for the noon prayer-meeting had a glorious gathering, and there were quite as many present as on the previous day, but notably men; the ladies *could not* face the terrible cold and sleet.

After singing, a gentleman spoke earnestly of the way and the need of working for Jesus. He was followed by another, who told a touching story of how the lost are found in London. A tract distributor offered a man a tract on Waterloo Bridge; it was declined with the remark, “I shall be in hell before night;” the words were heard and answered, “No, you will not, for I’m going to heaven, and will stick to

you all day." They left the bridge together, the hungry man was supplied with food, and taken to a place of worship. There he fell asleep. "Perhaps he has been walking all night," said his friend; "let him sleep!" Service over, he was conveyed home to supper, inquiring concerning all this kindness, "*What's up?*" He was fed, tended, reasoned with, instructed, and brought to the way of heaven, instead of being in hell, as he had said.

So ends the first three of Mr. Moody's noon prayer-meetings and the first three nights of work in London. And it is simple truth to state, that such meetings were never held before in London, if ever they were in the world's history. In *three days* of noon and evening service, about *eighty thousand* have listened to the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Well might Mr. Moody express his thankfulness to God for the encouragement he had received and felt, and his deep sense of the sympathy and help extended to him and his colleague in their great work. Well might he dissolve in broken accents and tears of entreaty for a rich blessing on himself and those who, labouring with him, will share his eternal rest and reward. Surely, when bankers and rich merchants, and ministers holding high official positions, are content to be doorkeepers, it must be said, "We never saw it after this fashion," and this was exactly the case at the door of Exeter Hall yesterday.

Mr. Moody took for his text Isaiah lv. 6, stating for two evenings he had dwelt on man seeking God, but now he would speak of God seeking man; yet recommending earnestness in seeking God by many touching incidents and suggestions. This, among others, he thought "the dying thief might have had a praying mother." He also turned to the ministers around him and asked, "Did they believe that God was present and willing to save?" and was instantly answered

by an audible "Ycs." A tearful, impassioned appeal followed to all classes to seek the Lord, and He would assuredly be found. Silent prayer succeeded, and Mr. Sankey sang "Almost persuaded." Then the audience were dismissed, and all anxious, and all workers, were invited to remain, an invitation that was accepted *by several thousands!* The whole space under the arched room was occupied by seekers and workers, while the responses to earnest prayers rolled around like the deep tones of the great sea waves at night. The Lord was there. Inquirer after inquirer made themselves manifest, until there were scores in the inquiry room, and scores remaining in the hall speaking with the workers there. In the inquiry room were seekers and workers in every direction, and very many found peace in believing. One fine young man fell to the lot of the writer, and it was emphatically good to watch the dawning of divine truth on the mind, as shown in the intelligent face—to see the look of anxiety and fear give place to the knowledge and love of God—to watch the birth of the soul to eternal life bring forth that look of brightness on the face which is never seen from any other cause. One young lady said "she was so happy, she seemed to tread on air;" and in instance after instance the testimony grew and multiplied, till we could only rejoice in believing that numbers were born again—not of corruptible seed, but of the incorruptible, which liveth and abideth for ever. Then the long, happy evening closed by Mr. Moody calling the workers together, and giving some brotherly advice and counsel concerning the details of work in the inquiry room.

Oh, for the time of blessing! Oh, for the rain upon the weary! Oh, for the coming, in mightiest power, of the loving Spirit and the King our Brother, among the ruined and lost—among the weary and burdened laborers on this rough and

stony ground ! Our Father, hear and answer Thy children's heart-cry, for Jesus' sake !

On Sunday morning, March 14, the usual unbroken quiet of Islington experienced a striking change. From every direction solitaires, couples, and bands of well-dressed people were hastening to the Agricultural Hall. Many parties of singers had arranged to meet in their different localities, and marched with songs to their destination. Sunday-school teachers resident in the line of march near to the hall had invited their fellow-laborers to breakfast at a very unusual hour ; while the vendors of hymns and papers round the hall took their usual week-day positions, and transacted a large amount of buying and selling, to which multitudes made strong and indignant objection. Pouring in at all the entrances to the hall, there was speedily convened such a gathering of its Christian workers as London had never seen. It was a complete *re-union*. Friends, whom the exigencies of work had separated for years, met and clasped hands once more ; young men grown old in service met with others in like condition, whom they had labored with in years of strength ; and comely matrons' faces were recognised as those of former girls in Sunday schools. Long before *all* old friends could be recognized and greeted, the time for the service arrived, and the Evangelists stood face to face with many thousands of the Christian workers of the great metropolis for the first time.

Cool, prompt, and business-like as ever, Mr. Moody announced the first song would be " Hold the fort," which was sung with a vigor that left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Moody narrated a striking instance of a Sunday school superintendent who was not converted, but finding this to be so, went honestly to his minister and offered to resign. The minister suggested a more excellent way—that the superintendent should first turn to the Lord at once and then continue

his labors. This was done ; he turned to the willing Saviour, and then became the means of the conversion of the teachers and a great revival in the school. It was the duty of each Christian—not duty, but privilege (away with mere *duty* ! we did not talk of *duty* to wives and mothers, and why in religion ?)—to speak to some person daily. For twelve years there had scarcely been a day in which he had not done this. Seek out friends, and bring them into the current, that they might get a blessing and pass it on. We must also get into sympathy with the unsaved. When he was laboring in the school at Chicago, a teacher, who was going away to die, came to him in bitter trouble about his unconverted class. He felt his strength too far gone to visit them ; they were unsaved, and he was leaving them—going away for ever. Mr. Moody procured a carriage, and they went together day after day for ten days, until the teacher had seen all, pleaded with all, and won them all for Jesus. The tearful eyes, the pale face, and the deep sympathy had triumphed for Christ ! Then they all met him on the platform, and the wave of his hand from the carriage was a last, long farewell. The effect produced by this narration was very deep. Sobs and tears were almost universal. The ministers on the platform were wiping both eyes and glasses, and some were literally scooping away the tears with their hands. Strong men were weeping like children, and the speaker himself wept abundantly as he remembered and depicted the touching scene. Yes, he continued, we must get in sympathy—make their ease ours, their troubles and sorrows ours, and then we shall have prevailing power. He spoke of a poor mother, whose child had been drowned in procuring drift-wood from the river, and whom he visited along with his little daughter. “ If that was me,” said my child, “ wouldn’t you *feel bad*, father ? Don’t you feel bad for the poor mother ? ” This unlocked the springs of sympathy, and I did feel bad for

her. I found a grave for the poor child, and afterward bought ground for a Sunday-school lot to bury a hundred of our poor little scholars. In the midst of a most striking scene of weeping, such as that hall had never seen before, the address concluded, and Mr. Moody *attempted* to pray. So deeply was he moved, that he was compelled to pause in his prayer, amid dead silence, to recover himself, and be able to proceed. Then we sang "Work, for the night is coming," and the benediction ended the first workers' meeting.

On Sunday afternoon, at three, the first special meeting for women was held. There were, at the lowest computation, about 17,000 present; and the power of the Spirit was clearly there: tears, and sobs, and repressed cries, anxious faces, low, earnest words and entreaties for mercy were all around, as the discourse proceeded from point to point. God was the preacher of this sermon, said Mr. Moody; and though the first audience was small, the sermon has come rolling down the ages, and many, I hope, are asking themselves this question now. I am speaking to professors, to backsliders, and to those who never made profession, but all equally lost. Then all sang the hymn, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," and the meeting closed to allow inquirers to gather. Such a number accepted the invitation that the large inquiry room could not contain them, and many were spoken to in the bitter cold without the room.

The evening service was simply a repetition of the afternoon, but for men only, instead of women. Thousands of women, nevertheless, accompanied their male friends in hope of admission, but were disappointed—they could not be admitted. Nevertheless, the building was filled to its utmost capacity, and the doors were closed nearly an hour before the service commenced. The would-be infidel orator of London is in the habit of saying that "Religion is an affair of priests and women." Never again will he be able to repeat that

taunt, after the meeting on Sunday evening last, *when nearly 15,000 men of London were held breathless by the simple preaching and singing of the Gospel of Christ.* Before the address was delivered, Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;" himself singing the verses, and the vast multitude joining in singing the last line in each verse, thus producing the effect of one of the mightiest choruses ever sung on earth. After the address the inquiry room was opened, while the meeting in the hall continued with praise and prayer.

So great had been the effect produced, so large was the number of inquirers who were not "priests" or "women," that there were not enough workers present to deal with them. Nor can this be wondered at. Christians had been entreated and enjoined to stay away, that the unconverted might have all the room; and this request was too literally obeyed.

St. Mary's Hall is a large concert room, with chairs on the floor fronting the platform, and a deep gallery round the sides and end of the hall. Mr. Moody divided the inquirers, leaving the women on the basement, and sending the men into the gallery, and directed the workers to divide in the same way. All round the gallery were men in twos and threes, to the number of two or three hundred—each couple or three separated from their neighbors, and earnestly engaged in their own work, without taking any notice of those near and around. Here was a couple discussing a difficulty in the way. There another couple earnestly reading passages of God's Word. Next was one pleading earnestly with another. Next one whose work was done, as the close, loving hand-clasp showed. Many were striving together in prayer, two by two. Here a worker earnestly asking for the light to come; there another pressing the inquirer to pray for him-

self ; and others praying earnestly together. The writer had the pleasure of speaking with three in succession. The first was a young man who had made long, wearying endeavor to work out salvation ; he had been *trying hard* to come to Jesus, but neither work nor trial had brought the assurance of faith. To one so much in earnest it was most pleasant to show salvation as the *gift* of God, and a little patience was richly rewarded by the dawning of the light. Then said he, "*I see it now ; please to leave me alone with God !*" Most reverently and willingly this was done, and the second was spoken to ; he also promised to accept the gift, and left to kneel before the Lord in seeking, as he was compelled to go. The third had long had a form of godliness, but neither its power nor hope—he was just a sleeping nominal church member, who did not wish to be disturbed. He had wandered into the inquiry room, thinking it was public, and he should hear an address. Unable to deal satisfactorily with him, the attention of another brother was called to him, and we passed on round the gallery. On returning, this one was praying earnestly, the second was gone, and the face of the first showed better than any words that he had lost his burden. Passing below to leave, a lady who was talking to three working girls claimed help, as help had been claimed in the case above. We held conversation, and speedily all three declared themselves on the Lord's side ; and the bright, earnest young faces glowed with the thought of the gift received, and the "covenant unto death" with Jesus. As we saw, so we heard of many to whom light and peace came ; nor was it the least impressive to mark how willingly help was given and received, how entirely absent were evidences of self and self-seeking. Conversions all around, an atmosphere of prayer and the Word of God, the subdued hum of conversation with each other, and converse with the Father through the Son, gave a sense of "nearness

of access," of personal presence, of a very present and loving help, that was as sweet as it was solemn. Verily it "was good to be there!" It was just eleven o'clock when, after three hours of delightful service, "the labor was done, and the laborers gone home."

The *Christian World* thus summarizes the first month's work :

To-day the American Evangelists, whose names are on every lip, enter upon the second month of their London campaign. They have all but completed the series of meetings at the Agricultural Hall, in Islington, designed more especially for the benefit of the people dwelling in the great northern region of the metropolis ; and now they are about to enter on the daily occupation of a building specially erected for their accommodation at the East End. From week to week we have furnished our readers with full reports of the proceedings. In this way the public have been enabled to obtain a comprehensive, and we believe accurate, view of a series of meetings that certainly stand without a parallel in the religious annals of England. We may not be able to say, with a respected contemporary, that Mr. Moody is the modern Wycliffe—a name we should rather assign, if we used it at all, to a great English preacher who has been proclaiming the gospel to multitudes in London every week for more than twenty-one years. Neither are we prepared to coincide with the magnanimous assertion of a Wesleyan Methodist journal, that this movement puts the revival which was wrought by Whitfield and Wesley into the shade, in respect, at least, to the numbers brought under the sound of the Gospel. These are statements, as it seems to us, which would require to be greatly qualified before they could be accepted by thoughtful men. Yet, without going the length of our too exuberant friends, we can testify that the success of the gatherings over which Mr. Moody pre-

sides has been simply marvellous, and in its way quite unexampled, either within the memory of living men or in all that has been recorded by the pen of the English historian of the Christian Church. Whatever may be the view he takes of the work, as to its true spiritual significance and value, every candid on-looker must acknowledge that the present is a phenomenon which cannot be too carefully scanned, or too fully described by the contemporary journalist. It will unquestionably elaim for itself a chapter of no inconsiderable magnitude in the book that deals with the religious history of England in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Some little service to the future, as well as to the present day reader, may therefore be rendered by an attempt to gather up the salient points in the story of the first month spent by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London.

And first of all we have to note the sustained, and it would even seem growing, interest which the public take in the meetings. Every day at noon Exeter Hall has been well filled ; often it has been crowded, and there is no symptom of any falling off in the attendance, while it may be confidently expected that when the prayer-meeting is transferred, as it will be on Monday next, to Her Majesty's Opera House, the audience will be as great as that building is able to contain. That the interest in the primary purpose of the noon-gathering has not declined is made manifest by many pleasing tokens. Not the least eloquent of these was the statement made by Mr. Moody on Wednesday last, that the requests for prayer received that morning numbered no fewer than 180. The reports of spiritual work achieved in connection with the movement, not only in London, but also in the provinces, have been multiplying daily ; and these form a feature of the proceedings at Exeter Hall which does much to keep alive the interest and to intensify the fervor of the assembly. Then there has been

the appearance of new speakers from day to day—witnesses to the reality of the revival in Scotland, Ireland, and provincial towns of England. When the meeting is thrown open to volunteers, the result has not always been edifying ; but Mr. Moody, as a shrewd and ready-witted president, keeps the most of the time well occupied with a swift and flowing succession of song, prayer, and exhortation, so that the hour seems to all present to be only too short, and is obviously most refreshing to their spirits. Mr. Moody is, perhaps, seen at his best in Exeter Hall. Some of his short addresses there have been gems of pithy exposition ; and his occasional quaint bits of self-defence, and frequent touches of mingled humor and pathos, have been remarkably effective. People from the country have formed a distinctly perceptible element in the congregation ; and we cannot doubt that these, along with the city brethren, have derived useful hints from Mr. Moody's method for the conduct of prayer-meetings in their own places of worship. In this way we think it likely that a great deal of good may be done.

The three afternoon meetings held at Sauger's (formerly Astley's) Amphitheatre were among the most successful of all the gatherings, and are said to have been the most fruitful in spiritual results. The place could not hold all the people who flocked to them ; and a proportionately larger number of the "lapsed masses" were to be seen in these south-side gatherings than in the assemblies at the Agricultural Hall. The two afternoon Bible readings—the first held in the Conference Hall at Mildmay Park and the second at Exeter, and to both of which admission was procured only by ticket—were crammed, and they seemed to be greatly enjoyed.

As for the great meetings, those held every night (with the exception of Saturday) at the Agricultural Hall, and thrice on Sunday in the same enormous edifice, they have

continued to attract an average attendance of at least eleven or twelve thousand down to the very last. On the two nights when the address was not given by Mr. Moody there was a great falling off in the congregation. On Good Friday the *Times* "felt bound" to express its "strong conviction that the interest of the meetings was rapidly falling off;" but the facts do not sustain this view. The largest congregations have assembled within the last ten days; and these have included all ranks and classes of society. Royalty itself, in the person of Her Royal Highness the Princess Teck, has expressed its intention to come since the leading journal proclaimed the turning of the tide. On one evening there were at least sixty clergymen of the Establishment present, with Dean Stanley occupying a conspicuous seat on the platform; and on the night of Good Friday the evangelical Earl of Shaftesbury sat on the same chair which a few evenings before had been occupied by the Broad Church Dean. Lord Shaftesbury, at the close of the service, paid a visit, along with his daughters, to the inquiry room. In respect to the numbers of the Agricultural Hall congregation, the floor of the building is capable of seating 9,000 persons; the raised platform for the choir and ministers, 250; the eastern side gallery, 900; the western side gallery, 1,000; the upper raised gallery in front of the platform, 1,350; the balcony in front, 850; and the upper western balcony, 350. Even on moderate computation, it would seem that about 350,000 must have been the total of the numbers present at the Agricultural Hall services during the month; though it must be borne in mind that very many persons were frequent, and not a few constant, attenders. It would probably be a liberal allowance if we were to say that 200,000 separate individuals were present. The arrangements made by the committee for the comfort of the congregation and the preservation of order have, from first to last, been admirable.

With respect to the inquiry rooms, they have been largely attended every night by Christian friends, clerical and lay ; and the penitents pressing in for spiritual advice have, on many occasions, numbered several hundreds. But there has been no more excitement there than in the public service ; indeed, the proceedings have been more subdued, and a quiet solemn earnestness has characterized all that has been done in connection with this part of the work. Several gentlemen taking part in it have testified to the good accomplished ; and Mr. Sankey in particular, who is active in the inquiry room, describes the work of which he was witness on Sunday week, and on every succeeding night, as being in the highest degree encouraging. Many Christian workers, though not so many as Mr. Moody desires to see, have scattered themselves among the great audience at the ordinary services, for the purpose of speaking a word to their unconverted neighbors ; and a case has been mentioned in which the young ladies of a certain seminary have, in this way, been instrumental in leading twenty individuals to the Saviour. With this we may bracket the case of a lady who took her ten servants to one of the services, and who reports that seven of these have been, in consequence, converted to God. Mr. Moody has detailed instances of persons brought to a knowledge of God in the inquiry room one night, and appearing on the next with friends whom they desired to see sharing the peace which they had secured. Since the second Sunday a young men's meeting has been held every night in St. Mary's Hall, immediately after the public service ; and latterly this feature has come more conspicuously into view, and been more pressingly urged upon the attention of the class referred to by Mr. Moody, who is ambitious of securing a band of at least a thousand to assist him in his work.

The meetings in the East End of London were held in the Bow Road Hall and a tent pitched close by. Here the

rich and poor congregated, and God graciously poured out His Spirit. In the West End, the Royal Opera House in the Haymarket was obtained. In South London, Camberwell Hall was specially provided for the immense multitudes sure to gather.

During the greater part of April services had been conducted daily in each of the four divisions of the metropolis. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have divided their labors almost equally between the East and the West Ends—officiating at Her Majesty's Opera House, in the Haymarket, at the daily noon prayer-meeting, and also at an afternoon Bible-reading, while in the evening they have generally been present at the service in the Bow Road Hall. On two evenings of each week they have returned to the Agricultural Hall in Islington. The first week after their departure from that hall the services there were conducted by Rev. William Taylor, of California ; but the attendance instantly dropped from 12,000 to 2,000, and sank to as low as 1,000 before the week was done. In the second week Mr. Taylor was succeeded by the Rev. W. H. M. Aitken (Episcopalian) of Liverpool, who secured much larger congregations, there being occasionally as many as 5,000 and 6,000 present to hear him ; and at the Victoria Theatre, on the south side, Mr. Taylor held daily meetings, where his labors would appear to be better appreciated than they were at Islington. The prayer-meeting at the Opera House has not been so well attended, on the whole, as that at Exeter Hall ; but the Bible readings have attracted great congregations, these including many members of fashionable society, led by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who was present on Thursday, April 15. In an article on "The American Revivalists in England," the *New York Independent* says : "We presume that the aristocracy and the *literati* will scarce hear of the movement that is about them. It is an after-generation

that builds the monuments of the prophets. Bunyan got no words of honor from the Duke of Bedford, whose descendant has lately set up his statue." Several months before these words were written, Mr. Moody had sojourned as a guest within the walls of Dunrobin Castle, the northern seat of the Duke of Sutherland ; and weeks before, he had dined with the Lord Chancellor of England at Bournemouth. At his first meeting in the Agricultural Hall he was assisted by a peer of the realm, and other noblemen took part in subsequent gatherings, while Lord Cairns, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and many other members of the aristocracy, formed part of his audience. The favor with which his labors are regarded by a large section of the nobility has been still more conspicuously displayed since the opening of the services in the Haymarket, and especially since the visit paid by the Princess of Wales. Standing somewhat in the same relation to Mr. Moody that the Countess of Huntingdon did to Whitfield, her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland has been well nigh a daily attender, accompanied sometimes by her daughter and Lady Constance Leveson-Gower. Twice last week the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans were seen in the royal box ; the Prince Teck has also been present, and so have the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Gainsborough, Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Rendelsham (the latter a daughter of the late popular Earl of Eglington), and many more of the "upper ten thousand." To crown all, it is alleged, not only that Lord Dudley interested himself in securing the Opera House for the American Evangelists, but that his lordship was encouraged to do this by no less a personage than the heir apparent.

The following is given as the number of meetings and aggregate attendance during the four months that Mr. Moody has been in London :

In Camberwell, sixty meetings, attended by 480,000 peo-

ple ; in Victoria, forty-five meetings, attended by 400,000 ; in the Opera House, sixty meetings, attended by 330,000 ; in Bow, sixty meetings, attended by 600,000 ; and in the Agricultural Hall, sixty meetings, attended by 720,000. The amount of money expended for buildings, printing, stewards, &c., is \$140,000. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have declined to receive any compensation from the committee. It is stated that a prominent business man has bought the Victoria Theatre, and intends to fit it up for religious work.

Inquirers multiplied ; young men's meetings were held ; thousands of children were gathered. A great array of workers went out, two by two, to visit every house in London with the Gospel. Every text Mr. Moody quoted was an arrow from God's bow which went straight to the heart ; every song from Mr. Sankey won some soul ; every appeal persuaded some heart to yield to Christ ; every meeting swelled the throng of converts. The mighty movement swept from one end of London to the other.

As the Evangelists left one quarter of the city for another, the meetings were continued in the localities left, until, when Mr. Moody, during the last month, was at Camberwell Green Hall in the South, Major Cole was at the Victoria Theatre in the West, Henry Varley at the Bow Road Hall in the East, while Henry Drummond was holding his young men's meetings with great success. Notwithstanding all these great meetings, numbering often many thousands, the central meetings under our two brethren moved on with wonderful power and success.

As the last week drew to a close, the interest became intense. On the last night Mr. Moody became very earnest and urgent in his appeals to the vast and intensely interested audience to accept Christ. "Just let me pause here," he said. "Ask yourselves whether you ought not to receive the Lord

Jesus Christ now? Who is there in this assembly who will receive the gift of God and be saved?" After a brief pause, a voice came from the left-hand gallery, somewhat faintly, "I will." It was speedily followed by others from all parts of the house. "Well," continued Mr. Moody, "thank God for that. I am just passing around the cup of salvation. Who else will take it?" "I will," "I will," "I will," "I will," came resounding on every hand. "That's right, my boy," replied he, speaking to a little fellow down in front of him, whose "I will" came up to the platform with the rest. "Will the Christians keep on praying? Men do not speak out like this unless God is at work. Who else will accept the gift of God?" Again came a perfect volume of "I will's." "Would it not be a glorious thing if every man here would take it to-night? Is there another?" "I will." "Another?" "I will." "How many are to-night willing to stand up before God and man and say by that act that they will join us in our journey to heaven? You that are willing to take Christ now, would you just rise?" A mighty army of men rose to their feet at once. "Why not three thousand? The God of Pentecost still lives." Numbers more stood up, until one could scarce distinguish between those sitting and those standing. Mr. Moody prayed and said, "And now we will sing, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'" Multitudes flocked into the inquiry room, where there was a scene of ingathering never to be forgotten by those who were present. A fitting close to the labors of our brethren in Great Britain. Their work had continued without interruption through two years and three weeks. They had held meetings in perhaps a hundred cities and villages. They had personally attended between two and three thousand services.

Mr. Roberts, of New York, writing from London, says: "The places of most interest for over two months are those where the meetings of Moody and Sankey, the American

Evangelists, are held. I had heard of them before leaving home, but I was not prepared for what I heard and saw at these vast assemblages, which I attended several days twice, and sometimes thrice a day. I was present at the Agricultural Hall, when there were from twelve to fifteen thousand persons present. Last Sunday evening the room was crammed full, and I had to stand an hour and a half. Though there were so many inside, thousands went away. The Lord Chancellor (Cairns), with his wife, was present. They are both, I was told, devoutly pious, attending several of the meetings, with a number of the nobility and eminent men, including Gladstone.

“It is a grand sight to see such a vast audience ; and when they unite in singing, it is thrilling beyond anything I have ever heard.

“The text was, ‘Come thou and all thy house into the ark.’ (Genesis vii.) He handled it remarkably well, and I was told the discourse was more effective than in the morning, which was based on the story of Naaman. (2 Kings v.)

“He usually preached from thirty to forty minutes, in a very clear voice, enunciating distinctly, presenting the truth very plainly, earnestly, and pungently appealing to the heart and conscience, without any effort to excite animal feeling ; and at all these meetings there was an entire absence of fanaticism. The people are absorbed by what is said, and there is nothing noisy or demonstrative, though nearly all join in the singing of hymns full of Gospel truth, to simple melodious airs.

“Sankey leads the singing usually, and generally sings a solo at every service, ‘Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,’ or the ‘Ninety and nine,’ based on the parable of the lost sheep. His voice is so powerful as to be heard easily by such large

assemblages, for he enunciates every word in a remarkably sweet voice.

“The music is, no doubt, a great help to the preaching, the main element of which is Christ as set forth in the Bible, sent home to the souls of rich and poor, high and low, the educated and the ignorant, by the Spirit of God ; for, in my opinion, there is no other way of accounting for the assembling of such vast multitudes three or four times daily for weeks and months.

“While I was in London, Moody held a noon prayer-meeting at the Queen’s Opera House, Haymarket, at which, I think, fifteen hundred attended—preaching there at three and seven P.M., when the house was filled from top to bottom. At eight and a half he preached at East London in a large hall, accommodating some twelve thousand. How he endures such great and constant mental and physical labors I cannot understand.

“Thus, substantially, he has worked for over two months in London, and in about like manner for nearly two years in various places in Great Britain. He appears very robust—I think larger around the chest than any man I ever saw, and every time I heard him, what he said was fresh.

“At the large meetings hundreds stood up for prayers, and entered the inquiry room, where Christians conversed with them.

“This was a large hall, nearly filled with groups of inquirers, two to four attending to the instruction of men and women, each of their own sex ; and while some were conversing, other groups were kneeling and praying in a low tone. Thousands remained in the audience room praying and singing, where every Christian was requested, in their places, to speak to his or her neighbor suitable words, if they had

no hope in Christ. I spoke to two young persons near me, and found they were both indulging hope.

"It reminded me of the efforts of this kind in the early days of Brainerd Church.

"Sometimes the scenes of 1831 were brought vividly before me, and I have a conviction that the means used by Moody and Sankey, and the preaching, are very like those so much blessed in our country for eight or ten years subsequent to 1825, of which probably Mr. Nettleton was the most prominent author. The same pungent, direct manner of presenting truth, enforced by apposite illustrations, which all could understand, accompanied by singing of hymns containing fundamental truths, in melodious and simple tunes, nearly the whole congregation joining. No doubt you will recall the Village Hymn Book compiled by Mr. Nettleton.

"I cannot but hope this is the beginning of a new era, showing our ministers that, as Spurgeon said the other day at Exeter Hall (referring to these meetings), he had no fear of them, for the '*Bible was kept in the front.*'

"I do not undervalue learning, but it must be kept secondary to the Bible, the sword of the Spirit, which is almost the only weapon Moody uses with so much effect.

"But I must close, though I have not said half I might on this subject."

It must be conceded that this was the most wonderful series of revival meetings ever held in the world. In the union of all God's people ; in the mighty but perfectly quiet workings of God's Spirit ; in the honor put upon God's simple word ; in the dependence put upon prayer and the simplest agencies ; in the earnestness with which Christians labored, and the liberality with which they gave their money ; in the multitudes which everywhere flocked to the services ; in the wide extent of the work, in the readiness with which men received the

Gospel ; in the number of conversions ; in every aspect of it, the movement is without a parallel in the history of Christianity. It seems to betoken a world-wide revival of religion.

Sunday, July 11.—LAST DAY.—How shall we write of it ? Fresh from the meeting in the evening, we feel how inadequate are human words to portray that most marvellous close of a no less marvellous season of revival throughout our land.

The doors for the morning service were opened at half-past six, and by seven o'clock the hall was comfortably full. An hour yet intervened before the commencement of the service, and the time was profitably and pleasantly occupied with a service of song from the familiar book. About half-past seven it was announced that there were thousands outside, some of them from a great distance, and if the audience would kindly sit more closely, a few hundreds more might be got in. The request was good-naturedly complied with at once, and room made for a few more. For the great numbers who were unable to get admission, an overflow meeting was held in the Presbyterian church close by, and was addressed by Dr. A. Bonar, of Glasgow.

Shortly before eight o'clock Mr. Sankey appeared, and delighted the audience with a few solos. Before singing "I am praying for you," he said he hoped in the days to come they would not forget to pray for Mr. Moody and himself when they were gone.

In consequence of the crowd at the gates, Mr. Moody could not gain an entrance, and had to be conveyed through a private house opening from the back upon the site of the building. This delayed the opening of the service till about ten minutes past eight o'clock—a thing altogether unusual at these gatherings, as one of the most noticeable features of them has been the punctuality observed by our brethren.

Mr. Sankey having sung "Only an armor-bearer," the

audience swelling out in the chorus, very earnest prayer was offered, making special reference to the occasion.

Mr. Moody then delivered his well-known address on "Daniel," beginning with the secret of his wonderful success, which he attributed to his being able to say "No" at the right moment. He sketched the eventful career of this man, "beloved of God," through the reigns of Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, and Darius, showing how he was delivered from all the many snares laid for him by his enemies, because he was faithful to God and His commandments. The history of Daniel in the telling of it rouses Mr. Moody's enthusiasm, which he succeeds in a large degree in imparting to the audience, and many thousands of hearts were stirred by this closing address to Christian workers. Before parting, we sang with Mr. Sankey "Dare to be a Daniel."

The afternoon service for women was a deeply interesting one, both in itself and from the fact of its being the last of them. The hall was crammed in every corner. The opening hymn was "Yet there is room,"—very appropriate to the occasion.

All through his mission in Great Britain, Mr. Moody has striven to make the Gospel so plain as to be understood by the meanest comprehension. He has avoided collateral issues and eschewed theological discussions, and held to the proclamation of the good news of salvation through faith in a crucified and risen Saviour. One of his favorite texts has been the question of the jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" and this he chose for his final gospel addresses to London audiences. Many people, he said, still disbelieved in sudden conversion, and he proceeded to draw from the treasury of Holy Scripture numerous illustrations to show that the new birth is, of necessity, an instantaneous act, and not a gradual change. He quoted the ark, the salvation of

Lot from Sodom, the preservation of the children of Israel in Egypt by sprinkling the blood on their doors, the cities of refuge, and others, as well as illustrations from history and from daily life. At the close he spoke with much emotion of how he had tried in all possible ways to allure sinners to Christ, and entreated those present not to go out of the building without receiving Christ as their Saviour. They might never hear his and Mr. Sankey's voice again on earth, but he hoped there would not be one missing at the last great meeting. Many rose in response to his pressing appeal at the close, and the inquiry rooms were afterwards the scene of much earnest conversation and prayer with the crowds of anxious sisters. The evening meeting for men was almost filled before the last of the inquirers and workers had left the building.

The last meeting of all will, we think, be reckoned, by those who have attended the London meetings throughout, the best of all. It was as closely packed with men as could be ; how many were left outside we cannot tell. A meeting for them was held in the Camberwell Green Hall. Mr. Sankey took his seat at the instrument about half an hour before the time, and while he was singing for Jesus to the eager crowd of listeners, Mr. Moody and a few friends were in the little waiting-room below, supplicating God for a Pentecostal blessing on this parting service. And their prayer was answered of a truth. We have not witnessed such a wondrous scene during any of the many gatherings these last four months ; the only approach to it was one Sunday afternoon at a women's meeting in the Opera House.

Several of Mr. Moody's American friends were present to witness the crowning service of this mission, before described.

At the farewell meeting at London, of the 700 and odd ministers who were present at this memorable gathering, there

were 188 belonging to the Church of England, 154 Congregationalists, 85 Baptists, 81 Wesleyan Methodists, 39 Presbyterians, 8 foreign pastors, 8 United Methodists, 7 Primitive Methodists, 3 Plymouth Brethren, 2 Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, 2 Society of Friends, 3 Free Church of England, 1 Bible Christian, and upward of 20 not known. These figures we take from the official statement supplied at the meeting, and they significantly show the catholic and unsectarian character of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services as well as the universal esteem with which our evangelist brethren are regarded by all sections of the Church of Christ in this country. A large number of influential laymen and Christian workers were present, among the best known of them being Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Cavan, Mr. Cowper-Temple, M.P., Mr. Alderman McArthur, M.P., Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., etc.

We only give those of the addresses containing interesting facts and statistics relating to the movement.

Rev. R. D. Wilson, of Craven Chapel, said a new spiritual glow had come into the hearts of many during the last four months. They had learned, too, that their cherished traditions had no more sanctity or authority about them than the new things, which startled some of them at first, but with which they had now become most blessedly familiar. It was too soon to speak of the results as a whole, but within the last three days he had met no less than twelve or thirteen distinct cases of conversion in consequence of the ministrations of the Evangelists. He read the following extract from a letter he had received : "I feel it my duty and inexpressible pleasure to tell you that I and one of my brothers were converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings last week. Could you know my inner life for the past ten years, you would indeed say I have been plucked like a brand from the burning. I cannot

cease to marvel at the greatness of my salvation." The mother of that young lady, said the speaker, had come to him yesterday, and stated that for twenty-five years, with few exceptions, she had regularly attended the service of the sanctuary, but the happiest day in her Christian experience was the previous Sunday, when she sat with her converted daughter on her right hand and a converted son on her left. As the speaker told this affecting little story, we felt certain that the tear of joy gathered in many an eye, only we could not see for the mist that came across our own. He went on to say that we had never known what it was to "sing the Gospel" of Jesus Christ till our two brethren came. We could now understand how the sweetest tones could become the highest sort of Christian eloquence, in declaring to men the Way of Life. He would so far disobey the rule that no reference was to be made to the two Evangelists, as to assure them that they would carry home to their American country the warmest love and heartiest esteem of the ministers and Christian people of this country. At this remark the pent-up feelings of the audience could no longer be restrained, and they burst out into loud and prolonged applause. We were extremely glad that the natural emotions of the congregation for once refused to be smothered by that false and frigid idea of decorum which obtains too much in our religious assemblies, and prevents the legitimate expression of the deepest feelings of the heart. But this is a digression. Mr. Wilson continued: "We shall not forget, when the Atlantic lies between their home and ours, at our family altar, at the place of secret meeting with our God, in our prayer-meetings, and in our Sabbath assemblies, to pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon them there. And it will be a glad day for us all, if ever that day comes, when we shall hear from the other side of the Western Main the intelligence that they are coming

again. Until then we shall continue to pray that, when God sees meet that they should come, they may come in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

Rev. Thomas Richardson, of St. Benet's, Stepney, said the effect of the meetings in the East End had been to make his church and congregation "enlarge the place of their tent, and stretch forth the curtains of their habitation." He would rather wait for a year before he gave his testimony as to results, as there were many reasons why they should not now begin to count. But he had no doubt that thousands of souls would be recorded in their various chapels and churches all over London by next year. His district visitors had sent in to him formal returns, showing that of 1,008 families in his parish, 672, or two families out of every three, had attended the services at Bow Road Hall. Further, he had two direct testimonies that the attendances at the theatres of East London had sensibly diminished. Some of the officials of these theatres had given up the profession, and he had only to-day had an interview with one who was starting a different course. He had something too to say about the influence of the movement on the dock laborers. He had received testimony from several of the large docks that the men did not swear so much since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came; praise God for that. Besides, drinking was not so prevalent among the dockmen, and that was the kind of work that the world believed in. He had been privileged to attend every service in Bow Road Hall, and he would thank God to all eternity for it. He had seen the power of sympathy—that sympathy which brought Christ down to die for sinners. Sinners had felt its power, so they had stood up and declared they wanted to be saved. He had had the privilege of conversing personally with 450 anxious souls; his wife had spoken to 150, and his curate had spoken to 100. There were thus 700 souls whose names and

addresses they knew, and to whom they had written. Formerly, he had an after-meeting once a month; now he had one every Sunday evening, and not a Sunday passed without some souls being gathered in. The direct results of the meetings were seen in his church, his wife's Bible class, his young men's meetings, and among his district visitors. He urged the general adoption of the after-meeting, as being the key to the success of the services, and added that if the Spirit led him to adopt Mr. Moody's style of preaching he was going to do it.

Rev. Robert Taylor, of Norwood, gave some intensely interesting facts respecting what had transpired in the inquiry room at Camberwell Green Hall. He had to do what Mr. Moody called "police work" there, and in this capacity he was able to take a general view of the inquirers who, night after night, thronged the rooms. One or two things had struck him. First, the large number of old people who came as inquirers, and who went away as very young Christians. He was afraid that, in their anxiety to shut up and shut in the young, they had been in danger of shutting out the old. They had fallen into the unbelief of Nicodemus, who said, "How can a man be born when he is old?" But many blessed births of the old had been seen in the inquiry room at Camberwell. He was also struck with the amazing variety of opinion—religious opinion and no opinion—represented. One evening he gave up his seat in the hall to a distinguished literary man, who lately wrote that "there was a Power above us that, at least, we know to be working for righteousness." One evening in the inquiry room, he met a young woman, and asked if she was anxious. Yes, to know if there was a God. Did she not believe it? Well, the sum of her belief was, that "there was something above us." He could tell of a wife, deserted by her husband, who had been in such utter misery and agony that

she had twice contemplated going to London Bridge to commit suicide. In that inquiry room she was brought to faith in Jesus Christ and peace with God through the preaching and singing. Afterward she prayed so beautifully for her husband that the lady who conversed with her was deeply touched as she listened. She did not pray that he might be restored to *her*—now she did not care so much about that—but that God would bring him to *Himself*, and that they may be reunited in heaven. He could tell of several Roman Catholics brought to simple faith and sweet peace in Jesus. He could tell of a man who for twenty minutes hid his face from the lady who spoke to him, so deep was his distress and shame. He afterward told her how he was standing at St. Giles's, and tossed up whether he should go to the theatre or the meeting. It was "Heads the theatre, tails Moody and Sankey." It was tails. He went to the meeting, was led to go into the inquiry room, and, as he described it in a letter to the lady who was the means of bringing him into light, "She fought manfully with him for the Lord Jesus," and he went home a rejoicing believer. These were but a few specimens of hundreds of cases he could quote, and when friends said to him the night before, with sad hearts, they were so sorry the meetings were over, he could only reply, "Yes, and I am so glad the work is so gloriously begun."

Rev. G. Flindt, of Denmark Hill, also spoke of the work in the inquiry room at Camberwell. He said that one result of the services had been to increase the local congregations. In his own church they had, on several occasions, not had standing room during the visit of the Evangelists. He had learned this lesson : that if the ministry is to be useful, a personal Christ must be lifted up. A man in the inquiry room had said to him, "It seems as if that man (referring to Mr. Moody) had his Friend quite close to him, and he was talking

about Him." Only eternity would reveal the good that had been done in the south of London. The night before, at the closing service, there were scores of anxious ones who came asking if it was possible to get a grip of the hands of the Evangelists, and thank them for what had been told them about the Lord Jesus Christ; and tears of gladness flowed down many a furrowed cheek when they were asked to go home and tell God all about it, and thank Him for the messengers He had sent. One remarkable circumstance in connection with the Camberwell services had been in the attendance of a number of medical students from the various hospitals. Some of the medical men in the neighborhood had found time and opportunity to invite them to their houses to dine, and afterward had spoken to them about salvation. If only half a dozen young students were brought to Christ, what might not be the result when they were attending the sick beds of those who should be committed to their care? The South London Committee were one hundred strong, and they were going, by God's grace, to work shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand in this blessed work.

Rev. Marcus Rainsford said he felt we were living in days which many had looked and longed for, but had not seen. He thought that God had been working much more with the masses than the ministers. For his own part, he had learned much since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to London. Many prejudices had been broken down, many difficulties removed, and many a lesson learned that he would never forget. He had been taught by a costermonger how to preach the Gospel. He was talking to a costermonger one evening, and trying to show him the great salvation, when a bright-looking young fellow came up and quietly put him aside, saying, "Sir, I found Christ last week; I think I can talk to this man better than you." "Well, let us hear what you have to say." "I

never heard such lingo," said Mr. Rainsford. "Now, Joe, s'pose it was all up wi' yer ; mother starvin', wife starvin', children starvin', and the mackerel nowhere. S'pose I see yer lookin' very pale and sad and miserable ; and, says I, 'Joe, here's a fat half for you.' " (I wondered what that was, but the other seemed to know all about it.) "I give it yer with all my heart. Away you go to Billingsgate and spend the fat half." (It means half a sovereign, and a sixpence means a "thin half.") "You get the mackerel, and bring it home ; you get the money, and you bring home some bread ; yes, there it be at home ; now what would you say ?" "I would say, 'Thank you ; God bless you !' " "Well, say that to Christ, for he didn't give you the fat half, but the whole." And that was the Gospel as ably and spiritually preached, and as blessedly preached, as the Archbishop of Canterbury could preach it. After some further striking experiences, he expressed a hope that the work would go on after our brethren had left, and that many would be found to imitate their example in telling of Jesus to all around.

The Earl of Shaftesbury said, nothing but the positive command of Mr. Moody would have induced him to come forward on the present occasion, and say but a few words in the presence of so many ministers of the Gospel. But as Mr. Moody had asked him to speak of what had occurred during the past four months, he did so with the deepest sense of gratitude to Almighty God, that he had raised up a man with such a message and to be delivered in such a manner. And though Mr. Moody said they were not to praise him or his friend Mr. Sankey, yet if they praised God for sending them such men as these, they did no more than express their admiration of the instruments that He had raised up, while they gave Him all the glory. He had been conversant for many years with the people of this metropolis, and he might tell them that

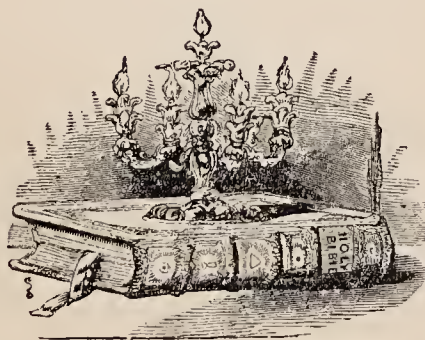
wherever he went he found the traces of these men, of the impression they had made, of the feeling they had produced, and of the stamp that he hoped would be indelible on many of the people. He could speak that as the truth as to many parts of London, and the lowest parts of London. Only a few days ago he received a letter from a friend of his, a man whose whole life was given to going among the most wretched and the most abandoned of the populous city of Manchester, and who spoke of the good that had been effected there by the preaching of Moody and Sankey. A correspondent in Sheffield had also written him that he could not satisfy in any degree the wants of the people ; that they were calling out for tracts, and something that should keep up the appetite that had been created. He said, " For God's sake, send me tracts by thousands and millions ! " Even if Messrs. Moody and Sankey had done nothing more than to teach the people to sing as they did, with energy and expression, such hymns as " Hold the fort, for I am coming," they would have conferred an inestimable blessing.

Mr. Sankey then sang the hymn commencing, " There were ninety and nine that safely lay," after which he said that when they got to their own country they would often sing this hymn again, and they trusted that God's blessing would accompany the singing of it. They asked their friends here to pray for them, and that the Lord would continue to bless them. They would be glad to hear from their friends here, and they trusted to hear that the work was going on.

Mr. Moody said he would ask them to spend a few moments in silent prayer, but before they did so, he begged to thank the ministers for the sympathy they had shown them in the past two years. They had had nothing but kindness shown them. He also wished publicly to thank the committee, and also the stewards, who had manifested toward them

nothing but kindness. He had also to thank the reporters for the press. He knew that he had made mistakes, but they had not reported his mistakes or his failings. In fact, they had all been kind. He also wished to thank the police for the considerate manner in which they had performed their duty. He had one favor to ask of them—he would not ask them to pass a resolution, for their hearts were worth more than a resolution—he asked them to pray for them, and to continue to pray for them as they had done for the last two years. He now asked them to pray for a short time in silence.

The congregation then bowed their heads, and, after the lapse of two or three minutes, audible prayer was offered, after which Messrs. Moody and Sankey hastily retired, in order to escape the painful ordeal of bidding so many of their friends a formal good-bye.





CHAPTER XII.

FAREWELL IN LIVERPOOL.

TURNING reluctantly away from London, where they had triumphed gloriously under the Great Captain, Christ, they were received at the place of final departure from Great Britain, in the following manner :

About a quarter to three o'clock, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, with many well-known friends, were greeted by an audience that crowded every nook and corner of the Victoria Hall. The heartiness of the welcome found vent in a universal clapping of hands, which, however, Mr. Moody speedily stopped by a wave of his hand. Some kind friends had placed very beautiful bouquets of flowers on Mr. Sankey's organ.

The Rev. Mr. Aitken said he thought they could not meet in that hall without feeling that the departure of their dear friends for America very greatly enhanced the personal responsibility of all who called themselves Christians. The blessing which God had been pleased to shower upon His work in various parts of the land had put them on a vantage-ground, for they occupied a better position now than they ever occupied before in this land. He did not believe that the Church of Christ had ever occupied a better position in this land than it did at the present moment ; and if that was so,

their responsibility must be proportionately heavy. And if they allowed themselves to lose their vantage-ground and slip back into the dull routine of the past, they would have themselves to blame. The question before them was a very practical one, and it was, How were they to push on the advantage? If they were really to avail themselves of the opportunity, they must expect further successes. He was apprehensive of Christian people allowing themselves to think the period of reaction had come—that they had been having such great encouragement that for a little time they must rest on their oars. If they placed themselves in this attitude, they would have themselves to thank for it, if God turned the heavens above into brass and made the earth as iron beneath their feet; therefore he felt it incumbent upon him to sound this note of warning. He thought that their attitude should be this: That they should thank God, and then rush on against the foe with fresh determination, believing that the victory was only commencing, and that inasmuch as God had given them a position of advantage, they must push it on and fight the battle out, until God in his own good time placed the crown of victory on their brow.

How was this to be done? God expected every one of them to come forward with the gospel of grace in their hearts; and if they realized their personal responsibility, and went into the battle fully determined to win souls for Christ, England would very soon feel the results of their efforts. He desired to warn them against this season of revival being followed by a period of reaction. Before the present work closed, he thought that ministers of Christ, and also lay people, especially those who occupied influential positions, should ask themselves solemnly what were the permanent lessons which had been brought before them in this great movement. Mr. Moody had given himself up to the work of evangelization, and he

(Mr. Aitken) could not help believing that the Church of Christ from a very remote period had practically ignored the evangelist's office. They had their local pastors, but he thought that the evangelist was more likely to be powerful in a locality where he was not permanently fixed than in his own country. If they were desirous to see God's work still carried on on a large scale, those whom God had in a large measure gifted with the power of the evangelist should consider whether they could give themselves entirely to the work. He had done so, but he utterly disclaimed all credit on that score. He did not think he should have had the courage to take that step, but domestic circumstances had rendered it imperatively necessary that he should leave his flock in Liverpool. He had, however, long been convinced of this truth, that if a man was to be a practical evangelist, he must give himself over to the work; and he called upon God's people to take this matter into serious consideration, and say that the great work which had been undertaken must be followed up in all our towns and villages, for he believed that even the villages needed it more than the towns.

A great responsibility rested on the ministers of Christ. In almost all the places where the wave of blessing had passed, there would be a large number of young converts who had given themselves over to God and wanted something to do. Their duty at this moment was to set all those young Christians to work. A great many ministers fell into the mistake of trying to do all the work themselves. What was wanted to be done was to find specific spiritual work for those who had given themselves to God, and encourage them; and he wished to point out that unless this was done they must be the last persons to find fault with those extravagances which otherwise must develop themselves. If, instead of young converts being taken by the hand, they were left in the rear

and not given any kind of encouragement, the result would be that they would either draw themselves up in their shells altogether or rush into the opposite extreme.

It seemed to him that now was the golden opportunity ; and unless they got their young Christians to work, they would have to regret it to the end of their days. If, after the departure of their American brethren, they resolved to have a holiday time of it, then good-bye to their usefulness, and God's blight would rest upon them instead of God's blessing ; whereas if they put themselves into God's hands, depend upon it this wave of blessing which had swept over the land was but the beginning of good things. He closed his stirring and practical address in the words of Wesley, which, he said, used to be sung at the close of his conferences :

“ A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But send the mighty flood ;
Awake the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim Thee God.”

The Rev. A. N. Somerville spoke next, and it is not too much to say that the meeting was fairly electrified as “ the old man eloquent ” poured out the wealth of his declamation and illustration in a perfect torrent of burning words, accompanied by highly dramatic and expressive gestures. He said Messrs. Moody and Sankey did not want them to occupy time by throwing their arms around their necks and kissing them, but they had given them the motto, and that was “ Advance.” What, he asked, is our great encouragement ? “ All power is given unto me in heaven and earth ; go ye therefore and teach (or disciple) all nations.” Just before Christ ascended, He said, “ Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me in Judea and Jerusalem, and unto the uttermost ends of the earth.” Why did the Lord Jesus tell us He had received all power ? That He

might confer power upon us. Mr. Somerville recounted the exploits of the mighty men in the days of the Judges, upon whom the power of God fell, and proceeded: The day has come when it will not do for us to remain within this little isle. Larger efforts must be made to proclaim Christ's name throughout the world. We read that Alexander the Great, while a young man (he died before he was thirty-two), crossed the Hellespont with only 35,000 infantry and 5,000 horsemen. He had provisions and money to last them only one month, yet they went forth and took possession of the world. What? Is Alexander the Great to be always spoken of as the only man who can do the like of this? Is Jesus Christ not strong? Why should we not gather round Him, and in the power of His Spirit take possession of the world. We must not only send out men to engage in this blessed work, but the whole Church must, by prayer and sympathy, by the voice of encouragement, and by liberal support, work together as one man for this great end. When I was in India, I felt that wherever I went I was borne up by the sympathy and prayers of many dear friends in my own city of Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in London, and in many parts of the world besides, and I was strong through their sympathy. If a man is sympathized with and encouraged in that way, he will do twice as much as he would do otherwise. Mr. Somerville illustrated the power of sympathy by telling how Alexander the Great was traversing a desert with his followers, who were suffering greatly from thirst. Some one brought him a little water in a helmet; as he was about to partake of the precious refreshment, he looked toward his followers, and seeing their sufferings, he refused to drink. His men were roused to action by the sympathy thus shown by their leader; they put their spurs to their horses and sped on to a place where relief could be found. Speaking of the necessity of humility in Christian work, he quoted a

beautifully apt simile, in the use of which he seems to excel. He said the Rhine, before it reached Basle, received no fewer than 1,200 tributaries. How was this? It was *by keeping at its lowest level*. If it had not, these streams would have flowed somewhere else. He roused the audience to such a pitch of excitement, that when he sat down they burst into applause, which no attempt was made to suppress.

Mr. Sankey then sang "My prayer," a beautiful hymn of consecration. He prefaced it by saying that he would be able to go out and work better if we had the blessing of which the hymn told.

Dr. Barnardo then gave an address, in the course of which he said the question was frequently asked, "How shall we reach the masses?" He knew only of one answer: "Go and preach Christ to them." That must be the bait; but there must be something more than that. Not only must they preach Christ in His boundless love to a dying world, but there must be the hook—such an application of the truth as should enter men's hearts and draw them to the Saviour. What was the great prerequisite to success? It was given in the two words of our Saviour, "Follow me." That was the secret of successful service: there was no royal road; their brother Mr. Moody had no knack in it. God help them to follow Christ, that they may be truly fishers of men.

Mr. Stalker, of Edinburgh, said he felt that the past two years had been years of great importance to the whole country, and would be remembered for many years to come as great years. One thing that had made them interesting and memorable was that religion had been made respected among the young men of the country. Young men had been apt to look down upon evangelical religion; but in the part he came from they dared not do that now, because, in all classes of the community, the very backbone of these young men had been

won to Christ, and they were bearing themselves so in the ordinary business of life that it was impossible for those around them not to respect them. He never thought of this movement without his mind wandering away into the future ; and he thought not only of the number of men who had been saved, but of the young men who were devoted to Christ going on in their various spheres—in the family, in social intercourse, in business, at the university, in their shops, as clerks, and in all the different walks of life—distinguishing themselves, and showing that their Christianity, instead of keeping them back, was helping them on ; that their spiritual regeneration had been at the same time moral and intellectual regeneration ; and that they were determined to be men in all the departments of life. He read often with pity the remarks made by some, of the weakness of those who took part in this movement. At the University of Edinburgh last April, there were only six or seven men who secured first-class honors, and three of these were head and shoulders in this work. Only one man got what was called a “double first,” and that man he had heard addressing these revival meetings. That was the kind of revival of religion they were having now ; and he thanked God for it with all his heart, for their preaching to young men was far more effective if they could show them that their religion was making them get on well in business, and do their business well, and come to the front in the ordinary walks of life. Let them seek to serve God by doing their work thoroughly, and at the same time, standing on that vantage ground, exhort all their brethren to get that which had made men of them.

At the evening meeting, Mr. Moody spoke of Thanksgiving Day in America, the observance of which brings all the scattered members of the household together. We were strongly reminded of this by the great gathering of friends

who had come from far-off parts of the country to be present at the farewell services and departure next day. Many who had taken an active part in the London services came down expressly to say good-bye to their evangelist brethren, and not a few had come from across the border, as well as the other English towns.

We have seldom had to record anything else but crowded meetings in connection with Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services, but this last evening meeting of all must have been—if that were possible—more crowded than any. As one of the local papers of next day puts it: "Every inch of space where a person could sit, or stand, or crouch, was occupied."

Mr. Sankey sang "I am praying for you," and before doing so he said: "When we are gone from among you, we hope that you will remember to pray for us, as we will surely remember to pray for you. Pray God that He may use us in our own dear land as He has used us here, and even more abundantly. May the blessing of God rest upon the singing of this hymn to-night."

Mr. Moody then commenced his address, and spoke for more than an hour, but to the very last there was the most rapt attention. By some means the gas could not be lit, and as the fading twilight deepened into darkness the scene became intensely solemn, as Mr. Moody's earnest and sometimes faltering words fell on the hushed and eagerly attentive multitude. At the close of his address he offered fervent prayer. He besought God's blessing on England and America, on the work among the young men, and on the ministers, his utterances anon being stayed by his evident emotion.

Mr. Sankey's voice found expression for the last time in the farewell hymn which he has sung at many of the towns visited, though not in London. As Mr. Sankey sang it, by the light of a candle, to the justly popular tune of "Home,

sweet home," the audience was much moved. It was the last time many of them will probably hear Mr. Sankey's voice, and we are sure none of those present will be able to forget it.

On Tuesday evening, after the general meeting, a few friends gathered at the Compton Hotel, and two or three hours were spent in an informal conversation on the subject always uppermost in Mr. Moody's thoughts—the best way to benefit young men—to conserve and utilize in the way of righteousness, for the glory of God and the good of men, the young manhood of Great Britain, America, and the world.

We believe that if one thing more than another will induce Mr. Moody to return to Great Britain, it will be the desire to weld together its Christian young men into a band of fellow-laborers, that, by the operation of the Spirit of God, shall be in the midst of many peoples as a dew from the Lord, and as a lion among the beasts of the forest. And to tell the truth, we expect that it will not be years before we see our brethren again among us.

The last service in England was held by Mr. Moody on the morning of their departure, so that we may say they left our shores "with their harness on their backs." Mr. Sankey was not present.

The hall was opened at seven o'clock, by which time considerable crowds had gathered at all the doors, and before Mr. Moody made his appearance at twenty minutes past seven there were some 5,000 or 6,000 persons in the hall. After praise and prayer, Mr. Moody read part of the first chapter of Joshua and twenty-sixth chapter of Leviticus. He proceeded to give a short address to the young men, the first part of which was an earnest plea for a systematic study of the Bible and Bible characters, and for union with some organized body of Christians. He also urged on them the necessity of having some definite work to do, and not to

attempt too many things at one time. "I have been wonderfully cheered," he continued, "during the past months by the tidings coming from Liverpool. I want to say from the depths of my heart, God bless you, young men. The eyes of Christendom are upon you. Perhaps there has not been a place where the work has been so deep and thorough as the work here among the young men. I believe it was in answer to the prayers that went up for it when we were here six months ago. And now, as we cross the Atlantic, it will cheer us as tidings come that the young men are still advancing. Do not fold your arms and say, 'We will have a good time next fall.' God is just as ready to work in August as in July. If some have gone out of town on their holidays, the work should not stop; I think it is the best time to work when many are away. Every man ought to be worth the five or six that are away. Then the work will go on. The great revival at Pentecost was in the hot weather, and also in a very hot country. People think there cannot be any interest in the warm months; but if the prayer goes up to the throne, God does not look to see what month it is. He is as ready to bless in one month as in another. Let me give you the watchword we had yesterday afternoon—'Advance.' I hope there will be a fresh interest awakened in Liverpool as there has been in Manchester. I do not know of anything that has encouraged me more than to hear of the work going on in Manchester for the last six weeks. I hope Liverpool and Manchester will shake hands in carrying on the work, and let the lies of those sceptics who say it is only 'a nine days' wonder' be driven back. I cannot talk longer. I say from the depths of my heart, I love you; God bless you, and may the power of God come upon you this morning afresh."

After the hymn, "Free from the law," had been sung, Mr. Alexander Balfour said, "I do not know whether I am the

proper person on behalf of this audience to say good-bye to our dear friend, Mr. Moody, and our absent friend, Mr. Sankey ; but I feel that there must be some mouthpiece to say to them what we really do feel. We thank them from the bottom of our hearts and souls for what they have come here and done. Unless Mr. Moody had been a man like a cannon-ball for hardness of material, for directness of aim, and for strength of will, he could never have done what he has been privileged by God to do. His wisdom has been conspicuous in discovering this—that our young men in Liverpool and elsewhere in this country have been greatly neglected, and in choosing them to be, for the future, not merely the recipients of God's grace, but the distributors of it. I do feel that Mr. Moody, in having given so much attention to our young men, has really done the right thing. Many know that Liverpool has been a curse to young men. They have come here and been led astray into all kinds of mischief and wickedness. How many broken hearts are there in this country because of the mischief done to young men in Liverpool! On behalf of the mothers and sisters of this country, I want to give Mr. Moody the most heartfelt vote of thanks that it is in my power to convey ; and on behalf of thousands who shall be influenced by the young men in Liverpool, I want to convey to him the tribute of gratitude for what he has done. As President of the Young Men's Christian Association, I want to say this: That it is our purpose as young men to go on with the work ; and, by God's grace, we shall not go back, but advance in our endeavor to do our duty before God and men."

Mr. Moody, in reply, simply said, "I will now shake hands with you all in the person of the President of the Association ;" and the meeting having been closed, he returned to the Compton Hotel, surrounded by a large crowd, which sang "Hold the fort" and the "Doxology" in the street in front

of the hotel. Many of them lingered there during the hour and a half that elapsed before Mr. Moody, Mrs. Moody, and family, accompanied by a large number of friends, drove away to the landing stage. They were followed by the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled multitude. Mr. Sankey stayed at the residence of a friend, and so escaped much of the popular attention that Mr. Moody had to undergo.

A special tender was provided for the conveyance of the Evangelists and their party to the "Spain;" and Mr. Sankey, who spent the night at Edge Lane, and most of the friends, went on board of it shortly before Mr. Moody. As Mr. Sankey passed across the landing stage, upon which a large number of people had assembled, he was warmly cheered.

As Mr. Moody emerged from the hotel a hearty cheer arose from the crowd, and people rushed to the door of the cab on each side to shake hands with him and bid him good-bye. The cab was, however, immediately driven away to the stage amidst renewed and warm cheering. For some time prior to the hour at which the special tender was to leave for the "Spain," people began to assemble on the Prince's pier and the landing stage, and when Mr. Moody arrived there were several thousands present. A wide strip of the stage was kept clear by the police for the party to walk to the tender, and as Mr. Moody went on board he was heartily cheered, which he acknowledged by bowing. When the company were all on board, the tender steamed away. As it passed down the river, the people upon the pier and landing stage cheered with increased heartiness, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. Their example was imitated by the people on the ferry boats moored at the stage or crossing the river; and when the cheering had subsided, the people on the stage struck up one of the well-known hymns. The sorrowful countenances of many of the people showed that it was with no ordinary feelings of regret that they saw the Evangelists going away.

The tender reached the "Spain" about an hour before the time for the ship to weigh anchor, and the interval was fully occupied in taking leave of the Evangelists, and in receiving from them or conveying to them parting words of comfort and encouragement. Mr. Moody again urged those who have been his fellow-laborers in this and other districts to remain united, and to carry on the work with courage and determination; whilst on the other hand, there were very numerous expressions of the hope that a success equal to that of the last two years may attend the Evangelists' labors wherever and whenever they may be resumed. Many of the leave-takings, from their intense earnestness, were very affecting. Only when the "Spain's" anchor was being raised, and the tender was upon the point of starting, could many of the friends tear themselves away. As the last of the people "for the shore" were leaving the ship, those who were already on board the tender sang the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." As the "Spain" moved slowly down the river, the people in the tender, which was still alongside, cheered heartily, and the passengers on board the "Spain" replied with another cheer, and the waving of handkerchiefs and hats. As the "Spain" passed on ahead, the people in the tender sang the hymn, "Hold the fort," and afterwards the hymn, "Work, for the night is coming." Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey stood at the bulwarks of the "Spain" and bowed and waved their handkerchiefs until the two ships were out of sight of each other. Shortly before the tender reached Liverpool, prayer was offered up on board by Mr. R. Radcliff and other gentlemen, for the safe arrival of the Evangelists at their destination, and for the subsequent success of their labors, whether carried on in England or America.





MOODY AND SANKEY IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN BROOKLYN.



WHEN their wonderful career was over in the Old Country, and they returned to their native land, these laborers felt the need of rest, and desired to greet once more their kindred from whom they had so long been separated. Mr. Moody proceeded at once to Northfield, Massachusetts, to the home of his mother, where he could rest, or gather strength for the work already marked out for him and his associate in America. For great expectations had been raised by their success abroad, and eager multitudes awaited their coming. While in Northfield, delegations visited Mr. Moody, requesting his services in various cities of the Union, whenever he felt able to resume the service temporarily laid aside. While reposing among the quiet scenes of his early days, the wants of the community pressed heavily on his heart, and his old neighbors were anxious to hear him preach again. He came among them as a conquering hero, bearing rich trophies and bright laurels. The pent-up fires of religious earnestness and fervor burst forth again, and he poured out his soul to the thronging multitudes,

who gathered from far and near to hear the Gospel from his burning lips. The Unitarian pastor attempted to controvert and hinder him in his work, but was cast aside as a leaf before the whirlwind. The tidings flashed over the land that God was with his servants at Northfield, and raised expectation higher than ever. But there were some who doubted. They said, and with plausibility, that the songs were familiar here, and the direct address was characteristically American, and these men could scarcely interest and hold people as they had done abroad. The answer will be found stated in the compend we have made of the reports and editorials of the press, for the benefit of our readers who may desire a record of these glorious events, that shall stir their hearts and show what God hath wrought. Mr. Moody, after long and careful consultation, resolved to visit Philadelphia first; but, upon urgent appeals from the City of Churches, he commenced there October 24, 1875. Money was freely subscribed and a perfect Union of Christians obtained. The services were arranged to be held in the Rink on Clermont Avenue, and prayer-meetings in Talmage's Tabernacle. Preaching on Sundays began at half-past eight, so as not to interfere with the regular church meetings. An afternoon preaching service occurred at four, and a meeting at nine P.M., for young men. From the journals we gather the events of the course of revival efforts, and arrange them in such order as may convey the best general view of the whole marvellous series, without stopping to quote the several sources of information.

All calculations with regard to the coming of the Evangelists, Moody and Sankey, have been at fault. The numbers interested, the assistance at hand, the religious feeling awakened, have all been underestimated. This was not a result of mismanagement,—on the contrary, the management has been singularly good,—but a misconception of the depth and earnest-

ness of the religious feeling which awaited the coming of the Evangelists, and stood ready at once to aid and respond to their efforts. This religious spirit had been lately aroused in this country by various causes, chief among which we reckon the general trade and business depression which now, as always in the past, tends, while multiplying men's troubles, to quicken their sympathetic and religious feelings. The demonstration yesterday in Brooklyn was expected to be noticeable and earnest, but in its magnitude it has proved a surprise. The reputation won by Moody and Sankey abroad specially adapted them to lead in a general revival, and led all to anticipate a great following to hear them, but that three or four times the numbers in attendance would have to be turned away was wholly unexpected. And instead of an effort being required to awaken interest and arouse dormant feelings, it was soon discovered that the audience was as intensely earnest and sympathetic as the leaders themselves.

Some of the indications of this spirit, as betrayed at yesterday's meetings, are curious. The morning services were begun at half-past eight o'clock. Before six in the morning the crowd began to gather at the doors; at eight o'clock over five thousand persons were seated in the building, and three thousand or more had been turned away for lack of standing room. In the afternoon twelve—possibly twenty—thousand were unable to gain admittance; meetings had to be organized in neighboring churches (Mr. Sankey going from place to place singing his songs), while the sidewalks and house-stoops for blocks around were black with the constantly increasing crowd. Additional car-tracks had been laid by the street railroad companies to the doors of the building, and though cars were run at intervals of only one minute, many thousands had to wend their ways homeward on foot. The prayer with which the services were begun, though delivered by a minister whose

manner is never impassioned and whose style is purely argumentative, was interrupted by frequent and fervent ejaculations from the audience, indicating the intense sympathy with the movement which existed. The songs of Mr. Sankey renewed and heightened these demonstrations, and the utterances of Mr. Moody raised the excitement, enthusiasm,—religious fervor, as one may choose to call it,—to the highest pitch.

These comments are founded on the reports of the first meetings, of which we have most glowing accounts, like the following.

It was early evident to the coldest and most sceptical person present at yesterday's services that the revival spirit was thoroughly aroused, and the people ripe for a great and enthusiastic religious demonstration. This feeling was manifested at the very beginning of the services, during the prayer of the Rev. Dr. Budington. Many familiar with the gentleman's manner thought that his selection for this duty was an error of judgment on the part of the managers. Dr. Budington has never made any claims to being a magnetic speaker. He is logical in style, and his manner of delivery is polished but cold. His words would, probably, by their logical force, always keep for him the close attention of an intellectual assemblage, but they would not on any ordinary occasion arouse deep feeling or enthusiasm. Yesterday, before he had uttered half a dozen sentences of the prayer, fervent "amens" came from many lips, and there were other signs of profound emotion in the great throng.

The next opportunity which was offered for the display of this fervent and reverential enthusiasm was during the singing of the 120th Hymn by Mr. Sankey. Mr. Moody had said, immediately after reading from the Bible, "I am going to ask Mr. Sankey to sing the 120th Hymn alone"—with a sharp

emphasis on the last word. The instant hush of expectation as the great audience settled back, prepared to hear something that should appeal to their hearts, was very marked, but as Mr. Sankey's magnetic voice and wonderfully expressive singing filled the great auditorium, the sympathy among his hearers grew and increased until it seemed as if, had he continued the sweet melody and earnest supplication, every person in the whole audience would have risen and joined with him in a grand musical prayer of mingled appeal and thanksgiving. The effect he produced was simply marvellous. Many responses, such as "Amen" and "Glory to God," were heard from all parts of the vast assembly, and at the close a great many men as well as women were in tears. Mr. Sankey's voice is a marvel of sweetness, flexibility, and strength. There is a simplicity about his vocalism which disarms the criticism that would apply to it any of the rules of art. It has a charm purely its own, which attracts and holds one with a power that is gentle but irresistible.

Mr. Moody's appearance during the delivery of his sermon was as one man standing in a sea of men and women. On all sides, and even in rear of him, were the assembled 5,000 persons, nearly all on a slightly lower plane than himself. Every one's attention was closely directed to him, and, in moments of intense utterance or emphasis of some religious truth, fervent responses came from every part of the room. And when, toward the close of his sermon, he told his hearers that they must lay aside the world, its vanities, pleasures, parties, festivals, and its other gayeties, if they would "go up at once and take the land," the responsive "Amens," "Yes, yes," "Glory to God," and "Ay, ay," were very numerous, and came from every quarter of the auditorium. Mr. Moody's manner in the pulpit was not such as a trained elocutionist would use. He is evidently a man who in his diligent search for truths has

made little study of forms. He is quick in his movements, and so rapid in speech that the swiftest stenographer present yesterday could not reproduce his language literally. He is earnest and vigorous in enunciation and gesture, and wholly without studied art. But as one listens, he becomes irresistibly convinced that an intense earnestness and unquestioning faith in the saving power of Christianity inspire the rugged, sinewy oratory of the speaker. Often neglecting a syllable and sacrificing a sound, not always correct in grammar or fluent in speech, he appears to the amazed listener a man who feels more than he can express, whose brain is big with great thoughts which speech—earnest and eager as Mr. Moody's language is—is incapable of expressing, and which, in their rapid delivery, tread so fast on each other's heels as to more or less mar each other's form.

The music is under the direct charge of Mr. Sankey. In accordance with his request the choir is composed of singers who are themselves Christians, and recommended by their pastors as such. It numbers 250 voices. There have been 500 names entered, so that there will always be a reserve force of as many more as are requisite from which to keep the ranks full. The singers have been undergoing several rehearsals, with a view to adapting themselves in various points of expression to the spirit of the words they utter. The last of these was conducted on Saturday night by Mr. Sankey. There will be one large organ to assist the choir and audience, and a smaller one upon which Mr. Sankey accompanies himself in his solos.

One of the papers said, near the close of the campaign, Moody and Sankey will advance upon Philadelphia, after their Brooklyn experience, as conquerors. There was great anxiety about their success when they made their advent in Brooklyn a month ago. They had stirred up England and

Scotland just before their arrival in this country ; but still there were doubts whether the conditions here were as favorable as they had been there. The "Evangelist" Varley and his assistants had carried on revival operations here last year, in the Hippodrome and elsewhere ; but they were failures. Moody himself had worked among us with very slight results before he went abroad. Other revivalists had tried their powers in various places, and met with discouragement. But the very first meeting held by Moody and Sankey, on the 24th of last month, was a triumph, so far as it could be made so by the multitudes in attendance and the number of anxious inquirers. From then until now, the popular interest has not only been sustained, but has increased ; and the meetings of the last two evenings, especially that of last evening, show that the revival is yet at its flood tide. It is from such scenes that Moody and Sankey go to Philadelphia. We are not surprised that the pious Philadelphians now look for great things, or that they expect a Pentecostal season without precedent in their city. We hope that, if they enjoy it, they will be the better for it, and that the fruits of it will be apparent to all observers.

Mr. Moody himself was not surprised at what was witnessed, for he said to the reporters : "I have nowhere found more impressionable audiences than in Brooklyn. In England, where I was successful, my friends counselled me against going into Scotland, saying that I could not move the cool, calculating spirit of the Scotchman ; and when I started for Ireland, they told me that the volatile Irish were the last people in the world among whom I could labor with good results. But in both these countries there was as great awakenings as any I have ever seen. It made me think that hearts are the same all over the world."

"What has been the most encouraging feature of your reception in Brooklyn?"

"The union of the churches. All the clergy seem to be working zealously and harmoniously and intelligently to carry on the work."

"And the most discouraging?"

"My inability to reach the great masses who ought to be saved. Still, they may be yet approached through the churches, for this movement has not stopped."

"Have you any estimate of the number of converts made?" asked the reporter, for Mr. Moody volunteers nothing to an interviewer.

"I have not one, and cannot make one. Many go to their own pastors and do not come near the inquiry room, and many more of the wounded will be won if the work is carried on as it should be."

He said that he as yet felt no fatigue, and that he had been able to carry on four meetings a-day in England, Scotland and Ireland for over two years without breaking down. He expressed great satisfaction with the opening meetings, saying that he had never had a more encouraging outlook. Everything had been planned after the very best manner, and the indications of success were as satisfactory as any he had found abroad. The prayer-meeting yesterday morning was more successful than he could have expected. In Great Britain these meetings were held at noon, but at no time was there a larger attendance than yesterday. Many of the meetings there had been overestimated in the numbers in attendance. He had yet to learn of a circumstance in this country that was unfavorable. In Brooklyn he had found a universal feeling of cordiality and support, and in all he had known of the other cities to which he and Mr. Sankey had been invited, there was

the same unvarying encouragement. Some of the newspapers had stated that in New York there were some ministers who disapproved of their coming, but he had found the feelings there fully as universal and sympathetic as anywhere else. America differed in this respect from Great Britain. In the latter country he and Mr. Sankey were strangers, and many people regarded them at first from aloof, and it was only after they became better known and their work was understood that the sentiments became cordial and the interest general. He therefore believed that a still greater work would be accomplished in the United States than on the other side of the Atlantic.

Said Mr. Moody: "I am the most over-estimated man in this country. By some means the people look upon me as a great man, but I am only a lay preacher, and have little learning. I don't know what will become of me if the newspapers continue to print all of my sermons. My stock will be exhausted by and by, and I must repeat the old ideas and teachings. Brooklyn every Sunday hears a score of better sermons than I can preach. I can't get up such sermons as Drs. Budington, and Cuyler, and Talmage, and many others who preach here week after week. I don't know what I shall do."

It is interesting to note the interest excited by Mr. Moody in such men as Mr. Beecher, the prince of preachers, who said at one of his lectures, the impression he had gained in conversation with Mr. Moody was that the number of persons who had been converted from the outside world, while not inconsiderable, has not yet been large. This leaves the comforting thought, he added, that the greatest benefit of the meetings is yet to accrue. He spoke further, suggesting different methods to prolong the Christian meetings. He could not see how they could carry on the central meetings with continued suc-

cess. If every church tried to be a little Rink, and everybody a little Moody and Sankey, they would fail, because imitations were very inferior. Moody was no careless worker ; no man had a more definite conception of the end he aimed at. "On last Saturday," said Mr. Beccher, "I had the pleasure of two or three hours' conference with Mr. Moody in my own house. I thought I saw the secret of his working and plans. He is a believer in the second advent of Christ, and in our own time. He thinks it is no use to attempt to work for this world. In his opinion it is blasted—a wreck bound to sink—and the only thing that is worth doing is to get as many of the crew off as you can, and let her go. All that is worth doing is to work and wait for the appearance of the Master, and not to attempt a thorough regeneration of a complicated state of society. He thinks that Christ may come even to-morrow. I should be a burning fire all the time if I believed like that, but I do not say that I must believe like that to be a burning fire."

Mr. Nordhoff, an accomplished literary gentleman, wrote of the Evangelists a capital review for the "Herald," from which we copy :

Mr. Moody is a short and somewhat stout man, with a full, dark beard, rather small eyes and an active, energetic, but not nervous habit. His manner is alert and prompt, but not graceful ; his voice is unmusical, and indeed harsh ; his enunciation is very clear, but somewhat too rapid, and can be heard and understood in every part of the Tabernacle or the Rink. In the latter place he has spoken to 7,000 people. He gesticulates but little, and his gestures are evidently extremely unstudied. His style of speaking is entirely conversational, and hearing him perhaps a dozen times, I have never detected him in any attempt at eloquence. He is evidently, by his pronunciation, a Yankee, clipping some of the minor words in his sentences,

as the farmers in the interior of Massachusetts do ; but he has no "Yankee drawl." He speaks the language of the people, and has the merit of using always the commonest words ; and that he had no early educational advantages is plain from his frequent use of "done" for "did" and other ungrammatical colloquialisms. In short, his appearance is not imposing ; his figure is not graceful, but that of a farmer or hard-working laborer ; his voice is not melodious, nor has it a great range ; his language is not choice. His externals, therefore, are all against him.

In spite of all these disadvantages he has succeeded in attracting in England and here vast crowds day after day, which, at some of the Brooklyn meetings at least, are composed largely of cultivated people ; he has, evidently, succeeded in interesting these crowds in what he has had to say ; for nothing is more remarkable at the meetings than the absolute quiet and order, the attitude of interested listeners, which prevails among the audience. He has so entirely controlled his audiences that all noisy manifestations of religious feeling have been entirely suppressed ; and at the same time no one who has sat in the meetings at the Rink or the Tabernacle can have failed to see that Mr. Moody's manner of presenting his subject is to an extraordinary degree effective in moving the hearts of his hearers, in stirring devotional feelings, in producing a profound impression upon them of the importance of the message he has to deliver.

Indeed, it has been a common remark that the audiences were even more remarkable than Mr. Moody, for not only are they spontaneous gatherings ; to some of the meetings admittance can be secured only by the presentation of a ticket, and these ticket meetings, where each person must be supposed at least to have had a desire to attend strong enough to induce him to take the trouble of securing a ticket, are as crowded

as any others. Nor are convenient hours selected for the meetings. There is one from eight to nine in the morning, which yet has seen the Tabernacle filled with an audience, at least a third of whom were men. There is another at four o'clock in the afternoon, and again not less than a third of those present have been men. After the Rink meeting in the evening there has been held a meeting in the Tabernacle for young men exclusively, beginning at nine o'clock, and this too I have seen crowded, the large auditorium being on several occasions incapable of holding all who came. Nor is this all. Not the least remarkable evidence of the real and profound interest excited by Mr. Moody's exhortations is seen in what are happily called the "overflow meetings," composed of persons who could not gain admission to the regular meetings where Mr. Moody exhorts and Mr. Sankey sings, and who adjourn to a neighboring church to listen to some other preacher and to sing the songs which Mr. Sankey has made familiar to them. If any considerable part of the crowds who go to the meetings were composed of the merely curious these "overflow meetings" could not exist.

Nor is even this all. Mr. Moody does not hesitate to advise people to stay away from his meetings. He has repeatedly urged that his labors are for non-church goers ; that he desires room left for this class, and he has taken special means to exclude from some of his meetings all who regularly attend a church—that is to say, he does not court his audiences, but the contrary. If you go to hear him it must be because you want to ; if you go the second time it must be because he interested you the first.

I have heard him a number of times, and always with interest and gratification ; and it seems to me that this arose mainly—aside from the interest which any thoughtful man may have in this subject—because he gives the impression of

possessing remarkable common sense, the clear head of a business man, and a habit of attending to the one thing which he has on hand and making all parts of the audience do the same. The meetings are opened and closed promptly at the preappointed hour; there is not even a minute of time lost during the meeting by delays; his own prayers are brief, very earnest, and directly to the point; and his exhortations are a running commentary on passages of Scripture which he reads rapidly, always asking the audience to turn to the passage. Indeed, so far as Mr. Moody is concerned, there is little or no "machinery." He opens a meeting as though the audience were the stockholders of a bank to whom he was about to make a report. He has the air of a business man to whom time is extremely valuable, and slow and tedious people are evidently a trial to him. In some of the prayer-meetings persons in the audience take an active part; and it happened not seldom in those that I attended that some earnest but indiscreet soul made a long and rambling prayer. Mr. Moody knew how to bring back the assembly to the strict object of the hour. In one of the morning meetings a clergyman made a very long, loud, and rambling prayer, full of set and stale phraseology. The moment he ceased Mr. Moody said, "Let us now have a few minutes of silent prayer; that will bring us back to ourselves, and that's where we need to get." After a brief but impressive silence Mr. Sankey spoke a few words—pertinent, pointed, and forcible—of prayer, and the meeting proceeded. I hope I shall not be thought disrespectful to the clergy if I say that the prayers some of them speak at these meetings contrast unfavorably with the brief and pertinent petitions of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The formal and threadbare phraseology of the former is strikingly inappropriate in such meetings as these, and seem to me often to jar painfully on the feelings of the people around me.

Again, in one of the morning meetings prayers were asked by various individuals in the audience for people in whom they were interested. One asked the prayers of the assembly for his sister ; another for her brother ; one for her mother ; sons for fathers ; fathers for sons and daughters ; wives for husbands ; one for a church out of town ; another for a church in New York. Finally a man shyly asked the prayers of the congregation for himself. Instantly Mr. Moody said, "That's right. I like that. I like to hear people ask prayers for themselves. That's where they are often most needed." Such an incident seems to me to show that he is not an enthusiast who has lost his self-possession ; and indeed this is evident at every meeting. He is, of course, enthusiastic in his work, but with the sobriety of a business man or of a general in battle.

Again, he is never in the least afraid of his audience. Indeed, no one can hear him without feeling that he is entirely unconscious, as much so as a child. His own personality does not trouble him. Thus at the Rink one evening, while impressing upon the assemblage the importance of immediate conversion, he said : "I wish that friend over there would just wake up, and I'll tell him something which is important to him." And again, at another meeting, he said : "Salvation is offered to every man in this Rink, now, to-night, at this very moment ; to that man there, who is laughing and jeering—the Son of Man comes to him to-night and offers salvation."

Though he aims to reach more particularly the non-church-going population, he concerns himself also about church goers. "The churches," he said on one occasion, "need awakening ; it is too easy now to be a church member. If you pay your debts and keep out of jail, that seems to be enough." At a meeting for young men, held at nine o'clock P.M. in the Taber-

nacle, he said, "You don't need that I should preach to you. There is too much preaching. It's preach, preach, preach, all the time; and you, young men, have heard sermons enough here in Brooklyn to convert every one of you. What you need is to work among yourselves. Let the converted speak personally with the unconverted—friend to friend. Then you'll see results."

He has a good deal of dramatic power, and sometimes is very effective in a natural but strong appeal or statement. "When the prisoners at Philippi with Paul cried Amen," he said, "God himself answered them Amen!" Speaking of the probability that we forget none of the events of our lives, and that this is, perhaps, to be a means of punishment in a future state, he pictured an unrepentant sinner awakening in the other world, and his misdeeds coming back upon him. "Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!" he said, suiting the action to the word. "Do you think that Judas, after nearly 1,900 years, has forgotten that he betrayed his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver? Do you think that Cain, after 5,000 years, has forgotten the pleading look of his brother Abel when he slew him?" he continued. In speaking of Bible incidents or parables he usually brings them in a dramatic form—as when he remarked, "If I want to know about some man in Brooklyn I don't ask only his enemies, nor only his friends, but both. Let us ask about Christ in this way. I call first Pilate's wife"—and relating her warning to Pilate, went on to call other witnesses to the character and works of Jesus.

He has made an extremely close study of the Bible, and is evidently that formidable being, a man of one book, and thus he is able to give often a novel view of a Bible passage. Thus, speaking of Jacob, he remarked that his life was a failure; pointed out that Jacob himself had complained of it, and enumerated his tribulations, which followed his misdeeds,

He enforced upon the audience the necessity of reading the Bible biographies not as though they were the lives of saints, but the truthfully written lives of mortal men, in which their bad as well as their good deeds were set forth for our instruction.

He has in perfection that faculty of epigrammatic statement which one often finds among the farmers and laboring people of New England, and this has sometimes the effect of humor. Thus, preaching at the Rink from the text, "Where the treasure is, there the heart will be also," he remarked, "If you find a man's household goods on a freight train, you may be pretty sure to find him on the next passenger train." On another occasion he told of a woman who came to him saying that she had sought Christ without avail. "I told her there must be some mistake about this, because an anxious sinner and an anxious Saviour could not need three years to find each other." Speaking of persons who were ambitious to make themselves prominent, he remarked, "It does not say, make your light shine, but let your light shine. You can't make a light shine. If it is really a light it will shine in spite of you—only don't hide it under a bushel. Let it shine. Confess Christ everywhere." "Satan got his match when he came across John Bunyan," he remarked. "He thought he had done a shrewd thing when he got the poor tinker stuck into Bedford Jail, but that was one of his blunders. It was there that Bunyan wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and no doubt he was more thankful for the imprisonment than for anything else in his life."

Speaking of the goodness of God and of "grace abounding," he told a striking story of a rich man who sent to a poor friend in distress \$25 in an envelope, on which he wrote, "More to follow." "Now," said he, "which was the more welcome—the money or the gracious promise of further help? So it is with God's grace; there is always more to follow.

Let us thank God, not only for what he gives us, but for what he promises—more to follow.” Contrasting the law and the Gospel, he said, “Moses, in Egypt, turned water into blood, which is death. Christ turned water into wine, which is life, joy, and gladness.” Speaking of future punishment in one of his Rink sermons, he said, “God will not punish us. We shall punish ourselves. When we come before God He will turn us over to ourselves. Go and read the book of your memory, He will say.” Urging the duty of immediate repentance and the joy in heaven over a repentant sinner, he said, “If the President should die to-night, or if the Governor of the state should be shot, that would make an outcry here. But perhaps even so great an event would not be mentioned in heaven at all. But,” said he, raising his voice a little, “if some sinner in this assembly were just now converted, there would be a great shout of joy in heaven.” Dwelling upon the certainty of future punishment, he remarked, “Some people doubt it; they think God is so loving that He will make no distinctions in another world. But do you imagine that when men had become so wicked that God sent a flood to exterminate them because they were not fit to live on earth—do you suppose that when the waters came and drowned them, He took all this wicked generation into His bosom and left poor righteous Noah to drift about in his ark? Do you suppose that when His chosen people crossed the Red Sea, and Pharaoh’s host were drowned, God took those idolatrous Egyptians directly to heaven and let the children of Israel wander miserably over the desert for forty years?”

Speaking of the real objects to be attained by prayer, he said: “If you have a thorn in your foot, you are to pray, not that God shall relieve you of the physical pain—He can do that, too—but what you are to ask him for is grace and strength to bear the pain patiently. We should thank God

for our tribulations ; they are sent to us as blessings ; they bring us to Him." Again, " Many things we want God knows are not good for us ; if He gives them it is that we may learn through suffering ; if He withholds them it is because He loves us." Again he said, " Suppose a man going from here to Chicago, who knows me and my wife. When he gets there he goes to see her, and he says, ' I saw Mr. Moody in Brooklyn.' And then, when she is naturally anxious to hear all about me, suppose he goes on to speak about himself, to tell her how he felt on the cars and where he stopped, and what he said and did and ate, would not she presently tell him that it was not him she wanted to hear about, but me ?" Nor is he backward in impressing upon those who listen to him their own responsibility. " People attending these meetings during these two weeks," he said, " will be either better or worse. They will not go away the same men and women. If I did not want to be a Christian, do you think I would ever go where the Gospel is preached ? If any of you have made up your minds not to be Christians, I advise you to get up and go out at once. It is not safe for you to be here."

I do not know whether these passages which I have given from Mr. Moody's exhortations will seem to those who read them as forcible as they were to me who heard them. I took down at the time what appeared to me his most striking utterances, as the best way of showing wherein his power over his audiences consists. That he is a man of genuine power there can be no doubt. He has gathered, and held in silent attention, and deeply moved, some of the largest assemblies that any speaker has addressed in America ; at least in our day. For my part I do not doubt that his words have left a lasting impression on a great many men and women. And he has done this without frantic or passionate appeals ; without the least of what we commonly call eloquence. He has none of

the vehemence of Peter Cartwright or Elder Knapp, and he possesses none of the personal advantages or culture of an orator. Instead of all these he has a profound conviction of the reality of the future life ; a just idea of its importance compared with this life and of the relations of the two, and an unhesitating belief in the literal truth of the Bible. It is, of course, his own deep and earnest conviction which enables him to impress others.

Mr. Sankey has an effective voice, a clear pronunciation, and, I should think, a quick ear to catch simple and tender melodies. His singing was, I suspect, more effective and affecting in England than here, because the hymns he sings were not so familiar to his English hearers as they are to Americans, most of whom have been brought up in Sunday schools, or have heard their children sing their Sunday school hymns at home. He is evidently a favorite with the Rink and Tabernacle audiences, and he has a pathetic and sympathetic voice. But to me the main figure is Mr. Moody. Of course a daily paper is not the place in which to discuss his theology, even if I desired to do so. Those to whom his creed is false or offensive need not go to hear him. But as to the general tendency and usefulness of his work, it seems to me clear that if there is a future life, it is useful to have it and its relations to the present life sometimes brought vividly before men and women actively and anxiously engaged in the daily struggle for bread. Mr. Moody addresses himself to a multitude thus absorbed ; his exhortations raise them for a time out of themselves, out of sordid cares and engrossing pursuits, and present to them in a vivid, epigrammatic, often pathetic, always simple and natural way, the greatest questions and interests which can be brought to the consideration of a being gifted with immortal life. It is surely a great merit to do this, and to do it as these "Evangelists" do it—

calmly, without mere passionate appeals, without efforts to capture the imagination of their hearers, and without noisy or disorderly demonstrations among their hearers.

Turning now from this thorough and just estimate of these men to the results of their labors, we find many incidents of thrilling interest. The requests for prayer at the morning prayer-meetings revealed the universal awakening that has seized upon the whole people; and they also exposed the pitifulness of our human condition, by unveiling the vast variety of needs pressing on the hearts of myriads of sufferers. Says one report :

The requests for prayers exceeded in number those of any previous day. There were twenty-five for cities and towns, twenty-seven for revivals in churches; one for the Evangelists now laboring in Minnesota, one for the Oswego State Normal School, one for a young ladies' boarding school; eight for Sunday school classes; six for Sunday schools; four clergymen for themselves; seventeen for drunkards; and four hundred and forty-seven for different persons, many being from parents for wayward sons and daughters, and from wives for their husbands. Mr. Moody then offered prayer.

Mr. E. W. Hawley then read requests as follows, all heads being bowed in silent prayer during the reading. Requests for a sceptic 88 years of age, who will not hear of Jesus; for a father, three sons and a daughter; for a daughter, father and mother sixty years of age; for four sons and one daughter; for two young men yesterday in the meeting in the church; for a young lady who is a backslider; for a mother who is sick; for a daughter and son; for a wife, husband and three daughters; for a sister and three brothers; for a person sick, that he may be kept from temptation and doubt; for a young man, an only son; for a sick mother; for a brother that he may be restored to health; two requests for back-

sliders ; for a person very sick, that he may be kept from temptation and doubt ; for a young man, an only son ; for an organized band of praying young men ; a father for himself and six of his family ; a wife for a husband given to strong drink ; four requests for church members who have an appetite for strong drink ; three requests for an aged mother ; for a friend in danger through strong drink ; three requests for husbands and wives ; four requests for unconverted husbands ; two requests of mothers for health of their sons ; for one who feels if she delays longer she will be shut out from God's grace ; a widow for six children ; for a husband and father bitterly opposed to attending church ; for sixteen young men by class-leader ; a request for wives given up to the intoxicating cup ; four requests for fathers from sons ; one for a nephew ; a father and mother for seven sons, two of them intemperate.

The reports brought into the morning meetings indicated the immediate results of the work: A woman came into the inquiry meetings broken-hearted. She was a wife and a mother. After she had laid hold on Christ herself, she wanted us to pray for her husband and children. Last evening she came in, leading that husband by the hand. That man got up and said he would accept Christ. This mother, six months ago, received a letter from her mother in England, asking that when our American friends (Messrs. Moody and Sankey) came to America, they would come to their meetings. Another letter was received from Scotland by an infidel from his mother. He last night came to the inquiry meeting. I talked with him. He had a fearful struggle. He was a civil engineer. For a good many years he had roamed around the world, preaching against Christ. He did not believe that he preached. It was the devil in him. He was on a vessel in a storm, and as they thought the ship was going down, he, like a poor

coward, fell on his knees in prayer. But after the storm he forgot it. For the last two days this man has been in terrible agony. He said: "I am in terror; my heart is broken. I'll lay down the weapons of my rebellion. I'll write to my mother in Scotland about it to morrow." Keep on praying.

At the inquiry meeting there were two or three hundred seekers, many of them youths of from twelve to sixteen years of age.

A curious scene was observed at the entrance of the chapel of the Simpson M. E. Church. A man and woman of middle age and well dressed, coming down Willoughby Avenue with the throng after the services in the Rink, stopped at the gateway in front of the chapel. After a moment of hurried, earnest conversation, the man stepped backward away from the woman toward the chapel steps, all the time looking reproachfully at her. He mounted the steps and was about to cross the threshold when the woman stepped quickly forward and, putting her face between the iron bars of the fence, said, in troubled tones, "I will not go in that place; you shall not; come away at once." She walked hurriedly away and the man followed.

Yesterday, at our Sunday school, in place of the usual closing exercises, we invited the scholars to remain for a prayer-meeting. Five hundred remained. Twenty rose and asked for prayers, and seven, we think, found peace in believing. Last evening at the Rink very many souls were brought to Christ. In the inquiry room it seemed as if all on each side of me were anxious to find Christ. Going home last night, as I walked down the street, I talked with three young men; one of them was anxious, but hesitated. I said to him, "You can be converted before you reach yonder lamp-post, if you will." When within twelve feet of it he stopped still, and after a struggle said, "I will," with intense feeling. I

turned to his companion, and after a struggle he said, "Yes, I too." The third companion still remained. We knelt down with him around the lamp-post, and after a prayer he accepted Christ. The presence of God was felt in this city yesterday. Thanks be to His holy name.

A man in the gallery said he wanted to say a word of encouragement. In the Rink a man sat before him, singing with a strong voice—a fine-looking gentleman. Something said to me, "I must speak to that man." It was an effort. With trembling voice I said, "Are you a Christian?" "No; I can't say I am." I asked him to go to the inquiry room. He said, "No; it is too conspicuous." I said, "I'll go with you; people won't know which of us is a sinner." He said, "Perhaps, presently." I said, a few moments after, "Presently has come." He went with me, sat down and talked with me, and in one half-hour had given himself definitely to Christ.

Last night at the Rink I went to get a lady to come to the inquiry room. I sent a lady to go for her daughter. She said, "I can't leave here at present." The lady who went for the daughter said, at the close of the Rink meeting, she felt so impressed that she must pray for some one who would not come to the inquiry meeting. She rose up and prayed in the body of that church. Pretty soon the daughter came running into the church, almost out of breath, and said, "Your prayer has reached me. Nothing had ever reached me before your prayer." The mother also said, "Your prayer saved me;" and they sat down there and all were blessed together.

A man rose and related the conversion of a soldier with an empty sleeve and a badge on his breast, revealing the shattered remnant of a noble man. His parents were members of the Reformed Church of Kinderhook. He came out of the army a drunkard. His wife and children returned from Sunday school one day, and his little girl said to him,

"Jesus loves you." He pushed her away in anger, and rushed out to a drinking saloon to drink. Just as he was putting the glass to his lips, a little girl rose, as if in a mirror, before him, and he seemed to hear ringing in his ears, "Father, Jesus loves you." He dropped the glass, and rushed out, and walked the streets all night in agony. He went home and said to his wife, "Betsy, I want you to pray for me." This man is now laboring every day in Water Street, New York, trying to save the lost drunkards there without pay for his service.

Mr. Moody then related, in closing, a very affecting incident of the reconciliation of a prodigal son and stern father at the bedside of a dying mother, whose last act in expiring was to place their hands in each other's clasp. The story was so feelingly told that a spell of suppressed emotion seemed to sway the vast audience; and when Mr. Moody said, "Let us pray," while the people were silently communing, Mr. Sankey's voice plaintively breathed forth, "Come home, prodigal child." The spell was broken, and there was a wail of passionate weeping; the grief of the young man particularly, who sat near the platform, becoming almost uncontrollable. Mr. Moody noticed this at once, and checked the excitement by stopping Mr. Sankey at the end of the first verse, asking the audience to rise and sing, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

The self-restraint and the genuineness of Mr. Moody's work was never more signally displayed than in this slight circumstance. He might have allowed the excitement to have swept on till it became a religious frenzy, which would have been the case in a few minutes, and many mistaken religious leaders would have done so for the mere gratification of their own love of excitement. But Mr. Moody, realizing that mere excitement is not healthy, checked it while that was possible, leaving to the influences of the Holy Spirit the completion of the work which had evidently commenced in many hearts.

Rev. Mr. Dixon, a colored minister, of Concord Street Baptist Church, said, Friday morning the Lord touched him in the Rink, while Mr. Moody was preaching about Daniel, and he got up and ran home to his closet, and he was obliged now to ask the Lord to stay his hand, he was so full of the joy of the Lord.

The brother of Orville Gardner arose and said that Orville said to him, "Though I am a cripple and cannot walk, go and fight for Jesus." God is in Brooklyn, and He will shake this place from top to bottom if we only trust in Him.

Rev. Mr. Murray related the conversion of a man of intellect and character and a very dear friend, who was addicted to strong drink. The speaker invited him to go to the Rink meeting to hear Mr. Moody. He said: "I'll do it for your sake." He went, and God touched his heart. On his way home he resolved he would crush his appetite and curb his profanity, and set up his family altar there for the first time in the history of his family. He met me the next day, and embraced me with tears of thankfulness that I asked him to go to the Rink meeting. We don't know what results come from little things. He asked me to come here this morning and ask you to bear him up in your prayers.

A young man in terrible agony and tears said he wanted to find Jesus. We told him how the best we could. He left the place greatly relieved. The next night he came to the platform with his face shining with joy. He went for his younger brother, and he was the next day rejoicing in Christ. Another young man came to the meeting at the Rink, and could not get in. He wandered around and went to the Dutch Church adjoining, which was empty. About nine o'clock the young man came into the young men's meeting, and I prevailed on him to stay. That night God spoke to his conscience. He did not believe in anything. He went away

saying that he would pray for himself. The next night he came and said, "Pray for me." Last Thursday morning, you may remember, I made a request for a young lady sick with consumption, asking that her pains might be relieved. God told me to rise that morning and make request, which I did. Friday morning her pains left her. She rose from her bed, made her little bequests of money and gifts to benevolent objects and friends; she sat up on her couch all through the evening, talking, with her mind perfectly clear. Pretty soon her senses left her one by one. She says, "It is all dark now. I can't see, but it is all bright over there." Pretty soon she said: "I can't hear now; but Christ is here, all here; doubts are gone." At 1.30 A.M. Sunday morning she went to her rest. That prayer last Thursday morning for the sick young lady was answered. All through the last week I was praying for my own son, eighteen years old, my son Walter. He attended meetings at the Rink several times without much feeling. He last night came out of the inquiry room with brother Sankey, relying on Jesus.

In the Simpson Church occurred a number of singular scenes. Inquirers and all who desired entrance were first directed into the main auditorium. A continuous stream of people poured in from all entrances, front and rear. Mr. Moody took charge of the meeting, and while the throng were crowding in, a number of hymns were sung. When the church was thoroughly full, Mr. Moody asked those who were inquirers and who were really in earnest about their salvation to pass into the inquiry room while the audience sang, "Just as I am." Immediately the singing commenced, two long processions filed through the two doors into the chapel. They were composed principally of young men. After the inquirers had retired, Mr. Moody asked all who were Christians to rise. Very few were left sitting. While a hymn was sung, he went down an aisle

and spoke to a few of these, and then after leaving the meeting, to continue as a prayer-meeting, went into the inquiry room. The number of inquirers dealt with was estimated to be from a hundred to a hundred and fifty. A number of Mr. Moody's Christian helpers dealt with many of these. About fifty gathered round Mr. Moody himself, to whom he made plain the way of life. Among his coadjutors at present is Mr. Needham, the well-known Irish Evangelist. Mr. Needham, as we announced, was to have sailed on the "Spain" on Saturday for Europe. His family were placed on board, and everything had been prepared for travelling, when about noon Mr. Moody and Mr. McWilliams came to endeavor to persuade him to remain and assist the Brooklyn work. He took two hours to pray about it, and concluded to stay. His visit abroad is therefore indefinitely postponed, perhaps until next summer. He has now no plans for the future, and will simply follow divine guidance. He will take charge of one of the overflow meetings, and in other ways aid Mr. Moody.

The Christian workers present last night were jubilant. One word was on many a tongue—"It's grand." An old gentleman said: "The ice is broken." Dr. Duryea says a young man of his acquaintance, of very fine culture and wide reading came to him, took his hand, and said: "Doctor, I'm going." He was the first to rise in the main auditorium when Mr. Moody called upon inquirers. He had read German writers on metaphysics, and become befogged and verging on Universalism, but Mr. Moody's sermon went home, and broke sunlight through the vapor and mystification in his mind. Cheering instances like these occur and attest the force of divine truth, while they uplift the courage of Christian laborers.

Many people ask, "How many people have been converted by the special services that are being held?" and they want to measure the good done by an arithmetical calculation. So

many sermons preached, so many prayers offered, so many hymns sung, so many people gathered at the services, and so many converted, is the rule which some who do not understand the nature of religious work seek to apply. The number of conversions will probably never be known; certainly, it is not important that any accurate statement of this part of the work should now be made. There are, however, some questions which we have a right to ask. Are the Christians of Brooklyn being stirred up to holy enthusiasm and consecrated service? Is there any general awakening among the church members? Do they hear the call of the Master to go out into the highways and hedges—into the dark places of the city—to compel by their loving entreaty and earnest counsel the hardened and ignorant and depraved and self-righteous to come and listen to the good tidings of salvation? These are questions that may be asked, and to which answers in the affirmative can now be given. The churches of Brooklyn were never more alive to their responsibilities than now, and this gives hope that a genuine revival has already commenced, the ultimate result of which may not be estimated, and will never be known.

One of the most hopeful and encouraging features of the Brooklyn special services, conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, has been the united and perfectly harmonious action of the ministers and laymen of all denominations of Christians. Frequently may be seen thirty or forty of the city pastors gathered round the platform in the Tabernacle at the morning prayer-meetings, and all ready to do their utmost towards increasing the interest and success of the services. All minor differences have sunk into obscurity in view of the great work which is being carried on; and there is no thought of sectarianism in the heart of any man or woman actively engaged in the work of winning souls. This union spirit was,

it will be remembered, also a leading characteristic of the revival movement in Great Britain.

Another feature of blessing is an increased use of the Bible by the attendants, who are constantly urged and inspired to its study by the speaker's appeals and example.

Mr. Moody's habit of Bible study has been for the past five years to rise at five o'clock and give an hour in the early morning to the study of the Bible. This is one secret of his great Bible knowledge.

Mr. Moody's Bible is an interesting book. It was given him by a friend, and bears on the fly-leaf the words: "D. L. Moody, Dublin, December, 1872.—'God is love.' W. Fay." The Bible is an 8vo volume, with flexible black morocco covers and turned edges. Though given Mr. Moody in the last month of 1872, it appears as if it might have seen ten years' service. Some of the leaves are worn through with handling. But nearly every page gives another and more positive proof of the study Mr. Moody has given the Book. In the Old Testament many portions are annotated at nearly every page. Especially is this true of those parts treating of the history of the Israelites, the chosen people of God. But in the New Testament, open the Book wherever one may, the pages are marked and annotated in black, red, and blue ink to a wonderful extent. Sometimes certain words are underscored; again a whole verse is enclosed in black lines, with mysterious numbers or a single letter of the alphabet marked opposite. All around the margins and at the chapter-heads are comments on certain passages—an idea embodied in two or three words, with the more important word underscored. Turning to the texts of the sermons Mr. Moody has preached in Brooklyn, one finds that the burden of his themes often embodied one of those marginal notes. There is scarcely a page in the New Testament where a dozen such annotations could not be

counted ; while in some instances every space in the margin is filled, and hardly a sentence has escaped the Evangelist's pen.

In combating men's trivial objections he said : One of the worst excuses is the Old Bible. Of all the sceptics that I have ever heard talk against the Bible, I have yet to find the first one that has ever read it from back to back. They read a chapter here and there, and lay it down and say it is dark and mysterious to them, and they don't understand it, and they never will understand it until they are spiritually minded, for its truths are spiritually discerned. No unrenewed man can understand it. What he can know is that he has sinned. Everything tells you that in your experience in life. Your restless spirit and anxious soul, whether you acknowledge it or not, prove it. You can know from the Bible that Jesus Christ came to save you, a sinner, and prove it by trying it.

The Bible *ought to be read right through*. It is only then you can know the music, the swell, the cadence, the rapture and sorrow, the triumph and the tears, of God's Word. What would you know of your boy's letter, if you were to read the superscription on Monday, to look at the signature on Friday, and read a little in the middle of it three months afterwards ? I get tired toward the end of July and I go away to the mountains. I take the Bible with me ; I read it *through*, and I feel as if I had never seen the book before. I have spent most of my life in reading and expounding it, yet it seems as if I had never seen it. It is so new, so rich, so varied, the truth flashing from a thousand unexpected and undiscovered points, with a light above the brightness of the sun. And that summer reading of the Bible is what I call tuning the instrument.

If anybody does not believe the Bible, he has never read it through ; he may have read a little here and there, with general commentaries and criticisms between, but he has not

read the whole. Once two men said, "We will disprove the conversion of Paul." They read it through, and wrote a book in proof of it. So will God deal with all destructive critics who really make themselves masters of the situation they intended to overthrow.

It is wonderful, if you read the whole, how it gets hold of you somewhere. I have tried it; and I appeal to you who know it best, whether you will willingly let it drop out of your fingers, when it has once got into the movement and necessity of your being.

One secret of his power is well described by himself: Mr. Moody chose his subject, "The Holy Ghost," and related an incident in his early life as an Evangelist, when an old gentleman had said to him, "Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost." Mr. Moody said he had never forgotten the advice, and had profited much from it. "The Holy Spirit is a person. We get life through the Holy Ghost. We can have no revival save through Him. He gives hope. When he arrives we lean upon something more than human supports. Men often utter the prayers which they spoke twenty years ago. We only know how to pray when we have the Holy Spirit. There are two kinds of Christians. The one class are as an ordinary well, from which you must pump all their religion. The other are artesian, and send forth the waters of love continually. If we are full of the Spirit to-day it is no assurance for to-morrow. We must keep at the fountain all the time. Think of Elisha, how he followed Elijah, and at last received his robe and a double portion of his grace. That old farmer made the mightiest prophet the world ever saw. The Church is living too much upon old manna. They think one supply enough for their life." When Mr. Moody had finished the whole congregation sang the 128th hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit."

Another element of influence has been forcibly stated. Here is our view of the case: Unselfishness is the greatest power in the world. The man who gladly makes sacrifices for the honor of God and the wellbeing of mankind wields an immense power. When the Holy Spirit is allowed to enter and occupy the hearts of men, selfishness disappears. Selfishness and the Holy Spirit cannot dwell together. It is because of the absolute unselfishness of these Evangelists now working in Brooklyn that multitudes hear them gladly. They are earnest and enthusiastic, not seeking their own, but Christ's glory. They themselves are nothing—Christ is everything.

Persistent effort has been made by the enemies of pure and undefiled religion to discover flaws in the character and methods of these men. The world itself, which generally delights in truthfulness and fair play, has frowned down the effort as dishonorable. Honest Christians know well the falsity of the accusation. These self-denying men have no stain of Cæsar's gold about them. They are after souls, not money. They are engaged in heaven's mission, working to lift society from the debasing bondage of Satan to the blessed service of Christ. In self-sacrifice they are strong. Consistent and self-denying lives are yet largely an undeveloped power within the Church. Unworthy membership breeds much mischief. It was at this citadel of sin that Moody and Sankey directed their first shot. The sacred fort has in too many cases been betrayed into the hands of the enemy through the foes within it. The world is not reading God's Word, but scanning closely the lives of Christian professors, and they find many grievous blemishes. It is because Moody and Sankey are like Enoch, walking daily with God, that they are honored and successful. They have learned that most difficult lesson that we cannot serve God and mammon. They are fully persuaded that they are their brother's keeper; and men flock after them to hear the truths

of the Gospel in all their grand simplicity ; to learn from men who in their lives and labors present glorious examples of the blessed influence of the Gospel message. They are bold, yet most unassuming soldiers of the cross ; not afraid of the warfare, but rejoicing in the conflict. It is upon such that the blessing of heaven descends. There is no difficulty in understanding the power of these men. It is of God. They are living obedient lives. If we fail to perceive the connection, the fault is our own. The scales have not yet fallen from our eyes.

Mr. Sankey's singing has caused almost as great an awakening as his associate's preaching. Choristers have probably as seldom adopted Sankey's songs as ministers have used Moody's sermons, but the power of song has been realized as never before ; the artistic quartette with its soulless music is going out of favor, and congregations are being lectured, with good effect, about their neglect of one of the most effective means of worship.

A pervading sentiment of vigor of soul and the deepest sincerity animates him. He is possessed of all the enthusiasm which fills the speech of Mr. Moody, and brands his words on the minds and in the hearts of men as by fire. But it is enthusiasm subdued to the rhythm and melody of his songs, and stirs the souls of his hearers by the feeling it awakens of genuine and whole-souled praise, such as the devout heart in moments of religious exaltation may long for but seldom attains fully. This is the impression left by a first hearing of Mr. Sankey, as stated by many, and confirmed by the almost breathless silence during the execution of his solos, and the fervor with which the vast body of the audience join their voices to swell the chorus of praise. Another source of power to Mr. Sankey is the manner in which he subordinates and modulates the organ in the reinforcement of his voice. The effect produced

is something which would hardly seem attainable were Mr. Sankey to sing to the accompaniment of some other person. Mr. Sankey sings and plays with his whole soul and body. He is, however, entirely free from anything which might be called a mannerism, and his passages of greatest force are executed with great vigor and animation of body, wholly natural, and suggested by the sentiment and stirring feeling of the hymn.

In explanation of the chorus, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," he said that during the rebellion one of the Union officers in command of a fort closely invested by General Hood, was almost persuaded, by the distress of his men, to surrender the position, when he received a despatch from Gen. Sherman to this effect: "Hold the fort, for I am coming—W. T. Sherman." It filled the soldiers with confidence, they kept up their courage, and were saved. He exhorted those present to show an equally abiding faith in Christ and they would be saved.

Mr. Sankey produced a remarkable effect by the manner in which he rendered the last line, "Victory is nigh," and dwelt with redoubled force upon the word "Hold," until the vast chorus had caught the spirit and action of the leader. Mr. Sankey also sang the verses of the 18th hymn, "Rescue the perishing," but the audience did not respond as enthusiastically as usual in the chorus. After the services Mr. Sankey said that this hymn was new, at least he had not had it very long, and that a large portion of the audience was unacquainted with the tune. He was confident they would sing it with the usual force after hearing it a few more times. He expressed himself highly pleased with the interest the audiences had shown in the singing throughout the week, and said that feature of the meetings was very similar to their experience in London.

One of the most celebrated of Mr. Sankey's collection of

hymns is "The ninety and nine." It was a favorite in England, and is much admired here. Several statements concerning its origin have been published which conflict with each other, and no one of them, Mr. Sankey said yesterday, is correct. The true facts in the case are these : Some time in 1873, Mr. Sankey being then in England with Mr. Moody for the first time, bought a copy of *The Christian Age*, a London religious paper publishing Dr. Talmage's sermons, and in one corner found this hymn. He had never seen nor heard of it before. It pleased him, and seemed adapted to religious work. He cut it out of the paper, and three days afterward he sung it at a meeting in Free Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, having composed the music himself. A short time after, he received a letter from a lady thanking him for having sung the hymn, and stating that the author was her sister, Miss Eliza C. Claphane, of Melrose, Scotland. She had written the hymn in 1868, and shortly after died. She and her whole family were members of the Church of Scotland, and were not Unitarians, as stated in this country. Mr. Sankey replied to the lady's letter, asking if her sister had ever written any other hymns, and was told that she had written several others, which were sent to *The Family Treasury*, a religious paper of which the late Dr. Arnot was the editor, but only "The ninety and nine" was ever published. Mr. Sankey communicated with him, and received several pieces of manuscript. The only other hymn by the same author in Mr. Sankey's collection is the 43d, "Beneath the Cross of Jesus." He has been gathering hymns for the past eight years, keeping a scrap-book for that purpose. Many of them are found in the common Sunday school collections, and were not known in England before Moody and Sankey introduced them. Since that time they have become the most popular hymns in Great Britain. While the Evangelists were in Scotland they at first found difficulty

in inducing people to sing their hymns, as the Presbyterians preferred their version of the Psalms. The Evangelists were accustomed to sing the 100dth, 23d, and 40th Psalms, or the 1st, 107th, and 125th Hymns of the collection, and then ask the Presbyterians to sing "Hold the fort," which they usually did, and at length sang any of the hymns.

The record of God's gracious dealings by the agency of His honored servants in Brooklyn promises to be eclipsed by the brilliant display of divine mercy on their work in Philadelphia; and we may bring our review to a close by giving the keynote as struck by Mr. Moody the morning of his advent in the city of churches.

"Ah! Lord God! behold Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee."

"And there is nothing too hard for Thee." During the past two years, into every town and city that Mr. Sankey and I have gone, we always took this verse as the keynote to our work. We generally commence every prayer-meeting by reading this verse—nothing is too hard for God—and it was a wonderful help to us. Sometimes our ways seemed hard ways. Then we came back to the old text, and these ways were freed from all darkness. It sometimes seemed as if some men could not be converted. But we came back to the old text, and flinty hearts would break. At Edinburgh I was told that a young man who was pointed out to me was the chairman of an infidel club. I went and stood beside him, and asked him if he was thinking of his soul. He turned to me and said, "How do you know I've got one?" I thought it was no use trying, but then I thought nothing is too hard for God. I asked him if I might pray for him. He said, "You may pray if you like. Try your hand on me." I got down on my knees and prayed for him. His head was held

up and his eyes did not notice me, and he seemed to say to the people that my prayers did not affect him at all. For six long months prayers were daily offered in prayer-meetings for the infidel. This was in January or the latter part of December, and a year afterward, or a little over a year, when we were at work in Liverpool, I got a letter from a person in Edinburgh, who said that the infidel was at the foot of the cross, crying for mercy; and just as we were leaving England we heard that he was leading a meeting every night. I was to give you this as our keynote—nothing is too hard for God. It is just as easy for God to save the most abandoned man as for me to turn my hand over. If this is God's work, we had better cling to it; if this is Christ's work, it is as lasting as eternity itself. I have a good deal more hope of this prayer-meeting than the meetings at the Rink. It is not preaching that you want, you have plenty of preaching. You have plenty of men who can preach better than I can. You have plenty of men who can sing better than Mr. Sankey can. Let this be your keynote—nothing is too hard for God to do in His great power.

I asked my boy how God created the world. He said, "He spoke." That is all; "He said, let there be light, and there was light." He can convert the thief, the harlot, the most abandoned, and another class still harder, that is the self-righteous Pharisee. God can do it. Nothing is too hard for Him. Let us every morning keep this text in our hearts, "Nothing is too hard for Thee." Our God can do it. They tell us that the sun is thirteen hundred thousand times larger than the world, and our God created it. There have been eighty millions of other suns discovered, but these are only a fringe on the garments of God. Our God did it all. If, then, God is so great, shall we not ask Him for great things? We honor God by asking for great things. Alexander had a

general who accomplished a great victory ; and it pleased him greatly. He told the general to draw on his treasurer for any amount he wished, and directed his treasurer to honor the draft. The draft was so large that the treasurer was afraid to pay it. The emperor said, "Didn't I tell you to honor his draft? Don't you know he honors me by making so large a draft?" Don't you know we honor God by asking for great things? The Church has been asking for little things too long.

Let us go now to the 20th verse. "Behold I am the Lord, the God of all flesh. Is there anything too hard for me?" Just as if it pleased Him. He says to Jeremiah, "Is there anything too hard for me? I am the Lord, the God of all flesh." God has shown us great things, but when we accept His truth we will see still greater things.

The next chapter, 3rd verse : "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." Now, my friends, let us this morning call upon God, and when we pray let us ask Him for something. There are a great many who come for nothing, and therefore they get nothing. Let us come with some great burden upon our hearts—some great petition. Let us bring it before God. Let us try it. When a man was one time making a long prayer, and asking for nothing in particular, an old woman says, "Ask God for something, and see if He don't give it you." Let us ask for something, and we will get it. Let every mother ask for the salvation of her sons and daughters. Nothing is too hard for Him. We may not see the answers to our prayers, but God does answer the prayers of the faithful.

Between thirty and forty years ago, at a prayer-meeting which I held, there was a mother who had a very bad son. He was a very bad man ; he was very profane, and was one

of the noted men of the town for his sin. And when the church was struck with lightning he said he would have given \$25 if it had burned it down. During the past few weeks the Lord God has found him. He has resolved to stop swearing and come back to church. I asked him to go down on his knees and pray. He answered that he had been on his knees all day. We may not see the answers to our prayers, but God answers the prayer of faith. Let us pray.

Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this "Sweet hour of prayer." We thank Thee for the privilege we have this morning of coming to this place and worshipping, and we pray that Thou wouldst give us the spirit of prayer. Teach us how to pray. May we come and ask Thee great things. Nothing is too hard for Thee. So we pray that Thou would take the whole country to Thyself and lay it at Thy feet. Do a work in this country that shall make all men embrace salvation. In answer to prayer may there go up a cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" Teach Thy servant to preach. Send him a message from the upper world to-night, and may his words come from the heart and go to the hearts of many. We pray for these mothers that are here this morning. May they pray for their sons and daughters, that they may be saved. We pray for these Sunday school teachers who have unconverted scholars; may they labor and pray much. We pray that the children may be gathered into the fold of Christ. May the harvest be ripe, and may we come to this place carrying our sheaves, and Christ will have all the praise and glory. Amen.





CHAPTER XIV.

THE EVANGELISTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

THEIR advance on Philadelphia had been carefully prepared for by earnest, wise, and strong men, who arranged for a gigantic campaign corresponding with the greatness of their city, and the popularity of the men who had carried Brooklyn by storm. The freight depot, corner Thirteenth and Market Streets, was fitted up for the accommodation of twelve thousand persons, as many as it was probable the preacher's voice could reach. A grand choir of five hundred trained and superior singers was drilled to act as a choir to aid Mr. Sankey, and a union of churches effected, by which all the ablest and most efficient Christians were combined in solid phalanx. Unworn by the immense labors undergone in Brooklyn, the brethren tore themselves away from their friends there, and sped to the City of Brotherly Love, there to preach and sing of that Divine love which is the theme of sermon and song by day and by night, wherever the Evangelists set up their standard. Never had men equal advantages, and never was more expected of human beings. There was a feeling of need in the churches of something more than they had, and they were looking to the men whom God had so greatly honored, and

stood ready to co-operate with them. In one branch of the church this was the testimony : Rev. W. P. Corbit spoke with much earnestness. The Methodist Church, he said, was in a deplorable condition. The chief causes were a laxity of discipline and a want of praying bands. A speedy remedy for this state of things was needed. No new agencies were wanted. The Methodist Episcopal Church, worked by its own machinery, would take the world, if it were allowed to work. It is the pioneer church in this country. The remedy is in union of effort and activity. Preachers had been preaching their heads off nearly, and yet were effecting nothing. There was a disintegration and selfishness about the Church. Each one of the Church organizations thought of itself only. There was a jealousy among the preachers and lay brethren that ought not to exist. The only remedy is union. There must be a coming together, and a return to the old circuit system. Let the preachers and people gather together as Moody and Sankey have got them together. He did not depreciate Moody and Sankey, but they had many men in their own body who were just as gifted as they, or more so. It was not Moody, and it was not Sankey, but the power which they possess of bringing good people together to work for God.

In another quarter it was said, and we may understand the language as confession : The Church was never more aggressive than now. Machinery was never better managed. There never was so much of it. The display of strength was never finer. But all this may be only equipped and organized weakness. The Church is nothing if not pious. More than this, it is very little if not consistently pious. To be zealously affected in a good cause, is good only on condition that it be "*always*." A church is an *ekklesia*—a company called out from the world. Its strength, therefore, lies in its divergence

from the world. To be in it, yet not of it, is the double problem which our machinery and our spirit must combine to solve.

Christians themselves were ready to be touched with an electric shock by these surcharged Evangelists. And this was early seen to be a source of weakness as well as of strength to the work. Sinners were to be reached by these fiery apostles, and the church members filled all the seats before them. So that the cry has been raised by one of the papers, and may be repeated throughout the land, that Christians may stand in the way of the fullest success of the monster meetings likely to be held all over the country.

The Brooklyn revival has been in certain features a sad disappointment to us who have taken an interest and part in it. Mr. Moody failed, it must be confessed, in his evening meetings at the Rink to reach that outside class which he sought. The reason for his failure is so discreditable that we almost hesitate to give it. But it must be confessed that it was the dishonesty, the selfishness of excitement-seeking professed Christians, that made these meetings a partial failure. Mr. Moody tried his best to open the door into his meetings to those who are not church goers, and to shut it against church members. He begged these latter to stay at home. He pled with them ; but they still would come. He then issued tickets, that were offered only to the non-church goers ; but the conscience-hardened professors would rob their unconverted neighbors of their tickets and lie their way into the Rink, and then have the face to stand up when all Christians were requested to rise, and thus flaunt their hypocrisy in the face of the Evangelist. Our words are strong, but the responsibility of souls is on the head of these "Christians," who have yet to learn that Christianity means honor and truthfulness. We do not like to say these words ; but we commend

them now to the members of the Philadelphia churches. In a famine, that man, or crowd of men, were beneath all contempt who, with cellars stored with grain and their cheeks standing out for fatness, should crowd the bureaus of public charity, and prevent the poor from receiving the dole that should save them from starvation. But nothing better, nay, worse, has been the conduct of these greedy professors, very many of them from our cities, who have pushed the Brooklyn hungry, starving poor away from the Gospel feast. May the Lord not have mercy on their souls until they repent.

It is an unusual spectacle to behold Christians so eager to be fed or taught, and it is probable that the blessed results will appear in thousands of churches.

A Scottish Sunday school teacher says: "I venture to send you the following letter from London, because of the reference to young women's meetings, which are already proving so useful to the many girls in our country who consider themselves too grown up and too dignified to attend Sunday school. The letter tells its own story, but I may just add, in thankful acknowledgment of our loving Father's willingness to bless the feeblest attempt of the weakest beginner, that that young lady was the very first stranger I ever spoke to about coming to Jesus. It was only the night before, while Mr. Moody was preaching, that I myself got into the sunshine; and when that next night she sat beside me looking so sad, I could not help saying to her, 'Jesus has made me so happy, won't you let him make you happy too?' She seemed just waiting to be taken by the hand, and went with me almost at once to the inquiry room.

"I write now in testimony of the fact that I am one of the many, many 'church members' who will thank God through all eternity for sending Messrs. Moody and Sankey to our country; for, through their means, we have been led to

exchange our hopes and fears for a glad *certainty*, and we can now say, ‘*I know* whom I have believed, and am persuaded that *he is able to keep* that which I have committed unto him.’

“ ‘On his word I am resting, assurance divine,
I am “hoping” no longer, I *know* he is mine.’

“The following is the letter to which I have referred :

“ ‘LONDON, *October 3, 1875.*

“ ‘DEAR MISS — : I feel that I have neglected this duty too long. I ought to have written to you before. You were the means in God’s hands of making me one of his own children. Oh, how happy I have been since the night you won me for our blessed Redeemer ! You do not know who I am, but possibly you may remember me when I tell you that you gave me a red hymn-book of Mr. Sankey’s with your address in it. It was at the Agricultural Hall I met you, and you took me into the inquiry room. After talking to me for some time you brought me to Mr. Moody, and Mr. Moody handed me over, with several other young women, to a gentleman from Newcastle, and before I left the inquiry room I had found Jesus as my Saviour. How precious he has been to me since that night ! I went to hear Mr. Moody that evening out of mere curiosity, and had you not taken me into the inquiry room, possibly I should have gone away unimpressed. Afterward I went several times to hear Mr. Moody at the Opera House. I heard the address to the converts there, and may the burning zeal I felt created in my breast that night continue. How I wish I had more leisure to work for Jesus, and more boldness. I became a member of a little chapel close to home soon after, and, as Mr. Moody advised, I went to the pastor first, and asked him for work. He found me something to do among the aged. One of my old people cannot read, and others are so old they cannot see. One poor

old body is bed-ridden. It is very pleasant work, but I always felt I was not actually winning souls for Jesus, they being mostly Christians. I have been asking God for some time to open up a way for me, and now my prayer has been answered in a way I hardly expected. Our dear pastor has planned a young women's meeting, which is to be held one night in the week from half-past eight till half-past nine; rather late, but that is the most convenient hour for business girls, whom it is principally for. The plan is that each worker is to give out not less than one dozen invitations; these are to be given in the streets, as the girls leave their different business houses. There never has been anything of the kind done in this part of the vineyard. The invitations are very neat, and not like common circulars or bills. Outside there is printed an invitation and a warm welcome for Wednesday next. Inside there is a small address telling them how pleased we will be to see them; also, that if they are strangers from home in London, they will meet many who can sympathize with them, being also far from home. We had a large meeting of workers. I do not doubt success. It has been made a great subject of prayer, and God has promised that where two or three are agreed on one subject he will grant their request. Will you pray for us?

“ ‘ Etc., etc.

C—— W——.”

In this way the seed sown may yield bountiful harvests year by year. Mr. Moody, in his first sermon at Philadelphia, said: “ Letters come in from all parts saying that the prayer-meetings are four or five times larger than ever before; the prayer-meeting connected with one of the largest churches in New York, at which before only a few people attended, has, during the last few weeks, crowded the lecture room; all this shows that the spirit of prayer is coming on the nation. God is ready to give us a blessing. I never had such large

prayer-meetings in any of the cities in Great Britain as we had in Brooklyn. Some say this is all sensational. If you can get three or four thousand people to meet together and pray, not to hear some man, but to meet God and call on God, it shows God is in the movement. This is no sensationalism or false excitement. If we can but stir up the people to pray, the blessing is ours. I would rather know how to pray like Daniel than to preach like Gabriel."

It was amazing to note how the subject of religion was handled by the secular press, whose readers numbered millions; and their utterances deserve to be gathered and re-perused and studied, for their corroborative testimony to the importance and thoroughness of the movement. They used language like this, which deserves the consideration of professed Christians as well as worldly people: "With all this we are quite well aware that there is a large class of thin-brained, vacant-minded persons for whom life has nothing serious except personal discomfort, and who are most flippant over the weightiest problems of existence; and that these stand ready upon the slightest pretext to make the whole business a jest and turn it into ridicule. But however lightly they may treat the matter, however much they may burlesque the actors in it, and make of their zeal and devotion a mockery and a jest, one thing is certain, that no man or set of men can make a religious movement of the importance of this one ridiculous unless it be the men themselves who are engaged in it. So long as they are sincere and earnest, and can forget themselves in the greatness of their work, nothing can withstand them, and certainly nothing can detract from their dignity or belittle their efforts. But the emotions lie close together. High religious sentiment is of a brittle edge, and easily crumbles into silly sentimentality. Faith lies very close to superstition; it is but a step from trustfulness to

blind credulity. There are well-marked metes and bounds which cannot be disregarded in the presentation of religious truths and the expression of religious sentiments and emotions. Within these limits the advocate or exhorter is invested with a grandeur of personal dignity which belongs to the man who is saturated with his belief, and who, in utter unconsciousness of self, is rapt in the contemplation of what he conceives to be the absolute and awful truth. These limits overstepped for an instant or by a word, and his power is gone. Between pathos and bathos the difference is less than of a letter; the step is that 'one' from the sublime.

"It should not be forgotten by the leaders in this revival movement that religion is by no means all emotional; that it rests on reason and common sense, which its ministers and missionaries must not affront by lack of logic, or shock by shallow illustrations and weak appeals.

"The attitude and act of prayer are beyond all other things in life invested with solemnity and clothed in mystery. It is the supreme act of faith; approached by the penitent with doubts and questions and infinite wondering; only slowly apprehended, and so immeasurably vast in its meaning to the helpless soul struggling upward on it, that man at his very best can only throw himself upon it in utter self-distrust and leave the rest to God. The questioning men and women, longing to learn the truth and to lead true lives, get no light nor comfort from any flippant illustrations of the power of prayer. They excite doubts instead of removing them; they confirm scepticism and awaken no conviction; they do not attract but repel the sincere seeker after truth. The work in hand is of too great moment to be handled without the profoundest care and the most thoughtful consideration of every word spoken and every act done.

"It cannot be denied that a 'revival of religion,' as it is

called, adds largely to the merely moral strength of society and increases the number of those who honestly mean to do right. Every reader has known within his personal experience more than one instance of a bad nature made better, of a degraded character elevated, of an unwise life made true and rational, by the acquisition of religious motives. Hypocrisy, humbug, conceit, vanity, fanaticism—these are words which fall easily from our tongues; but the fact remains that hundreds and thousands are really in earnest. These accessions to the right-doing side of the population cannot be otherwise than of good import. It is unfair to weigh ordinary spiritual experience against that of larger natures—of Fénelon or of Pascal, of Wesley or of Channing. The real question is, Have we here a man who has resolved to walk uprightly in this world for the rest of his days? If so, then society gains a good man in the place of a bad one, or one who might at any moment have become bad; a good citizen instead of a possible felon; a faithful mechanic or tradesman instead of a cheat; an honest merchant instead of a fraudulent bankrupt; a devoted instead of a neglectful parent; a good Samaritan instead of a liver for self alone. These surely are acquisitions which even the world need not despise.

“Apart from the more solemn profession of the religious convert, is his promise that he will be honest and kindly; that he will neither lie, nor cheat, nor steal; that whatsoever of good his hands may find to do, he will do it; that he will refrain from the vices which degrade, and impoverish, and kill; that he will no longer be selfish and ungenerous, and that his works shall prove the vitality of his faith. There has been so much loose talk lately about religion, and churches, and preachers, that we are in danger of forgetting that all our lives we have been surrounded by thousands of excellent men and women made gentlemen and ladies by grace, full-hearted

and full-handed helpers of the sick, the needy, and the suffering, doers of the work whenever and wherever opportunity has offered, lovely in their lives and credible because involuntary witnesses of the reality of their faith. To the number of these a season of marked religious interest unquestionably must make large additions ; for though the weak may fall away, though the most vociferous may grow silent and the warmest cold, there will always be a remnant of stronger natures abiding to the end."

The chief purpose of Messrs. Moody and Sankey is the conversion of souls to Christ. What sort of men and women they expect their converts to become, their preaching and exhortations abundantly proclaim. Let us now look in upon them, the first Sunday in Philadelphia, Nov. 21st, 1875.

While the heavens wept over the departure of the Evangelists from naughty Brooklyn, the driving rain could not dampen the enthusiasm of thousands who were anxious to attend the initial services of the expected revival. From every part of the city the worshippers came, and for almost an hour hurrying streams of humanity converged to a focus at the old Exhibition building. The police arrangements, as indeed all the arrangements for the accommodation of visitors and the maintenance of good order, were perfect. By eight o'clock the grand auditorium was about two-thirds full, while the stage was occupied by over eight hundred persons, a large proportion of whom were ministers. Among the more prominent clergymen present were Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., of the Episcopal Church ; Rev. R. M. Hatfield, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church ; Rev. W. P. Reed, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church ; Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D.D., of the Baptist Church, the committee who have been training a class of three hundred for services in the inquiry rooms. Also on the stage were

500 singers selected from all the choirs in the city, and thoroughly drilled in Mr. Sankey's songs by Prof. Fischer. In the middle and close to the front of the platform sat the Evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, and the "sweet singer," Ira D. Sankey, surrounded by the gentlemen who were mainly instrumental in persuading the revivalists to come to Philadelphia. Messrs. George H. Stuart and John Wanamaker, who have had almost all the great work directly under their charge, were seated on the right of Rev. Dr. Newton, who presided over the opening services.

At precisely eight o'clock the doors of the vast auditorium were closed, and the hymn,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

was sung with fine effect by the choir. Dr. Newton then made a fervent prayer for the success of the movement so well begun, and asked for the blessing of the Holy Spirit on all workers in the cause. The 24th hymn,

"Rejoice, and be glad !
The Redeemer has come !
Go look on His cradle,
His cross, and His tomb,"

was next given out, and hundreds of voices in the congregation soon joined in to swell the harmonies of the great choir on the stage. Then upon the little platform or pulpit in front ascended the leading spirit of all this congregation of worshippers, Mr. Dwight L. Moody. His appearance created a momentary stir of sensation throughout the hall. Mr. Moody is a short and somewhat stout man, with a full, dark beard, rather small eyes, and an active, energetic, but not nervous habit. His manner is alert and prompt, but not graceful ; his voice is unmusical, and indeed harsh ; his enunciation is very

clear, but somewhat too rapid, yet can be heard and understood in every part of the building. He gesticulates but little, and his motions are evidently unstudied. His style of speaking is entirely conversational, but, though he seldom makes any attempt at rhetorical display, he possesses and uses with marvellous effect a dramatic power which clothes the most trite sayings with the thrilling beauty of fervid eloquence. But, after all, the great secret of his power over a vast assembly seems to lie less in what he says or his manner of saying it than in his personal magnetism, which affects those who are too far off to hear almost as strongly as those who crowd about his feet. Before Mr. Moody spoke the first word he glanced quietly about him for a moment, and almost instantly every whispered tone was hushed, every breath bated, and throughout the congregation of six or eight thousand persons not a sound disturbed the strange stillness which seemed to have been produced by some mighty strength of will possessed by the very unevangelical-looking gentleman standing on the platform.

"Now," said Mr. Moody, after announcing his text, "what is the use of these special meetings? I have been asked this question often. Are there not churches enough? Are there not ministers enough, and services enough, and sermons enough? Yes, if sermons could save sinners, there have been enough preached to convert the whole of Christendom. We have only come to help you. In time of harvest extra help is always needed, and, my friends, the harvest is here now."

He closed an earnest sermon on work as follows:

"While at Brooklyn, one teacher worked night and day with her class, and one evening told me with heartfelt joy that she had twenty-seven young ladies in the inquiry room. In less than two weeks the whole twenty-seven experienced a

change of heart. Don't think because your children are little or young that they can't share the blessings of this revival. Bring them here, and we will save them. The power of Almighty God," added Mr. Moody, suddenly elevating his voice, "is in this hall this morning. *Do you doubt it?*" he asked, turning to the clergy upon the stage. "No," "No," "No," was answered. "Some time ago," continued the speaker, "a lady where we were stopping remained away from her Sunday school, saying that there were only five little boys in her class, and one day could make no difference. Did you ever stop to think what there may be to save in five little boys? In one little tow-headed boy may sleep the Reformation. In another may be a Wesley, a Whitfield, a Bunyan. Little did Andrew know what he was doing when he brought Peter to Christ. May each one of you hunt up some Simon Peter and bring him to Christ; find some persecuting Saul and bring him to Christ. One lady in London, by tireless and prayerful labor, succeeded, by the assistance of her husband, a wealthy barrister of the metropolis, in converting one hundred and fifty of their friends and acquaintances. In speaking of it with grateful joy, she said, 'We did not work; we just laid ourselves out for Christ.' That's the way to do it. Don't count your strokes; just lay yourselves out. God help you to lay yourselves out for work. Go ye all into the vineyard! Don't wait for the harvest, for—hark!"

At this exclamation a thrill of indescribable anticipation seemed to pass through the breathless assembly, and then, after a pause, during which only the patter of the rain-drops on the roof could be heard, the speaker concluded with:

"Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?"

The tones of Mr. Moody's voice had hardly ceased before

the same words were repeated by Mr. Sankey's musical voice in a beautiful hymn :

“ Hark ! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day ?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away ? ”

In the afternoon the throng was immense. For a considerable time before the hour for the commencement of the service the hall was crowded, and the number anxious and clamorous to obtain admission was greater than that within. Thirteenth, Juniper, and Market Streets were filled with people, and the doors were guarded by an efficient police force, who kept the multitude back. Such a sight has not been witnessed for many a day, and such a congregation, largely made up of earnest Christian men and women, has never assembled in this city. There were, according to estimates made by competent parties, fully thirteen thousand persons present, and the calculation does not seem to be at all out of the way when it is remembered that there are over one thousand chairs in the audience room, all of which were occupied. The order throughout the services was unexceptionable, and prior to their commencement there was a stillness that is rarely observed. There was neither buzz nor hum, no one seemed inclined to even whisper, and while doubtless many were drawn to the place out of curiosity, the larger portion, by their demeanor, seemed to have but one object, that of promoting the work of the great revivalists. The ladies and gentlemen of the choir were promptly in their places ; and, punctual to time, the Evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, made their appearance. The latter immediately took his seat at the melodeon, while the first-named took position at the stand, and never throughout the afternoon did he sit down, but kept his eye upon the audience the entire time. The

services were opened by Mr. George H. Stuart, who gave out a hymn, and after it had been sung by the choir, Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D.D., of the Beth-Eden Baptist Church, stepped forward and led in prayer. Mr. Sankey then gave out the 116th hymn, "Come, thou fount of every blessing." At the conclusion of the singing, Mr. Sankey said : "We will now sing, 'Here I raise my Ebenezer.' The audience will all join in the singing." The hymn was evidently popular with the masses, for it was sung with a hearty goodwill. Mr. Moody then announced that he would read a portion of the first chapter of Joshua, which was subsequently made the text of his discourse. Mr. Moody spoke about twenty minutes. The two points of his remarks, upon which he enlarged and elaborated, were moral courage and enthusiasm, both of which, he held, were essential elements for success in the religious work. The address was stirring, earnest and effective, the speaker appearing to be anxious to reach the hearts of his hearers, and in this he was eminently successful, as more than one individual seemed to be touched by the powerful appeal made to take up the cross and enlist under the banner of the Saviour of mankind.

The hymns, "Hear ye the battle cry?" "Forward the call," and "Hold the fort," were sung by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining in the chorus. No such singing has been heard in any of the churches, and the effect produced was all that the revivalists could have wished.

The revival movement gives promise of complete success. It is now the talk of all classes. On 'Change, in business circles, in social gatherings, on the street-cars and the trains, and in the greeting of friends in the street, the names of Moody and Sankey are on every tongue. The Evangelists and their work are literally the town talk. "Have you been to hear Moody?" "Sankey's singing is better than a ser-

mon ; ” “ Did you hear the ‘ Ninety and nine ? ’ ” “ Wasn’t that hymn, ‘ Nothing but leaves,’ impressive ? ” “ It’s Moody’s earnestness that tells ; ” “ What a team they are ! ” —these are a few of the thousand-and-one expressions you hear every day. There are plenty of sharp criticisms on the methods of the revivalists, and doubts enough are expressed as to the permanency of their work ; but no one denies that they possess real power, unique in kind and degree, and wonderfully effective in awakening a new interest in the old doctrines of religion. A common complaint among the more thoughtful people is that Mr. Moody’s sermons have no direct application to the relations and duties of everyday life—that they do not aim to make men less selfish and cold-hearted, and more charitable, genial, generous, and kind—that their sole purpose is to induce people to accept a certain form of faith, and to lead devoutly religious rather than moral lives. It should be remembered by those who make this criticism, that the great preacher is a firm believer in the immediate second coming of Christ. He is looking for the end of the world and the appearance of the Saviour every day and hour. No wonder, then, that he does not think it worth while to talk about business and social morality. He is perfectly consistent. Why should he try to tell people how to live, when the important thing is to prepare them for death and the last judgment ? Why trouble himself about the affairs of the household, the street, and the mart, when he expects every moment to see the world rolled up like a scroll ?

With few exceptions the clergy of the city are taking a hearty interest in the revival. Probably the Methodists are more active in assisting it than the other sects ; but Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Lutherans, and, in short, ministers of all the Protestant denominations, attend the meetings in the Depot Church, and participate in the morn-

ing assemblies for prayer. The general feeling among the clergy is one of gratified disappointment at the character of Moody and Sankey's effort. They had expected to hear something much more sensational—they feared, indeed, that it would be objectionably sensational—and they are delighted to find that Mr. Moody preaches only the soundest doctrine, and makes use of none of the theatrical devices of oratory employed by many professional revivalists. His earnest, direct, and humble appeals, his apt and familiar illustrations, and his way of preaching on a level with the hearts and heads of his hearers, is like a new revelation of the possibilities of pulpit oratory to many clergymen, whose well-turned periods and fine theological points have proved powerless to stimulate the faith of their congregations.

A Presbyterian minister, speaking to a friend after the meeting was over last night, said, "Moody's verbs don't always agree with his nouns, but I imagine that Peter the fisherman didn't talk very good grammar either. Moody's language, if not always elegant, never fails to convey the exact idea that he wants it to. Nobody can get a wrong or a doubtful meaning from it."

"I have been trying to get at the secret of his power," said a Baptist, "and I think it lies, first, in his own profound conviction, and second, in his constant repetition of the same idea, with just variation enough to keep it monotonous. By tireless reiteration he wears the truth of the Gospel into the stoniest heart. Faith in Christ is his simple and never-ending theme. Most ministers scatter too much. They seek to interest people's heads by a variety of topics. Mr. Moody hammers away at the heart with sublime persistence."

Just after the prayer-meeting this morning a Methodist minister, talking to a knot of brother clergymen, praised the revivalists warmly. "I declare it gives me new courage," he

said, "to see people flocking to hear the Gospel in crowds larger than went to Barnum's Hippodrome last summer. Since the war it has often seemed to me that faith was dying out in the hearts of men. Any kind of a show or parade would draw a crowd, while we talked about the soul's salvation and eternal life to half-filled churches. I believe we are going to see a great awakening in this country. Moody and Sankey are the Lord's instruments to begin the work. We have had hundreds of better preachers than Mr. Moody, but they made no impression on the masses. Why do thousands rush to hear him? Because the Spirit of God is moving the hearts of men, and he has been chosen to lead a great movement for the salvation of souls."

It would seem that the hold obtained by the Evangelists on the unconverted masses is greater in Philadelphia than in Brooklyn. The attendance from this class is larger, and the impression produced in those who attend seems deep and influential. Mr. Moody pronounced the gatherings of the second Sunday more successful, in view of the attendance of the unconverted so early in the series of meetings, than at any other place in this country or in England. The week following showed an increase rather than a diminution of interest, and the third week opens more auspiciously than either which it follows.

The meetings of Sunday last were remarkably effective. The day was cold and wet; just such a day as would ordinarily give smallest attendance at religious meetings; such a day as would suggest to many a faint-hearted country superintendent the thought that it was about time to close the Sunday school for the winter. But at eight o'clock on that dreary morning the Depot Church showed a gathering of some six thousand Christian workers; enough it would seem to cheer the heart of any doubting Elijah as to the faith and zeal of

very many amid all the coldness and unbelief in this great city. When, at the close of his appeal to these workers to be "a peculiar people, zealous of good works," in their service in God's vineyard, Mr. Moody asked those who during the coming week would endeavor to lead at least one soul to the Saviour to rise to their feet, nearly one-half of all present rose in indication of this purpose.

At the Sunday afternoon meeting for women, at least ten thousand were present. As nearly five thousand tickets of admission had been given to women who expressed a desire to find salvation, while many other tickets were distributed without question, Mr. Moody thought there were more than seven thousand unconverted persons in the audience ; certainly a hopeful gathering at such a time and place. The appeal of the preacher was most earnest. As he told of the love of the Saviour for the lost, and of the full salvation offered freely to all, all hearts seemed to throb as one in gratitude to such a Saviour for such a salvation. When he asked those who desired an interest in this salvation to rise and stand during his prayer, hundreds rose to their feet, and afterwards repaired to the inquiry rooms for personal converse and counsel. It can hardly be doubted that that evening hour was the birth-hour of many precious souls, then brought by God's Spirit into the life of Christian love and trust. At the evening meeting, which was for men, while the attendance was not quite as large as in the afternoon, there was great seriousness, and many rose for prayers and remained at the inquiry meeting.

For one whole week Mr. Moody labored, not for the salvation of sinners, but for the regeneration of professed Christians. At every service hundreds of long-acknowledged church members listened with bowed heads and tearful eyes to the fervent exhortations of the Evangelist, who, casting aside all preconceived notions of church work, and preaching only love

to God and devotion to the Saviour, brought to their awakening souls a vision of the blessings of true holiness more beautiful than even in their most unselfish moods they had ever before conceived. He did not preach, "Repent in order to avoid the wrath of an angry God," and thus wring an ephemeral obeisance from weak knees but cold hearts; he preached Christ crucified; drew for his hearers convincing illustrations of the perfect love of the Father, and urged them, with tears in his eyes, not to kneel from a sense of duty, but to cast themselves at the feet of the Saviour, and, with a heart overflowing with love, there seek to learn how to win others to the strait and narrow, but pleasant path of joy and peace.

Rev. Dr. Breed said there was a wonderful power in self-consecration; the ungodly man had at all times a traitor in the citadel of his wickedness—a conscience which would compel him to yield when assaulted by a truly consecrated heart. He once heard of a young man who had been notoriously bad, but had suddenly been converted, and was moved by the Spirit to go and pray with every one in the village. He started, and knocking at every door, was, in spite of his past reputation, admitted and permitted to pray. The man truly consecrated to God could always have the *entree* into any house or by the Holy Spirit into every heart.

Mr. Sankey said: "Will you please turn to the 90th hymn. In that we will find a verse which should give us great comfort if we do what that verse says. But before we begin, I wish to bear testimony to the fact that we can do no good without a broken and a contrite heart. Shortly after the Chicago fire, seven men, finding that their labors were apparently fruitless, determined to seek counsel of God, and assembled one afternoon in a gentleman's office, and there humbled themselves before their Maker. I saw these men lying on their faces on the floor, praying to be emptied of self and filled

with the Holy Spirit. These seven men have since been greatly blessed and greatly honored by God in their labors. Two are in the West, one in Europe, and two in this city. Now let us sing."

Mr. Moody, at the conclusion of the singing, said : " Send thanksgiving, but praise to God is better. What we want to do to-night is to praise God for all his mercies, for all that we enjoy, and for all the glorious promises of an immortality. There is a great deal said at our meetings about prayer, but nothing about praise. In the Bible there are more passages referring to praise than to prayer. We want Christ, and if we are heard to praise him, then will we be able to get to him. What we want to-day is a praising Church. We can be praising God every day, even when in sorrow. If we go through the world all the time with a long face, we will drive men away from Christ. There are so many people always borrowing trouble and looking on the dark side of the picture instead of praising God, that they are only in the way of men coming to Jesus. A man once severely cut his hand, and said, 'Praise God,' and," said Mr. Moody, "I thought that it was a strange thing to praise God for. On asking the man why he praised God, he said he did it because his hand was not cut off. You can see, then, that in the midst of affliction one can praise the Lord because it might have been worse. What we want is more sunny Christian men, who always have happy countenances ; they go far toward making religion attractive and drawing sinners to a knowledge of their condition and the necessity of seeking the Lord. If men praise God and are happy in the Church, the fire will be caught by others and spread until the whole Church becomes alive, and all are happy in the knowledge that Jesus is their Master. If there are any who should be happy, it is those who are sincere Christians, those who have come to Christ. The first thing a

young convert always does is to pray, and when, in praising God, he sings,

‘O happy day!’

how happy he is! If the ten thousand persons present could be induced to take Christ as their only friend and sing praises to Him, there would be such a shout as to almost raise the roof. We want to see the time when the streets are filled with people filling the air with songs of praise to Zion. When that time comes the people will be happy, because they have found Christ. When we stray away from God, we don’t want to pray; but when we return to God, then we want to sing His praises. What we want to-day is a Church of workers, and when we have that we will have a praising Church. When a man gets out of himself, becomes unselfish, and commences to work for others, he becomes a happy man, because he is doing God’s service. If you want to praise God, go and do some work, lift up somebody, relieve the sick and comfort the heart-broken. By so doing it will be the best praise that we can give to God.” The speaker said that some years ago he met a man who told him that he was going to take his family of five children to church with a smile. The man said to him, whenever he passed a house on a certain street he always looked at the windows where he saw children, and he always smiled upon them. Said the speaker: “Kindness to children is never forgotten; it is the way to reach their hearts and gain their affection.” The children became so fond of seeing the man that they watched for him, and finally they said he was so good and kind, that he must be a minister. They resolved one Sunday after he passed to follow him, and they did so; when they found that he entered a church, they also went in, and after service returned home and said that they heard the best sermon of their lives. They went again, and finally joined the church. The man said that he got them

in with a smile. A crabbed and cross Christian never accomplishes any good ; they are stumbling blocks in the way of others, and prevent the building up of the Christian Church. Oh, that we may have live churches ! What we want to do is to get rid of these dead churches, with their cold forms and ceremonies, and have them filled with live, happy people. The speaker continued in this strain for some time, and urged his hearers to come to Christ and be happy. When they did so they would continually praise Him for His goodness.

Mr. Moody then gave out the 25th hymn, which was sung by the choir and the entire congregation, led by Mr. Sankey. The people seemed to be deeply impressed with it, and such whole-souled singing by more than eleven thousand persons has never been heard before in this city. It is in these words :

We praise Thee, O God ! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Chorus—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hallelujah, Amen.
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, revive us again.

We praise Thee, O God ! for Thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and cleansed every stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

Revive us again : fill each heart with Thy love ;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Mr. Sankey next rose from his cabinet organ, behind which he had remained seated during the service, and said : “ How many prodigal sons may be restored to their homes to-day ? The recurrence of Thanksgiving recalls to my mind a story told me by a very dear friend in Europe of a prodigal son who was saved by love. A wayward boy who could not be

persuaded to do good, whose steps were only evil continually, was finally, at the request of his brothers, sent into the street. He went away, but on Thanksgiving day poor John, home-sick and heartsick, returned. His father saw the poor wanderer at the door, and received him back to his arms. Then his brothers again demanded that the black sheep should again be cast out, but the father answered, 'No, no, my son John, I'll not cast thee out ; come, gather around our board to-day.' This overwhelming love was too much. The long-lost prodigal wept, the family knelt with him and prayed for him, and to-day that boy is one of the hardest workers for Christ to be found in all Europe. A father's love saved him ! Let us remember that. Our friends may cast us off, but our heavenly Father will receive us if we only knock at the door. I will now sing you the hymn 'Ninety and nine.'" Mr. Sankey here took his seat, and in a sweet voice sang with touching expression the words :

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold ;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care ;
Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee ?
But the Shepherd made answer : This of mine
Has wandered far away from me ;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

Never was our National Thanksgiving more perfectly symbolized than in the scene which yesterday morning gladdened the eyes of the Evangelists as they entered the old Exhibition building at Thirteenth and Market Streets to begin their early prayer-meeting. The seemingly limitless auditorium, decorated

as it is in our national colors, with wide, beautiful expanses of pure white between the relieving tints, was almost filled with eager worshippers, whose very glances beamed with praise and thanksgiving, while, with many a benison and on silvery pinions, the light of opening day, descending earthward, poured in a flood of welcome through the glass-covered roof and rested on the picture like a dove of peace.

Large as the building is and ample as the accommodations are, last evening every seat was occupied, and around the walls men were standing. Such a gathering of males in this city has never before been seen, and it is a question whether in this country for such a purpose there has ever been such an assemblage. The order was perfect, not the slightest confusion or noise was observable, but all seemed deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The stillness was remarkable, and throughout the entire evening a whisper, if made, might have been heard. While doubtless many were drawn to the place by curiosity, it was also true that many more were there with an honest purpose and with honest convictions. It has happened more than once that men who had no idea of conversion have been brought under the influence of the great revivalists, and such most likely was the case last night, when some two hundred sturdy men fearlessly stood up in that mighty assemblage and acknowledged themselves sinners, and as being desirous of leading better lives. The occasion was one long to be remembered, and could not but make a deep and lasting impression upon very many who stood back. The preaching of Mr. Moody is irresistible in its effects; so plainly is the teaching of the Saviour made, and so convincing is his argument in behalf of the religion of Christ and the great necessity of turning away from the paths of vice, that before a person is aware of it, he is unconsciously forced to make a public confession of his sinfulness and his

desire to lead the life of a Christian. Greater interest could not have been manifested than was last evening, and a more respectful hearing could not have been accorded to any preacher.

“Go,” said he ; “go to some hovel where a drunkard reels to every day. See the children run away and hide in terror when the besotted father staggers up the hill ; see the pale, haggard-faced wife tremble ; she bears many a scar made by that strong right arm on that defenceless body. Such a man may be here to-day. He may repent at last and secure the Lord Jesus. Then, in a little while, see what a change ! The little children will climb on his knee and clasp their loving arms about his neck ; the wife will wear a happy smile, and instead of the drunken song, you will hear :

‘There is a fountain filled with blood.’

Or perhaps he will remember a hymn his sainted mother taught him, and on the evening air will come the words :

‘Rock of Ages, elef^t for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.’

“That is what I call regeneration. May the spirit of prayer come on this assembly this afternoon. You may see many kingdoms, but except you be born again you will never see the kingdom of God. You may travel through your own country, and in California stand in awe before the great trees at which so many have wondered, but except you be born again you can never see the tree of life which stands in the paradise of God. You may stand on the banks of many mighty rivers, but except you be born again you never can see the river that bursts from the throne of God and runs through His kingdom. You may look with pleasure upon the jewelled crowns of the earth, but unless you be born again you cannot see the Crown of Life. You may meet with princes

in this world, but except you be born again you cannot meet the Prince of Peace. A few years ago I met with a man who seemed happy and yet very, very lonesome. 'Have you no children?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I have one—in heaven.' He then showed me the picture of a beautiful child, about seven years of age, and said, 'I am glad she is in heaven, for while she lived I worshipped her, and when she was taken from me I almost cursed my Maker, for I was a cursing man. And when I was still in this terrible mood I threw myself on the bed and at last I slept, and dreamed, I suppose, though it may have been a vision. I thought I was travelling along a desert waste, and at length came to a dark, fathomless river. I thought I heard the voice of my darling calling, "Father, come over; it's beautiful over here." Then I saw my precious one amid a choir of heavenly beings, and she kept on beckoning to me until I attempted to cross, but found I could not ford the stream. While I was looking for some way to get over, I heard a voice from heaven saying, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." I awoke a changed man, and now only live to meet her in that heavenly sphere where death can never again come. If my little one had lived I might have led her astray, but she is safe now, and I believe that a kind Father will let me follow her.' Oh! how many of you," said Mr. Moody in conclusion, "have little ones beckoning to you from the other side of the river of death? Have you children, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, godly fathers, or sainted mothers in the land to come? Only go to God, be born again, and meet them in the kingdom of God." At the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Moody called upon those who desired to be prayed for to stand up, and fully two thousand rose to their feet, and stood with bowed heads and glistening eyes while the leader offered up a fervent supplication in their behalf.

Charles M. Morton, of Plymouth Bethel, Brooklyn, then made a brief address, relating an incident of the recent meetings in Brooklyn, the reclamation of a man whose home had been broken up by intemperance. When the man had been converted, he came to the speaker one day and said, "I have got back my home, my friends, my wife and my children, but something that my little girl said last night made me cry. She ran up to me, and, throwing her arms around me, said, 'Papa, you don't stagger any more now.'" Now it is just so with Christians when they get the Word of God in the heart; they don't stagger any more.

Hon. S. Farwell, of Chicago, spoke of some special meetings now being held in Central Illinois, and said the workers in his state were listening for the key-note from the City of Brotherly Love, and were anxious for an interest in their prayers at one of the meetings in Mason, Illinois. The first convert was the leader of a company of actors who had been a few evenings before performing in the same hall in which the meeting was held. He was an intelligent, highly educated man, and is now preaching the Gospel. He says: "I have served the devil for thirty years. I am fifty-one years old now. All my time and talents shall be upon the Lord;" and one of the first things he told the people after the conversion was this: "I have been behind the scenes. You don't know all that goes on there. Take my advice, you church members who have been in the habit of going to theatres, and don't go there again." That was pretty good preaching for a first sermon. He now goes about the streets reading the New Testament as he used to read Shakespeare, and he tells Brother Dean that every day he finds new texts that he never knew were in the Bible at all. That might be the case with all of us, for the Spirit will bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.

There was one point which ought to be mentioned in this connection. It was a matter of experience with him that very often what prevents persons who are anxious from finding peace is some difficulty in their business. There is some little thing which they are not prepared to give up. It was so with a young man with whom he was speaking last night. He found that he was engaged in the liquor business, and he told the young man that unless he was prepared to give that up he would not have peace.

Mr. Moody spoke on the prayers of Jesus, and said He was the example, for He was praying all the night before He chose the twelve apostles ; and on every occasion where there was a special communication to Him from His Father in heaven, it came in answer to prayers. What we need is more of the praying spirit, that all who come to these meetings may be reached by the Spirit of God. Even those who are unable to get into the meetings are sometimes in that way led to a spirit of reflection. A man came to one of the services and found the door closed, and the words of Scripture rushed upon his mind, " And the door was shut." He said, " What if the door of heaven should be shut ? " and was led to serious consideration, which resulted in his conversion. A lady in Brooklyn had been praying that her son might attend the meetings. She had tried to persuade him, but he had refused. On the last of the services there, the young man thought he would go to the Tabernacle for the afternoon meeting. He found the gates locked, the building being full. He went into the overflow meeting, and heard Mr. Needham. That afternoon he was converted, and his mother's prayers were answered. There is nothing for which we may not pray. Jesus prayed at the grave of Lazarus ; and we may bring our dead sons and daughters to Christ that He may give them spiritual life.

Rev. Dr. Newton said he wanted to relate an incident which had been revived in his memory by the observations of Mr. Moody on prayer. Forty years ago, said he, I was a student in a theological college in New York, and was brought into intimacy with a graduate of West Point Military Academy, whose brother was a fellow-student of mine. The officer was a strictly moral man of sterling integrity, but not a Christian. His brother one day spoke to him, and asked if he would not become a Christian. His reply was: "What more do you want me to be than I am now?" and his manner was such that the brother said no more, but determined to pray for his conversion instead of arguing with him. The next winter the officer was ordered out West for frontier service, and his wife, who was a lady of high moral character and great attainments, was in consequence temporarily separated from him, and went to live at Providence, Rhode Island. While she was there a great work of grace was progressing in the parish. She was among those who were brought to the feet of Jesus; and after she was converted, the minister, at whose house she was staying, asked if she would not join the church. She said, "I can't until I have written to my husband. I have never taken a step that we could not take together since we were married. I can't put a barrier between him and myself until I have written to him and told him of the change in my life." She immediately wrote; but before her letter reached him out on the frontier he had written to her, and their letters crossed. He said that for several days he had a strange feeling, such as he had never experienced before. He felt that he was unworthy and a sinner, and that he needed pardon. He had no Bible in his tent, and borrowed one from a comrade; then he read about the way of salvation, and found light. He said in his letter that he had become a Christian; so when her letter reached him, the wife was in

possession of the glad news that both were following Jesus. Who can tell the joy there was in that family? Although this occurred many years ago, and the dear fellow to whom I refer is now in heaven, the impression it made upon me will never be effaced, and I tell it to-day because it may lead others to pray for the conversion of those friends who do not feel their need of Christ.

After silent prayer for a few moments, during which it seemed that every Christian heart was lifted to God in earnest supplication—for the most solemn stillness prevailed through the house—the meeting closed with the Doxology and benediction.

MEETING FOR DRUNKARDS.

One of the most interesting meetings yet held by the Evangelists in this city was that set apart especially for the benefit of drunkards who had been unable to conquer the demon of alcoholic stimulus. The congregation was much larger than on the preceding day, and, as would naturally be expected, very different in many other respects. Several hundreds of Christian workers, who have been regularly attending all the meetings, remained away in order to leave as much room as possible for those who were directly affected by the curse of intemperance. A glance over the audience showed a large number of temperance advocates and missionaries, several clergymen, and a few regular Christian workers. Almost all the other faces were new. There were old fathers whose white hairs had almost been brought in sorrow to the grave by the wayward steps of loved and almost lost sons; aged mothers, whose doubly refined features had been pinched by suffering, and once rosy, smiling lips blanched to whiteness by long-continued effort to choke back the sobs which will well up from hearts wrung by the anguish of seeing dear ones sinking into ruin; there were pale-faced, loving-eyed sisters, whose

young lives had been nothing but woe instead of innocent, hopeful joy, and whose bright smiles had long given place to sighs over the downward course of some wilful brother. Here and there could be seen the bloated faces of bleary-eyed drunkards, who glanced wildly around as though the strangeness of the situation was so overpowering that it required a great effort of will to remain, and not a few were accompanied by mothers, wives, sisters, or, perchance, sweethearts, who, having exhausted worldly means, had determined to lay their burden before the Lord. The great majority of all those who gathered in the Depot Tabernacle yesterday afternoon were as sad-faced and tearful-eyed a collection of humanity as it would be possible to assemble in one place. Those who had not directly suffered by intemperance grew at once into sympathy with the hundreds about them, whose heavy sighs told the stories of unutterable anguish, and this influence increased until a cloud of terrible depression seemed to hang over the entire congregation. Every class of society was represented in this throng united so closely by such painful bonds. Close to the half-starved, long-abused, yet faithful wife of some besotted brute was seated the child of fortune and culture—child no more, but an old, old woman, whose only son, still in his youth, had fallen almost to the lowest depths of degradation. Near her was a man, every lineament of whose features was some index of nobility of soul and rare talents, but whose threadbare coat and sunken cheeks betrayed to all gazes the lifelong victim of an unconquerable appetite. Just behind this group was a young girl, whose face, sweet as an angel's, was already furrowed by grief. Beside her was a father, whom she seemed to worship, and this father, broken down in health and almost ruined in mind by the excessive use of liquor, seemed at last to have resigned himself to hopeless ruin. He gazed about in a half-sleepy, half-childish way,

and several times attempted to get up and leave his seat, but the hand of the child-woman held his very tightly, and each time he would conquer his restlessness and sit down. By far the largest proportion of the congregation were women, almost all of whom had evidently clutching at their hearts the agonizing image of some past or present experience with woe in its most terrible form. As the exercises proceeded it was interesting to note the change which gradually came over the scene. As Mr. Moody declared over and over again that the God who had once cast out devils could do it now, and would do it if only asked, and as fervent supplications for this Divine interposition were made, the cloud seemed to rise from all hearts, the noonday sun poured in upon the picture like blessed rays of hope; eyes long dimmed by tears beamed with a new light; lips so long tightly pressed by anguish smiled with a new-found joy, and dissipated faces lost their reckless look and became resolute in the strength of noble determination. It is probable that more than one slave was freed, and more than one heart made happy.

Rev. Dr. Newton read the requests for prayer. He said that as the day was set apart particularly for prayers for the intemperate only, only those which related to persons held by the demon of drink would be read. Among the requests were twenty for prayers for intemperate husbands; ten for drunken fathers; twenty-five for dissipated brothers from sisters; ten from widows for intemperate sons; one for a young man struggling to overcome the demon of drink; one from a sister for three brothers, one of them a hard drinker; one from a mother in Scottsville for an intemperate son; from a friend for a young man in Newcastle, England; from a friend for a young man who earnestly desires to reform; from a sister (long identified with Methodist missions) for an intemperate brother; from a Christian for an intemperate

brother-in-law in Richmond, Va.; from a mother, whose only son was rapidly hastening to ruin; from a wife, whose husband has almost beggared his family, and from friends for the Women's Temperance Society of Plymouth Church. There were forty requests for prayers for tavern-keepers' souls, that they might be turned from the road in which they were leading so many of their fellows; two requests for intemperate and ungodly men; one against the sale of liquor on the Centennial Grounds; one from a wife for a husband; one from a father whose son, once a professor of religion, was now hurrying on to destruction; one from a mother who desired prayers for a drunken husband and son; one from a Christian lady whose intemperate husband had come to believe that not even God could save him from himself; another from a sister for a dissipated brother; another from a mother for a son who is addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks; a doctor in Massachusetts desired prayers for himself—he had long been striving in vain to overcome the habit, and now asked for higher aid. Prayers were also requested for a brother who was once a professed Christian, but who now made the hearts of his friends heavy by yielding to temptation; a mother requested prayers for four children, one of whom was addicted to the use of wine. Prayers were asked for God's blessing on the Women's Temperance Society and their "Home for Inebriate Women;" also for the "Franklin Reformatory Home." A wife and daughter requested prayer for a father in the liquor business. Prayers were requested for four intemperate men, three of whom were the sons of three deceased elders in one Presbyterian church, and for three intemperate brothers, the sons of a minister.

Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith also offered a fervent prayer for the salvation of those who were unable to take even the first step towards saving themselves. He asked for comfort

for aged hearts, for wives and daughters and sisters, so that they could feel to-day the joy of thanksgiving, and asked special blessing on those who were engaged in the unhallowed traffic, that they should be taught that all happiness on earth or in heaven would be lost if they should continue in their present course.

The congregation then rose, and with heartfelt earnestness translated into the harmonies of sound the words of the 3d hymn :

“ I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.”

Mr. Sankey stopped the singing at the third verse and said : “ Now we should like to hear every one in the house who believe that they do need the Lord join in that chorus :

‘ I need Thee, oh ! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee ;
Oh ! bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.’ ”

Thus adjured, every voice seemed to combine with every other to fill the grand auditorium with the musical reverberations of the beautiful supplication, and the waves of harmony rolled mountain high through the seemingly limitless structure.

The Secretary of the Young Men’s Christian Association, Mr. Cree, spoke of the case of a drunkard who had come into his office and asked special prayers for strength to resist temptation.

Another case was mentioned of a poor man who came into the inquiry room with a heart almost breaking, and said he wanted the people to pray for him, but could not write a line, and was consequently unable to send in a request without help. It was also requested that prayer be offered for an un-

worthy son, who had for years resisted every effort to bring him into the right way, and also for his companion, with whom he had become united within a few weeks. Rev. Dr. Hatfield, in referring to the course of intemperance, said there was, humanly speaking, no hope for a drunkard. Only in rare instances could the victim of alcoholic stimulants be saved. But nothing was too hard for God to accomplish, and he wanted his hearers to try and have faith in what seemed an utter impossibility. At one time the speaker could not force himself to have full faith, but a number of instances which had since been brought to his attention, had proved to him how weak had been his confidence in God. One of these instances was the case of a man who was so completely ruined by drink that when at last he showed some sign of repentance the speaker thought he must have some evil design. But the man was prayed for again and again, and these prayers were answered, for he has been a sober, industrious, respectable citizen for the last eighteen years. "Father" Martin next offered a prayer for the salvation of drunkards. Mr. Moody said he noticed an aged man the evening before urging a young man to go into the inquiry room. Afterward, when he went into the room, he met that father and the youth together and prayed with them. The old man, with tears in his eyes, then said: "Mr. Moody, I live twenty miles out in the country, and came all the way here to-night to thank you; for this afternoon I received a letter from my son, who has been attending these meetings, and is now converted." "Is this young man also your son?" asked the speaker. "No," was the unexpected reply; "he is a stranger to me." "This," continued Mr. Moody, "was the most beautiful part of it. The old man had come to thank us for assisting in his son's conversion, and had seized the opportunity to urge some other man's son to seek the Lord. Now we ought to lift our eyes

above all human belief, and remember that Christ has the power to help every one who asks for his divine aid. But some say, 'It has become a disease with me; I can't help myself; my soul don't need a physician; it is my body that is sick.' But don't you suppose Christ can heal the body? He has power over disease. The Great Physician never fails. Some mothers say, 'My son is dead to everything that is pure; dead to everything that's holy.' You remember the child that was dead and Christ raised it up when asked to do it? You will find Him able to raise up any child of the flesh, whether dead or not. Christ has power over devils, over disease, and over death. In London I saw a great many incurable hospitals. They did not need anything of the kind when Christ was on earth. No case was incurable then. Now let us pray that He will cure this disease of drunkenness.

"Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for such a Saviour as Thou hast sent, and now we come to-day to ask that Thou wilt rebuke the devils who have taken possession of fathers, and brothers, and sons, and cast them out; make bare Thine arm to save these drunkards; bless these strangers who have come to us to-day. They are strangers to us, but not strangers to Thee; heavenly Father, help them, raise them, so that soon a band of men who are now the slaves of strong drink may be working for His glory. While the infidels are mocking and scoffing and saying, 'God cannot save drunkards,' O God! make bare Thine arm and show them Thy strength; show them that God can save the lowest drunkards, and it will be to Thy great glory. Amen."

The 56th hymn was then sung as follows :

"The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus ;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh ! hear the voice of Jesus.

Chorus—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus !”

Rev. Dr. Breed arose and said he had long felt the strongest sympathy for those who were suffering from that particular evil, and he knew there was not a minister living who did not feel in the same way. In all such cases the man was still the same. It was only the appetite which was unconquerable. All had heard of the member of Congress, who, when asked to sign the pledge, said, “Sign it, yes ; and then I would cut off my right hand if that would compel me to keep it.” Don’t think there was no hope. A lady of this city, who once had a drunken father, many and many a time had gone out to look for him at night, and, finding him in some saloon, would stand in the cold and snow until he came out. The touch of her hand would turn him, and he would follow her staggering to their home. One evening, while the keen winds of winter swept down every street, and a freezing sleet covered everything with a coat of ice, she attempted in the same way to lead him home, but he staggered and fell on the pavement. She bent over him, trying to revive him, and when he returned to consciousness her hair was frozen to his lips. She succeeded in getting him home alive, and in less than one month afterwards he completely reformed. A converted rumseller in the audience then arose and said he was once a dealer in the accursed stuff, but now thanked God that he would never again touch the hell-distilled fluid or raise it to the lips of a brother. Rev. Mr. Newton prayed earnestly that all who were struggling for salvation might be saved by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and that those who had sunk so low that they had no desire to rise might be brought to see the terrible error of their ways and helped to redeem them-

selves before it was too late. The congregation then united in singing the 89th hymn :

“Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin ;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Chorus—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you ;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.”

This hymn was sung with a will, all joining most heartily in the chorus. It was then announced by Mr. Moody that another meeting of the same character would be held next Friday at noon, and the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Sankey, with all his enthusiastic love of the Father, for whose worship all hymns were written, never forgets that flesh is very weak, and must be helped by all the means which can be provided. He therefore usually selects hymns for the opening praise with a light, joyous melody, which soon brings all hearts into sympathy, so that, as the services proceed, the majestic movement and grand harmonies of familiar long-metre hymns do not roll ineffectively around souls still insensible from worldly influence, but sweep in resistless waves of music along the tenderest chords of the human heart, lifting the soul far above the burden of clay which weighs it to the earth.

When a meeting is held specially for young men, it is always better that those for whom it is intended should take the most prominent part in the exercises ; but every one who has had the management of such gatherings will readily ap-

preciate the difficulty that is always experienced in carrying this rule into practice. What is needed to make young men's meetings full of interest and productive of benefit is short addresses, prayers, and little crumbs of experience incident to a young man's life; and when twenty or thirty participate within an hour, each contributing to the spirituality of the occasion, there never need be any fear of a dull meeting. A word of encouragement from an old Christian, who has a young heart, is always welcome and beneficial; but when the aged brethren monopolize three-fourths of the time, as is sometimes the case, with long, prosy, and wearisome sermonizing, all the soul of the meeting is effectually stamped out, and the time is, of course, then wasted.

Throughout the series of deeply interesting gatherings of young men, held in the North Reformed Church, Brooklyn, under the excellent superintendence of Charles M. Morton, this difficulty was not unfrequently encountered; and the same evil began to show itself in the meetings held here nightly.

A happy suggestion was, however, made and acted upon. Mr. Moody announced on Sunday that the following evening a fathers' meeting would be commenced at Dr. McCook's church, Penn Square; "and henceforth," said he, "nobody over forty years of age will be admitted to the young men's meeting. I put the limit at forty, because that will just allow me to go there when I want." The fathers' meeting was accordingly held on Monday night, and last evening it developed into a parents' meeting, both fathers and mothers being invited to attend for prayer and conversation in regard to the conversion of their children. Mr. John Field has been chosen as the leader; and it seems likely that this new feature will speedily become one of the most important auxiliaries of the revival work. The leader last evening delivered a brief but

very impressive address, relating an incident connected with his own personal history which touched every heart; then the meeting was opened for prayer and short testimonies, many petitions being offered for unconverted parents and children out of the ark of safety.

Said Mr. Moody; "I was never more shocked than on one occasion when a father said to his son, after he had returned from a meeting of this kind where he had given his heart: 'My son, I always hoped that you would become established in business before you gave attention to matters of religion;' but I don't believe one father out of ten millions would say such a thing as that. It is better to go up to heaven from the poor-house than to go down to hell in a gilded chariot. What is there to be gained by losing your soul and thinking only all the time of riches?" The speaker said that he would rather lose his eyes ten thousand times over than to lose his soul. He then narrated an incident of a little child who had been run over and killed, and the news was taken to the father by the superintendent of a Sunday school in Chicago, and when the superintendent told the father he arose like a wild man and rushed to the mother, and she cried out to be taken to see the child; but the good man told her that the child's body was so mangled that it could not be recognized by her. The superintendent said to Mr. Moody that he would rather do anything again than to bear such news to a family and witness such a sight. The speaker said that it would be better to lose everything than to lose your own souls. The little child went to heaven; it would be far worse to have borne the news that their little child's soul had been lost. Let the news go up to heaven to-night, "Saved." Strive to enter heaven by the strait way. A man has but to will to do a thing, and it will be done. God has done all he can for you. He has sent his only Son to save you, and if you

will to be saved you will find comfort, peace, and happiness. It is for you to decide to-night whether you will serve the Lord or will take the side of Satan. Since the fall of Adam, Satan has been a usurper; he has no right to this world. The Son of Man has come to seek and save; he is here now to seek and save. Are you willing to be saved now? No matter how dark and deep your sins may be. He can pardon your sins if you will only come to Him. Christ comes to you to-night to carry you over the dark river, if you will only let Him. Sinners, won't you come to Jesus to-night?

MEETING FOR WOMEN.

The afternoon service, which was exclusively for women, may be said to have commenced the actual work of the revival. The meeting was one never to be forgotten by any who were present. At two o'clock the doors were thrown open, and the crowds began to pour in until before half-past three all available space was crowded. More than eleven thousand women gathered at this religious service, the ushers and reporters being the only men allowed on the main floor. By far the larger portion of the occupants of the platform were ladies representing the upper and middle classes, while here and there could be seen poverty-stricken needlewomen who in their battle for life had been unable to find time to think of the life to come. Fully three hundred members of the combination choir were in their seats, and on the stage were many prominent clergymen. Said the Evangelist: "You have seen the murderer before the court of justice. If he had a mother she was there with him. She was not ashamed of him, but would say, 'Guilty or not guilty, he is my boy, and I love him.' How such a mother clings to her son's side every moment possible! How she watches every witness who comes

to testify against her own ! How she weeps and prays with him in his narrow cell, and when at last the verdict comes in 'guilty,' the loving heart-strings break at last, and the mother is carried fainting, almost dead, from the room. But her boy still lives for a few hours, and she comes back. She follows him to the scaffold, and suffers a thousand deaths while he is suffering one." At this point the loud sobbing of a woman in the audience became so painful that for a moment the speaker could not proceed. Recovering himself, he said : " Such is a mother's love, and yet your heavenly Father loves you more dearly, more devotedly than a mother ever can." All who desired to be prayed for were then requested to rise, and at least three thousand persons stood up.

INQUIRY MEETINGS.

Mr. Moody then rose and said : " I want to say a few words to you to-day about the inquiry rooms. Many persons talk about them as though they were something new, and ask what is the object of such places ? We have been much hindered in our work by people who, night after night, come as spectators, as though we were all on exhibition. I think it is very strange that any Christian should not understand the object of inquiry meetings, for they are not an innovation. Look at the third chapter of Luke and at the ninth verse : ' And now also the axe is laid at the root of the trees ; every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. And the people asked Him, saying, What shall we do then ? ' Then there was an inquiry meeting at once. The people became anxious about the salvation of their souls, and wanted to know what they should do to be saved. ' He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath

two coats, let him impart to him that hath none ; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.' That was an inquiry meeting. All the people wanted was a little advice, and that was given them. 'Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto Him, Master, what shall we do? And He said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you.' That was another inquiry meeting. 'And the soldiers likewise demanded of Him, saying, And what shall we do? And He said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely ; and be content with your wages.' You see all classes of hearers were asking, 'What shall we do?' They were given special answers for special cases, and that constituted an inquiry meeting. Even John could not preach so plainly but that his hearers wanted more expounding. The object of inquiry meetings is to answer those who have special questions to ask. Many persons may be affected by a good sermon or touched by a fervent prayer, but each one may have peculiar difficulties to overcome, and unless these can be presented to some Christian who, having been through the same trials, can advise how to get rid of them, even the most anxious souls may go away discouraged, and, what is worse, remain away. In the thirteenth chapter of Matthew we read, 'Now Jesus sent the multitude away and went into the house ; and His disciples came unto Him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field.' There was another inquiry meeting at once. Even the faithful disciples of Jesus had questions to ask as soon as opportunity offered. In the fifty-first verse we find that the Master himself opened an inquiry meeting, for it says : 'Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things? They say unto Him, Yea, Lord.' There, you see, He was encouraging them to make inquiry. This is the only way the truth can be preached and be made effective. We must get right in among the people and answer the num-

berless questions which confuse groping minds if we wish to bring souls to Christ. If there were more inquiry rooms there would be more effective preaching. In the eighteenth chapter of Matthew we read : ' Then came Peter unto Him and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him ? till seven times ? ' This was an inquiry meeting started by Peter, and it is a very good thing that Peter went to the Lord with that question, for otherwise we never would have had this blessed answer : ' Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times ; but, until seventy times seven. ' Christ always encouraged His followers to come to Him, and He was always ready to answer their inquiries. The preaching that does bring inquirers is just the kind the devil does not want.

" Another inquiry meeting is told of in the 19th chapter of Matthew : ' And behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life ? ' In the 24th chapter of Matthew, still another inquiry meeting is spoken of : ' And as He sat upon the Mount of Olives, the disciples came unto Him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be ? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world ? ' These all show how they used to have inquiry meetings in the days of Christ. In the 2d chapter of the Acts we read : ' Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do ? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. ' In the 8th chapter of the Acts we hear of an inquiry meeting that did not take place after a sermon or in church, but away off in the desert. Philip found a poor eunuch out in the desert and quieted his anxious spirit by

telling him it was only necessary to believe in order to be saved. The eunuch was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing. The Bible is full of accounts of inquiry meetings. While Paul was at Rome there was at all times anxious persons hastening to his house and inquiring, 'What shall we do to be saved?' They did not go there to kiss Paul's great toe, but to find the way of life. Some people say you should not speak to persons after they have been listening to a good sermon, for you may disturb the seed already sown. Don't you know it's the devil who is most apt to disturb the seed? We should not only sow it, but harrow it down. All the workers in the inquiry rooms should carry their Bibles and have them ready for just such cases. When the inquirer is seeking for light you need not talk to him; hold up just the right passage from the Scripture and let him read it. The third class are those who are not convicted of sin. I met a man last evening who acknowledged that he had not been in a place of worship for eight years, but still he was very anxious to have me understand that he was not a bad man, though he did admit that now and then, when he became angry, he would swear. Now I knew the only way to do in his case was to get the law on him. So I turned to the 3d chapter of Romans and read to him: 'And it is written, there is none righteous, no, not one.' Then I turned to Isaiah and showed him that the thoughts of the Lord could not be his. The only way to convict a man is to bring the law of God to bear on his conscience, and then when he fully feels his wickedness teach him to lift up his heart in prayer to God. There is generally in the inquirer either the spirit of the Pharisee or the spirit of the Publican. God be thanked for the spirit of the Publican. Don't give comfort to the Pharisee, or to the unconvicted. Show them plainly their wickedness. But when they are convicted and feel that nothing

ever can wash away their sins, turn to the 1st chapter of Isaiah and show them the 18th verse: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' What more comfort could be asked than this? Scarlet and crimson are two fast colors, yet the Lord can make them white."

The inevitable question, asked and answered so often, What is the secret of the power of these men? recurs to each new community where their influence is directly exerted. The frequent motive behind the inquiry is personal desire to enjoy and employ this secret in the service of Jesus. This becomes every honest worker, and justifies the attempt to unveil the hiding of their influence, for the information and inspiration of those who would fill the earth with redeemed souls. And again, in the midst of our gathered threads, we insert the answers to this problem, that they may be woven into the beautiful robe of their wonderful career.

There are two points here to be considered: 1. The occasion met these men, and, 2. They proved equal to it. If the capability had not been in them, they would have dropped into obscurity like hosts of others. But it is no less true that for lack of occasion great powers often lie concealed, not only from the world, but even from him whose they are. In Chicago, hundreds, even thousands, gladly heard Mr. Moody, and he there proved his efficiency in every department of the work he undertook. Had he not, it is by no means probable that a larger opportunity would have opened to him. When the enlarged opportunity was given, he showed a breadth of comprehension, a depth of insight, a control over large masses and a mastery of the myriad details of a great undertaking, such as his work in Chicago never would have called for. There is another consideration. Mr. Moody's powers have

had development ; his capabilities have not only been educed, but they have been improved by exercise.

Mr. Moody talks as if he knew just what he wanted to say, and was determined to say it. In this he is an example to Sunday school teachers.

Mr. Moody's Christian experience was of a most positive kind ; and a vivid realization of the appalling fact that on every hand men were perishing eternally moved him to the work which has now grown to such great proportions. In awakening the consciences of the unconverted and stimulating the activities of Christians, he possesses a rare power that none can fail to recognize. Herein lies his greatness. No one will claim for Mr. Moody the richness of language, the resistless pathos and humor, the wonderful mimicry and dramatic power that characterize the great temperance orator. But Mr. Gough does not more thoroughly hold an audience than Mr. Moody. We have heard the latter when every eye and every ear in his vast audience were riveted upon him—the place, the man, all else in the universe forgotten, while his homely sentences and pointed illustrations issued forth hot and glowing, radiant with quaint touches of imagination, and varied by occasional sallies of quiet humor, the whole saturated with sincerity and marked by the simplicity of a child-like faith. This was oratory of the truest sort. There are many men who talk as effectively as Mr. Moody *for a little while*, or occasionally. They can get the sympathy of an audience when they chance to be in the vein ; but it is a very different thing to be *master* of an audience. Mr. Moody is always that ; at his best superlatively so.

A minister who went to hear Mr. Moody preach was surprised that there was so little of plan or of argument in his discourse, that it was made up so largely of declaration and appeal, and he wondered how such preaching could

prove so impressive. Indeed, he was sure that a sermon of that kind was not likely to convince an unbeliever ; it seemed, in fact, only addressed to those who admitted the truth of the great facts which the preacher emphasized. The minister was pleased with Mr. Moody as a man. He admired his earnestness and his desire to win souls to the Saviour ; but he could not think his sermon as a sermon amounted to much. Something else than such preaching, he was confident, gave Mr. Moody the cars of the multitude.

Yet, just here, that minister made a great mistake. It would have been a blessed thing for him and for sinners about him if he had recognized, in what he counted the lack of Mr. Moody, one of the sources of Mr. Moody's special power as a preacher. That minister thinks it always his duty to argue with unbelievers. He is a little in doubt himself on most points, and he sees that others are. He opens discussion with them in every sermon, and at the sermon's close neither he nor they are quite convinced. He does not rest down on the Word of God with such positiveness that he has no thought of its being in question. Hence he never proclaims, declares, preaches the truth in confidence. He is called a good sermonizer, but his sermons neither convince unbelievers nor arouse the careless to seek salvation ; nor yet do they reassure distrustful Christians. If he would but believe with Mr. Moody's confidence, and declare the gospel with Mr. Moody's positiveness, he would have more of Mr. Moody's success in bringing his hearers to a sense of their danger, and to an acceptance of the full salvation to which he points them.

Two men were riding in a street-car together. One was a skilled infidel and controversialist. The other was a simple-hearted Christian layman. The infidel sought to provoke an argument as to the Bible and its truths. The believer's response was : " I cannot argue the case with you. I am

not competent to do that. But this I do know. With all my heart I trust the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I only wish you had the joy in Him which I have. The infidel's unexpected answer came promptly: "There you have got me. I can't answer that." The assurance which enables a child of God to testify for Christ and his salvation is more effective than the most carefully constructed arguments for the reasonableness of God's plan of redemption.

The one unmistakable cause of the great interest attending these two brethren is the conviction that God is with them. Among the natural agencies which he is using through them are :

(1) An irrepressible ardor of personal conviction.

(2) The simplicity, quickness, and brightness of the speaking.

(3) The speaker's utter forgetfulness of himself ; no parading of his own sanctity or humility ; of his own goodness or badness, or of himself in any way.

(4) An unaffected, loving regard for his fellow-men ; a real and affectionate interest in them ; and a hearty, genial way of showing it.

(5) The entire naturalness of manner wins and holds attention. There is none of that straining after effect which is so apparent and so odious in some professional "revivalists ;" no solemn farce, no cant, no sentimentalism. He appears to be among evangelists what Walter Scott was among writers—a sturdy, wholesome, *manly man*.

Mr. Moody owes none of his success to fiery enthusiasm, sensational exhortings, or clever advertising, as many devotees, not to religion but to special church organizations, so confidently asserted. He owes it all to simple earnestness, unerring judgment, and that never-failing conservator of human effort—method. Most of his brothers of the cloth, knowing

that their congregations are composed of representatives of many classes and conditions of life, and honestly desiring to preach and pray as much for one as another, forget that homœopathic principles cannot be extended to include the soul diseases which the Great Physician came to cure, and thus continue to dilute the current of their endeavor by attempting to preach on all sins and to all sinners at the same time, until such infinitesimal portions are dispensed to those who need special aid that their work is, after all, but love's labor lost. Mr. Moody, from the very start, has been as systematic in his work as an astronomer laboring to master the secrets of some newly-discovered planet. He is not content with simply giving his life to the cause of religion, trusting to some higher power to carry home the arrows shot at random, but so husbands his strength, so concentrates his energies, and so persistently directs his efforts to the special work of the moment, that every word is made to tell, and each succeeding sentence carries more and more conviction to the hearts which it is intended to influence. It will be remembered that, contrary to all precedent, the Evangelist commenced his work of regeneration, not with the unconverted, but with professed Christians. Ignoring the sins of sinners, he preached only of the sins of saints.

For one whole week this unexpected but perhaps not unnecessary prelude to the regular programme was continued, and during that time it is possible that not a few really earnest and devoted lovers of their Master discovered that in the crowning grace of charity they were sadly lacking, for Christian bounty should be as boundless as the sea and Christian love as deep. During the past week Mr. Moody has worked exclusively for those who, while not doubting the truth of Revelation, have failed to follow its teachings or come into full sympathy with its consoling spirit. These divided from

the Christian workers, the professed infidels and unbelievers in the plan of the Atonement, were again subdivided by Mr. Moody's system of teaching into as many different classes as their varied needs seemed to require. For each special services were held, at which special arguments and appeals were employed to reach their particular cases. There were meetings for men, meetings for women, meetings for mothers, for fathers, for young men, for parents, and last, but not least in importance, for drunkards. At each one of these assemblages the services, from the opening prayer to the benediction, were conducted exclusively and most heartily for the spiritual benefit of the class which had responded to the call.

Curious as it may appear, the great Evangelist seems instinctively to have adopted in his spiritual warfare with Satan precisely the same tactics which, originated by the first Napoleon, was the secret of his numberless and marvellous victories. Napoleon never made a direct movement until he had so divided the battalions of the enemy that by a *coup d'etat* he could concentrate his whole force on one subdivision, thereby gaining a certain victory without material loss, and thus continuing until the enemy was reduced to fragments and routed. The Evangelist, in his crusade against evil, follows exactly the same plan. Instead of imitating the Church and firing indiscriminate and ineffective rounds into the well-trained ranks of the enemy, he persuades the sinners to divide themselves into clearly-defined classes, and then concentrates his whole force on the separated fragments, with, as a result, an amazing number of unconditional surrenders. But, besides Mr. Moody's earnestness and attention to system, there is back of all an overpowering strength of will, made peculiarly effective by a large amount of animal magnetism. These qualities combined would raise any man of ordinary intelligence above his fellows but when this power is controlled by intense religious feel-

ing, it not only raises the leader above his fellows, but his fellows above themselves. Who shall describe the Evangelist's preaching? He is not oratorical or rhetorical or even logical. His brightest ideas are not æsthetic, and his most effective appeals are not pathetic. Still, he has the faculty of selecting out the very arguments or illustrations which will most affect the particular heart he desires to touch, and of presenting those arguments or illustrations in such a gleaming light of plausibility as to throw into a shadow every opposite thought which chance may evolve. When speaking to parents, he invariably tells of the beautiful children who stand beckoning to their loved papa and mamma from the summerland; when talking to sons and daughters, he adjures them by their white-haired father or sainted mother to hasten onward to the place of pure delight where all who loved may be again united. He appeals to husbands to reform for the sake of their loving wives and innocent children, and to wives to come to the Father for the sake of their wayward husbands and helpless babes. There may be art in such methods of making truth patent, but with Mr. Moody it has the effect of the perfection of art—artlessness.

THE HARVEST GATHERED.

The third week of the Evangelists' labors among the unconverted in Philadelphia, drew to a close on Saturday, Dec. 11th.

At the end of a fortnight their special work, that of arousing members of churches to activity and individual effort, was probably as far advanced as in Brooklyn when the Evangelists had ended their month's labors; but then it must be remembered that the City of Brotherly Love had caught inspiration from the glorious and successful meetings in Brooklyn, which

will always be remembered as initiatory of a revival that promises to be widespread, if not national, in its influence and extent. There were some difficulties to be overcome when the work was begun in Brooklyn, which did not present themselves in Philadelphia. When the Evangelists came here on the 21st of November, it was no longer a matter of doubt that in their own land, as well as in the British Isles, great crowds would be attracted to listen to Mr. Moody's earnest talks and Mr. Sankey's sweet gospel sermons in song. Something of the methods by which the multitudes were to be reached and brought under religious influences had begun to be appreciated; the efficiency and important mission of the inquiry meeting were recognized, if not generally, at least in part; and so the special work in the City of Churches, while it has brought forth lasting fruit in the conversion of many souls, and might have been still more effective had it been of longer duration, was also influential here in Philadelphia, and in many cities and towns, through the medium of the press, as sounding the preliminary bugle notes which called the Lord's hosts to battle.

There have been held during the last three weeks thirty-eight meetings addressed by Mr. Moody, nine of them being specially for Christian workers, fourteen for the general public (these had an average attendance of eight thousand), and fifteen daily prayer-meetings, at which the gatherings have been on the average about three thousand. If the congregation had been composed of new faces at every service, more than two hundred thousand of the citizens of Philadelphia would have been reached, but most probably half of each audience has been made up of substantially the same people. Of the remaining one hundred thousand, however, there is every reason to believe that a large proportion were of just the class sought to be reached in these special services—

namely, those who are strangers to religion. Many who have not been attending any place of worship for a length of time, have come into the Depot Church and heard the Gospel faithfully preached. Thus it will be seen a widespread influence is being exerted throughout the families of this great city by these special meetings beyond that which could have been brought about through the regular services at the various churches.

A great work has been done amongst the young men. Meetings are conducted each evening by Mr. John Wanner in the Broad and Arch M. E. Church, at which the average attendance has been little short of five hundred. Here many conversions have taken place ; young men have learned to talk to young men, and with loving entreaty and kind sympathy lead them to Christ. Mr. Moody spoke to those who gathered at this meeting, and incited them to band themselves together for a canvass of the city, that they might bring many strangers to the meetings and make their influence felt in all parts of Philadelphia. Not only was this work recommended, but hints were thrown out that a still more important mission might be given to the young men of this city. Philadelphia, he said, was a great centre, and there are hundreds of towns and villages in all the surrounding country where special meetings might be held and become productive of most wonderful results. "A thousand young men are wanted," he said, "to devote themselves to Christ's service."

Excursion trains are running almost every night, bringing in hundreds to the meetings. Thus the village churches and country ministers will be aroused, quickened, and encouraged, and a spirit of energy and Christian zeal very widely infused.

Women's meetings are being held every afternoon in Dr. McCook's church ; but with one or two exceptions, these

gatherings, although attended by four or five hundred persons, have not been as profitable or enlivening as they might be made. One defect has been that the singing is not sufficiently hearty or congregational—not more than one out of twenty of the sisters seem to take any part in the service of song. There is also a tendency to long speeches ; and altogether greater heartiness needs to be infused into the meetings in order to make them as useful as such services are designed to be.

Judging from Mr. Moody's own words, the results have been more than satisfactory—they have been surprising. More converts are believed by the Evangelists to have been made during the past week than in any other week ever spent in America. The inquiry rooms, so often explained and so ably defended by Mr. Moody, have been full almost every evening, and a large proportion of those converted have at once become workers for the salvation of others. There were on Sunday three regular services ; the first in the morning for Christians, the second at four o'clock for women, and the third in the evening for men. At the early morning service the Evangelists were greeted with a congregation of over 6,000 Christian workers, supported by an excellent voiced and well-drilled volunteer choir of 500 members. This choir has been so perfectly trained, under the direction of Mr. Fischer, that it has become one of the best organizations of its kind ever drawn together in the city. The services opened with the 11th hymn,

“ I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth friends be few ;
And now He's watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh ! that my Saviour were your Saviour too,”

which was sung by the whole congregation with much spirit and rare grace of expression for a body of 6,000 or 7,000 singers, most of whom were strangers to each other. The

words, "For you I am praying," were repeated in the softest of echoes. The 87th hymn,

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me.

Chorus—Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me,"

was next sung by the choir, led by Mr. Sankey, whose sweet voice rang out pure and clear above the multitudinous harmonies, like the notes of a silver flute amid the fortissimo tones of a powerful orchestra. Wm. B. Dodge, of New York, then made a prayer, asking that, in the spirit of the hymn just sung, all might move forward through the day, and that the Lord might grant to each and all a Sabbath day's blessing. He prayed that all might be quickened in their efforts for the advancement of His glory, and that clearer views of the beauty of salvation, as well as of the pains of eternal death, might be given. He prayed that His servant, Mr. Moody, should be strengthened and be able to speak like a dying man to dying men. The 79th hymn,

"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
Oh ! what shall the harvest be ? "

was next announced. This, whether regarded from a Scriptural, poetical, or musical standpoint, is one of the most beautiful hymns in the collection ; and it has become such a favorite that nearly all singers have learned it, and now as the familiar notes of the chorus are touched by Mr. Sankey, the sweet melody, rich harmony, and rather intricate move-

ment are perfectly followed by thousands of voices. The last verse, "Sowing the seed with an aching heart," was sung with affecting expression by Mr. Sankey, and as the echoes of the solo died away the choir could be heard repeating the chorus in whispers of melody. Mr. Moody then arose and read a part of the twelfth chapter of Romans. After which the 170th hymn,

"Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
'Who will go and work to-day?'"

was sung by Mr. Sankey to the beautiful tune of "Your mission," which became such a favorite with the martyred President Lincoln.

The theme and spirit of the two compositions are very similar, the latter being religious, while the original, though far from irreligious, was still better adapted to secular than purely devotional occasions. Mr. Moody made a fervent prayer, thanking the Father for the success of the past three weeks, and asking for blessings on the week to come. He prayed that all the workers in the harvest-field might be strengthened and filled with zeal for the work. The congregation, with Mr. Sankey, sang with inspiring earnestness the 110th hymn to the familiar tune of "Antioch." As the stanzas were concluded, Mr. Moody arose and preached an eloquent sermon from the text, "Occupy till I come," Luke xix. 13. He said the Church had been divided by some one into four very familiar classes. First, there were the destroyers, who found their way into almost every congregation and proved destructive to prosperity, as well as peace and harmony. Then there were the obstructors, who continually opposed every movement, whether good or ill. Next came the idlers, and finally the workers. "Now, which of these four classes do you belong to?" continued Mr. Moody. "I shall judge no man; take your places as you please; but if you have faith in Christ

you must desire and occupy till He comes. The Church seems to have gone into camp and become demoralized. Some of its members have gone in simply to sleep and rest. I heard of one man who left one church where he had been a hard worker, and wanted to enter another, but said he did not want to do any work. 'Oh!' said the minister, 'you have made a mistake; you should apply to my neighbor, who is pastor of the Church of the Heavenly Rest.' I think very many more churches could appropriately be named the Heavenly Rest. Some people think because they can do but little their efforts are of no use. When Moses told Pharaoh that his God could remove the plague of the frogs, Pharaoh said, 'Oh! I don't think much of your God if He is the God of such an insignificant little thing as a frog.' 'Yes,' replied Moses, 'but there are a great many of them.' Let us remember that we may be little, but if there are only a great many of us we can do a great work. We must remember that each one of us has talent peculiar to himself. I can't sing like Mr. Sankey, or carry on business like Mr. Stuart; I am not an organiser like Mr. Wannamaker, yet if I use my half a talent as such a man as Rev. Dr. Dodge uses his ten, I will receive the same reward." Mr. Moody here spoke of a number of interesting instances of men using for the Lord such talents as he had given them, referring particularly to a Quaker in London, who, being unable to talk, sing, or otherwise labor, had expended his fortune in printing and circulating tracts. "This man," said Mr. Moody, "has already sent out more tracts than all the American and London publication societies combined, and he is now in daily receipt of piles of letters from people who have been converted all over the world."

The speaker also told of a gentleman of fortune in England who had spent the past nine years in searching through the

slums of London and educating the gamins whom he rescued. Referring to the responsibility which all Sunday school teachers assumed, he told of a little girl who was converted by her teacher (who probably afterwards forgot all about the child); that child grew up, became the mother of ten sons, all of whom were led into "paths of peace," and six of whom became ministers of the Gospel. Mr. Moody continued at some length exhorting those who had already received the Saviour to do all in their power to save others. At the conclusion of this sermon, those who were willing to try to save even one soul during the week were called upon to stand up, and fully two-thirds of those present rose to their feet. The persons who desired to become Christians were next requested to rise, and one-half of the remainder stood up.

The women's meeting in the afternoon was thronged with worshippers, every available space being occupied, and thousands being compelled to turn sadly away from closed doors. Mr. Moody opened the meeting by announcing the 37th hymn,

"Tell me the old, old story."

This was sung by the ten thousand voices with an effect hardly to be described. Wave upon wave of the richest harmony swept in great billows of musical sound from one end of the mighty structure to the other, and finally seemed to die away among the sunbeams which rested gently upon the windowed roof. The last verse was so inspiringly rendered that at Mr. Moody's request the lines were repeated. After a few moments spent in silent prayer, Bishop Simpson offered up a supplication imploring the Father to send on every one of the vast assembly the blessings of His grace, that all might feel that Christ had made them whole. He thanked the Lord for the wonderful effusion of His Spirit which had accompanied the labors of His servants, and prayed that they

might see the multitude turning from worldly ways to paths of holiness and peace. A new hymn,

“ Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,”

was next sung as a solo by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining in the chorus :

“ Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and by.”

Mr. Moody then read the parable of the ten virgins, from the 12th chapter of St. Matthew, and as he concluded Mr. Sankey exquisitely sang the new hymn, “ The wise and foolish virgins.” The latter part of this hymn is an adaptation of Balfe’s “ Too Late,” and was rendered by Mr. Sankey with rare beauty of expression.

Mr. Moody next read a few verses in the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, in which the parable of the marriage supper is written. “ I wish,” said Mr. Moody, “ to call your attention to the words, ‘ I pray thee, have me excused.’ Though 1,800 years have rolled away, we find people still with one consent praying to be excused. It was not a pestilential hospital to which they were called, but to a marriage supper. To-day the King of kings sends an invitation to every human being to be at the marriage supper, and yet how many want to be excused. Suppose the Lord should take you all at your word and then lay the hand of death upon you? What a wail would go up from this city of Philadelphia! Suppose He should cease trying to compel you to come in, and just quietly shut the door upon you, have you ever tried to think of the anguish which such a change would bring? If all who wanted to be excused should be taken away, the grass would soon be growing in the streets of Phila-

delphia. There would be a good many shops shut up, there would be no saloon-keepers left, and I would have a very small audience here to-morrow night. Now, look at the excuses which these three men gave. The first said he had bought some land, and must needs go and see it. Now, when men buy land they go and see it before buying it, and even then would not start off at supper-time. The answer bears on its face the fact that it was a downright lie. The excuse was manufactured. The second man had a more absurd excuse than the first. He said, 'I have bought a yoke of oxen and must needs go and prove them.' That excuse was manufactured also. Men don't buy oxen and then prove them; they prove them first and buy them afterwards. More than that, the morning, not the evening, is the time to prove oxen. That excuse shows in itself that it's a lie. Then the third man could not come to the supper because he had married a wife. Why, if he had a wife, this fine banquet was just the place she would most like to attend. That excuse also was manufactured. Just notice how miserable all these excuses are. Now, I want to ask this audience just one question, Have you got a better one? Can any one get up here and say, 'Mr. Moody, I have a good excuse?' I never saw any one in my life who had a better excuse, and few have as good ones, yet even these, poor as they are, are manufactured. Look at some of the excuses we hear in the inquiry rooms. Some say, 'Oh! it's so *hard* to serve the Master.' This is a mistake, Christ is an easy Master. 'The way of the *transgressor* is *hard*.' I stand here as a witness that my God and my Saviour is not a hard Master. Another excuse is that the inquirer don't understand the Bible. Now, I don't believe that excuse will stand the light of eternity. I never met sceptical people that have read the Bible from back to back, and I know there is no book more misjudged. People will seldom judge

of a new book until they have read it, but they willingly judge God's book before looking into it. More than that, the Bible was not made to understand. Don't give up the good old Bible until you can get a better book. You won't want to stand up before God and say : ' Lord, I was not saved because I did not understand the Bible.' Others excuse themselves on the plea that there are so many hypocrites in the Church, and they don't like such company. Now, I admit that there have always been hypocrites in the Church, but is that a good excuse? If every man on the face of the earth is a black-hearted hypocrite, is that any reason why you should be? But if you don't like hypocrites you had better go to Christ, for not one of them shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Stay away, and you'll go with the hypocrites through eternity. Again, I fancy that there is one in the audience who says, ' I am so vile that Christ won't receive me.' I know there is not one of you who can show me a place in the Bible where it says any one is so wicked that forgiveness is impossible. There is not a mother in the congregation who would not forgive a wayward child, and there is not a sinner in this assembly who cannot obtain forgiveness of the heavenly Father." Mr. Moody concluded with a touching incident in his own experience, relating in affecting tones the simple story of a brother lost for years and years, but at last found and clasped in a forgiving mother's arms. All who desired to be prayed for were then requested to rise, and about 3,000 stood up, and afterwards, while the congregation united in singing the 91st hymn, " There is a fountain filled with blood," passed into the inquiry rooms. These rooms soon became filled, and the overflow were provided with seats in the large hall on the north-west corner of the building, where Mr. Moody himself prayed and talked with those who had been affected by the services,

The Depot Tabernacle was crowded to repletion at the services held in the evening, and the most encouraging part of it was that the 11,000 persons assembled were all men. It has frequently been asserted that while Mr. Moody's touching prayers and simple addresses, combined with Mr. Sankey's singing, might easily attract large audiences of ladies, it would be impossible to fill the structure with representatives of the masculine gender. It has been proved by Mr. Moody, beyond doubt, that the consciences of men can be easily reached by honest, earnest endeavor and manly argument, when showy but soulless phrases would hardly penetrate beyond the ear.

“Jesus, lover of my soul,”

was sung by the united tones of at least ten thousand male voices, led by the clear sopranos of the choir, with an effect as grandly beautiful as surprising. Rev. Dr. McCook then offered up an opening prayer, beseeching the Father to hear the supplications of his servants as they asked for mercy and forgiveness. He prayed that His Holy Spirit might descend and fill the great multitudes as in the days of Pentecost, so that all could be won in sweet and holy subjection to Jesus Christ. He asked for faith to lay the petition from all before the Lord in the name of Jesus; and blessings were particularly asked for those who were seeking Jesus. At the conclusion of the prayer Mr. Sankey took his seat at the organ, and with marvellous power of expression, sung the 6th hymn:

“There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.”

Mr. Moody then called attention to the 14th chapter of Luke, beginning at the 16th verse. After the parable of the marriage supper had been read, Mr. Sankey sang the 81st hymn

“The Lamb’s bright hall of song,
With its fair glory,
Beckons thee on.

Ref.—Room, room, still room,
Enter now.

Day is declining and the sun is low,
The shadows lengthen,
Light makes haste to go.”

The refrain was sung by the choir in the softest of musical whispers, having the effect of the distant melody of heavenly choristers. Mr. Moody then rose and repeated the sermon of the afternoon, on the subject of the “Supper of the Lamb.” While the leader spoke of the three excuses, and showed how absurd they all were, the attention of the vast audience became more and more intense, until, as he began to exhort his hearers to come to Christ, to forget self and seek the forgiveness of a loving Master, the vast sea of faces, as if by some irresistible fascination, turned fixedly toward the speaker, and every glance became fastened on the lips from which Christ crucified was preached. Then, as he concluded and called upon those who desired prayers to stand up, several hundred strong men arose and, trembling with emotion, waited with bowed heads while Mr. Sankey exquisitely sang the 38th hymn :

“Come home, come home,
You are weary at heart ;
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild,
O prodigal child !
Come home, oh ! come home ! ”

As the echoes of the song of invitation died away, Mr. Moody lifted up his hands in prayer, saying : “Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this invitation to be at the marriage supper, and we pray that we all may accept it. As these who

stand up pray to God, 'Be merciful to me, a sinner,' may Thy Holy Spirit search them out. May these young men have courage given them, and let them not be ashamed of the Word of God. If there is a prodigal child here, oh ! help the wanderer in his efforts to return." At the conclusion of the prayer over 1,000 men accepted the invitation to go into the inquiry rooms, and as the throng were pressing forward the vast assemblage sang the 86th hymn :

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

This hymn was repeated, and with each stanza hundreds more arose and joined the throngs pouring into the rooms where the Christian workers waited to receive and comfort them.

Never was the Gospel truth presented to erring man with greater force, and at no time since the inauguration of the meetings have such great results been seen. Hundreds flocked to the inquiry rooms, all anxious to know more of the love, mercy, and tenderness of the Saviour, and very many more left for their homes for the first time giving any heed to the warning words of Him who came upon earth to call men to repentance, and who died that sinners might be saved.

At the Monday morning roll-call Mr. Moody said that, as usual on Monday, the early meeting would be devoted to reports of progress from all sources. He began by reading an affecting letter from a convert, who was spoken to only a week before. In the note the writer said he had not been in church ten times in as many years. But when he listened to the sermon his heart broke, and returning home, after being spoken to by Mr. Moody, he wept for his sins, and finally surrendered unconditionally to Jesus. A man in the audience next arose, and told of two brothers who started out one Saturday morning, became intoxicated, and continued in that state until

Sunday afternoon, when their mother requested prayers for her wayward boys. Both afterwards went separately and accidentally to the revival meetings, and, to the surprise of both, they met each other in the evening converted men. Mr. Cree spoke of a young man who, after many struggles, rose for prayers, and was finally converted. Rev. Mr. Culver spoke of the work at the Grace Mission, where fifty persons went into the inquiry room, and thirty declared they had found peace. Many more cases had been noted in the congregation. A clergyman in the press-box said that at a previous service he spoke to a man who happened to be seated at his side. The man acknowledged that he had come to scoff. He went to the inquiry room and was converted. Mr. Sankey referred to three men who had spent the whole of the morning meeting scoffing at the services, but who, upon being spoken to in a kindly manner, were easily led into the inquiry room and soon afterwards led to the foot of the cross. A number of clergymen gave the most encouraging accounts of the progress and effect of the revival in their churches. Several young converts present related their experiences in their journey from darkness to light.

A young man in the back part of the audience arose, and in a trembling voice thanked the congregation for prayers and work which had helped to bring him, broken-hearted and repentant, to the foot of the cross.

Rev. Dr. Newton next called attention to the total absorption of the woman, in the chapter just read, to the will of God. She had a submission and a sublimity of confidence which all Christians should endeavor to emulate. When she was asked if all was well, she answered, though she knew the child was lying cold and lifeless on his bed, "It is well." "Let us, too, remember," continued the speaker, "that even if our prayers should not be answered, even if our dearest joys should

be stricken from our lives, we should be able to say, 'It is well.' The great principle of this movement should be entire submission to God and unfaltering confidence in His love."

Mr. Geo. H. Stuart next rose and related an affecting incident of a man who came into the inquiry room on the previous night, and after long years of infidelity at last was able to return to his wife, who had been so long praying for him, a Christian man.

Mr. Sankey also spoke of two cases for which he desired special prayers: One was a man who came to him the night before last and said he was one of eleven children, who all had become Christians but himself. He said he had once come to the meeting in hopes of finding Jesus, but could not. He came again on Sunday. "And then," continued the man, "when I heard Mr. Moody tell of that little child beckoning from the other side of the dark river I thought my heart would break, for I had lost my only child only three weeks before. Oh! cannot you help me?" "I prayed with him there on the street where we met," added Mr. Sankey, "and he went home with a changed heart." Another case mentioned was that of a young girl who was converted on the previous evening and afterwards informed Mr. Sankey that she was the niece of an eminent clergyman in Belfast, Ireland, with whom the speaker had long been acquainted. "I told her to write to him at once," said the speaker, "and to tell the uncle who had so often prayed for her while he has been carrying on the good work that his loved one had found Jesus clear across the sea."

Love to Christ will enable us to make sacrifices for Him without feeling it to be a hardship. In illustration of this, Mr. Moody related a touching story of the wife of an Indian missionary giving up her children to the care of Christian friends in this country so as to go back to the mission field

where her own and her husband's labors had been before greatly blessed, and saying, just before she parted from them, "I want to say good-by without a tear, for I would not like my children to think that it cost me tears to serve Christ." Then besides working from love, let us also put ourselves in sympathy with the people we want to influence for good. A man who had just come out of the penitentiary and had no friends, was won and his hard heart broken by just the kiss of my little girl. Let us put ourselves in the place of those who are in trouble and distress; get in sympathy with them; then the Lord will bless our efforts. We must have a heart to weep with those who weep. I heard a beautiful story told by Mr. Miggins, in New York. He said a lady came into the office of the City Mission and wanted a few tracts. She didn't feel as if she could do very much of active work for the Lord, but felt like giving away a few tracts. One day she saw a policeman taking a poor drunken woman to jail, a miserable object, ragged, dirty, with hair disordered, but the lady's heart went out in sympathy toward her. She found the woman after she came out of jail, and just went and folded her arms around her, and kissed her. The woman exclaimed, "My God, what did you do that for?" and she replied, "I don't know, but I think Jesus sent me to do it." The woman said, "Oh, don't kiss me any more, you'll break my heart. Why, nobody hasn't kissed me since my mother died." But that kiss brought the woman to the feet of the Saviour, and for the last three years she has been living a godly Christian life, won to God by a kiss.

There were those who were affected to tears, so pathetic and yet so strikingly truthful were the words of the revivalist. All who heard him could not but have been convinced that the speaker was in earnest, and that he felt that the obligation that rested upon him was so great that unless he

presented the truth in a manner not to be mistaken or misunderstood he would be coming short of his duty. The meeting was beyond question the most effective yet held, and showed the great power possessed by the Evangelist. The singing of Mr. Sankey was in keeping with the preaching by his co-laborer, and very many were visibly affected by it. A spirit that can scarcely be understood, and may be ascribed to the Most High, seemed to pervade the place.

At a meeting presided over by Mr. Wannamaker, he said : "These are golden days for Philadelphia. But a little while and we were all under a shadow. The traveller who has been to Interlachen will remember a feeling coming over him as of some impending shadow of gloom. It was in some such shadow that we were until now ; like a mantle covering us come these days of brightness. To-night let this vast congregation join in the solemn prayer, he continued, to the Lord for the great and glorious work that is now progressing amongst us." The hymn,

" Rejoice and be glad ! The Redeemer has come,
Go look on His cross and His tomb,"

was sung in such a beautiful and touching manner that an old gentleman sprang up at its conclusion from his seat in the platform and exclaimed : " I have frequently heard it said that Jesus loved a musical heart more than a musical voice. If that is so I can tell you that here we have learnt how both can be united ! " The old gentleman's remark appeared to intensify the quiet feeling felt by every one present as the musical sounds in waves of melody rolled along the peaked roof of the immense structure. Mr. Wannamaker at this moment requested the choir to sing

" I am so glad that our Father in heaven."

" I want to utter a word of thanksgiving," said Mr. Sankey,

“for having been permitted to witness in this dear land this glorious spectacle. Often in the British Islands have Mr. Moody and I wondered, and hoped and prayed that we might be able to spread the old story amongst you all. When your chairman came to us in England and told us that a wave of prayer was going through this city, we were encouraged. We now praise the Lord in our hearts that we have come, and that our efforts have been beneficial in their results.”

A gentleman rose and said that although he had attended every communion in his church for the last thirty-two years, he never knew what it was to carry Christ in his heart until two weeks ago. A city missionary, who has been holding meetings along the wharves, said that within the last week he had been more than ever successful. Degraded men and women had fallen on their faces before the throne and cried for mercy, and every day the good fruits of the present revival were becoming more and more manifest, even among the outcasts who would never enter a church or any building where Christian people would be willing to congregate. Mr. Wannamaker acknowledged that in all his experience he had never seen so encouraging a revival among the young men. Every service had been crowded, and there never had been sufficient time to accommodate all who desired to speak or pray. “This depot,” continued the speaker, “may be from this day forth the starting-point of many trains to heaven. Only keep on praying, and before spring comes to us again five thousand young men will welcome it as Christians.”

Said a gentleman : “ Among the most conspicuous persons at the Rink in Brooklyn was a man of over fifty years, by profession a reporter, apparently of the sensational sort. Entering into conversation with him the second evening, we found him partly intoxicated, ribald, sneering, and professing infidel principles. Inquiring further concerning him, we

found that he had been several times in the city jail, for misdemeanors committed while under the influence of liquor, although originally a man of culture and polish.

"Time passed, and at one Friday evening meeting the same man, conspicuous by his commanding figure, sat in a back seat at the Simpson Church. I accosted him once more, and this was the answer :

" ' I am waiting to thank Mr. Moody, who under God has been the greatest blessing of life to me. I have given up my engagement, the temptations of which are such as no Christian can face. And I am a Christian, a new creature—not reformed ; you can't reform a drunkard ; I tried that a hundred times—but regenerated, born again by the grace and power of God. I have reported sermons many a time, simply to ridicule them, but never had the least idea what true religion meant till I heard Mr. Moody's address on " Love and Sympathy " ten days ago, and I would not have believed there could be so much sweetness in a lifetime as had been condensed into those ten days. My children know the change ; my wife knows it ; I have set up the family altar, and the appetite for liquor has been so utterly taken away, that I only loathe what I used to love.' "

The most interesting part of the meeting was the story told by Mrs. Keen, of the way in which she was led, when 19 years of age, to give herself entirely to God ; of how many times she felt that she must give up everything to God before she could work for Him, and how at a ladies' meeting she was afraid to rise and say that she would give up her will to God because the ladies would say she was such a young giddy girl. It would be all gone to-morrow, " and," said Mrs. Keen, " they did say so. But I felt from that hour a different being—that was all between God and myself, and it mattered not if I was thought singular, so long as I had this sweet feeling of rest

and peace in my own soul. The thought came, Can I give my will to Him? but I said, Lord, I take Thy will to be mine, so mine must be Thine."

At the close of the morning service an inquiry meeting was opened in Rev. Dr. McCook's church, and was continued all the afternoon. The attendance at this meeting was very large and the converts many.

Mr. Moody rose and said: "I will open the meeting with a very few remarks about the inquiry room. We have a great deal of trouble with people coming into the inquiry room on outside business. One man pressed past the ushers yesterday and wanted to shake hands with me just because I was born in New England; another wanted to see me because I once lived in Chicago; others want to present requests for friends; others want to talk on all sorts of subjects, and, because I cannot attend to them, think I am very rude. Now I don't want that impression to get abroad, and therefore ask all who desire to talk with me on purely personal or general subjects, to try and find some other time for seeing me." The leader next read from the 5th chapter of Romans, beginning at the 7th verse. Continuing, he said in all cases where persons had been blessed in the Bible they were asked to go home and tell their friends, and when they did this, either then or now, many more souls were at once led to Christ. He hoped that all young converts would confess Christ before the world, and thus be the means of leading hundreds and thousands of souls to the Saviour.

"After a man is a Christian I would work him day and night. I believe that for one man killed by overwork in the cause of Christ ten thousand die from laziness."

Mr. Moody, at the conclusion of his address, read a letter which he had just received from Manchester, in which a lady stated that all on behalf of whom she had requested prayer

during the services in that city had been converted, except one, her brother, who had left his wife and family after bringing disgrace upon the family, and whose misconduct was breaking his father's heart. "This is really a story of grace," said Mr. Moody; "for this lady says in her letter: 'If he would but come home there will be no reproach. Nothing but love.' Perhaps this man may have wandered in here this afternoon, or he may be in this country. Let us pray that he may be brought back, and that his family may rejoice over the return of the wanderer."

After preaching his famous discourses on "Heaven," Mr. Moody turned the tide of men's thoughts very sharply, and preached on "Hell," taking as his text two words from the parable of Dives and Lazarus, "Son, remember." "I can well imagine," said he, "that if you had known what I was going to preach about to-night many would have stayed away; but I cannot afford to have it said that I held services in Philadelphia for four weeks and never once spoke about hell. 'Son, remember.' These are the words of the Lord himself. If any one of you has a servant, and you send him with a message, if he keeps back a part of your message because he thinks it too harsh you would dismiss that servant at once. I must deliver the message that the Lord has given me as I find it; and if you have any quarrel about these words it must be with God, and not with me. The thought that we take memory with us into the other world is very solemn. We talk about forgetting things, but the fact is we never forget. Twice I have been very near to death; and all my past life came rushing back upon me; everything that I had done crowded upon my memory. My whole life came up before me, tramp, tramp, tramp. When God says, 'Son, remember,' all the past will be recalled. We talk about God's book of record; but we will need no one to tell us what we have done, for He

makes every man keep his record. Talk about God condemning us; why, we shall condemn ourselves; we won't want any one to condemn us. Memory will come up against us, and there will be no need of any witnesses to prove our guilt.

"A man who had charge of a swing-bridge opened it just to oblige a friend who said there was plenty of time for his boat to pass through before the train of cars came along. But a moment after the lightning express came thundering on and dashed into the dark waters below. The bridge-keeper, whose neglect had caused the disaster, lost his reason, and his life since has been spent in a mad-house. The first and only words he uttered when the train leaped into the open chasm were, 'If I only had!' and he has gone constantly repeating the vain regret. That will be the cry in the lost world, 'If I only had!' That is the cry of men who were living in Philadelphia a year ago. Ask the man in prison what it is that makes his life so wearisome, and he will tell you, 'Memory, memory.' And in the prison-house of hell it is memory that makes the place so awful—to think what they might have been if they had but accepted Christ when He was offered to them. A young man met the deacon of a church one Sabbath morning and asked him the terrible question: 'How far is it to hell?' 'Young man,' was the reply, 'don't mock such a serious reality, you may be nearer to hell than you think.' They had only just turned the corner of the road, and ridden a few yards, when his horse threw him, and he was picked up dead. Some of you went out of this building last night laughing and making merry; you mocked at the idea of heaven, and when its joys were offered you, you kicked them away like a foot-ball; but the time will come when you will remember that service. Some may go out to-night and drown the memory of this text in drink, but it will come up in the other world and then you can't drown it in drink. No

doubt all the six thousand years Cain has remembered the terrible sin he committed, and has heard the voice of that loving brother whom he murdered. Has Judas ever forgotten how he betrayed the Son of God with a kiss? How that word has gnawed away at his conscience these eighteen hundred years! I tell you there is coming a time when you can't forget. Memory is the worm that dieth not. It is the same Bible which speaks of heaven that tells us of hell. There is no place in heaven for unprepared men—for those who are unredeemed. Besides, what are such men going to do if they get there? Do you think that these rumsellers, who are destroying so many souls, bodies too as well as souls, and making so many widows and orphans—are they going to heaven without repenting and turning to God for salvation? Or these men that are cursing and blaspheming God—can they join in the songs of heaven? Your own reason tells you no. Now mercy and salvation are offered, but in the lost world there will be no 'Jesus passing by,' no praying mother, no praying wife there; they will be in another world, and between these is a great gulf fixed. Remember, you have got a praying wife to-night, perhaps she is sitting by your side. You can be saved to-night. God offers you salvation and mercy, and warns you, and pleads with you to be saved.

"It is but one step out of yourself into Christ. Perhaps a loved minister has been pleading with you for many years—there will be no ministers there. You may laugh and scoff at these meetings—but there will be no special meetings in hell. And this service to-night will come to you by and by; you will remember how the preacher pled with you from this pulpit, and how Mr. Sankey sang. There will be no young man there putting his hand on your shoulder and asking you to be saved; no Sabbath school teacher to lead you to Christ. Why not say now, 'I will turn to the God of my

mother ; I will this night seek salvation ;' for God says : ' Then shall ye find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.'

" I have heard people say, ' These meetings make men worse instead of better.' That is true—no one can pass through these special meetings without becoming either better or worse. When people have been stricken down by your side, and you still go on living in sin, you will soon get more and more hardened. The sermons that now move you will make no impression."

Mr. Moody related an incident of a man in Chicago who twice determined to give his heart to God, but never had the courage to acknowledge Christ before his ungodly companions. When recovering from a long sickness, he still refused to come out boldly on the side of Christ, saying : " Not yet ; I have got a fresh lease of life. I can't be a Christian in Chicago. I am going to take a farm in Michigan, and then I will profess Christ." " I asked him," said Mr. Moody, " How dare you take the risk ?" He said, " I will risk it ; don't you trouble yourself any more about my soul, Mr. Moody. I have made up my mind." I never left a man with a sadder heart in my life. The very next week he was stricken down with the same disease. His wife sent for me, and she said, " He don't want to see you, but I can't bear that he should die in such an awful state of mind." He says, " My damnation is sealed, and I shall be in hell in a week." I tried to talk and pray with him, but it was no use ; he said his heart was as hard as a stone. " Pray for my wife and my children, but don't waste your time praying for me." His last words were : " The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," and then the angels bore him away to judgment.

Dr. J. Wheaton Smith offered the closing prayer, and from two to three hundred persons entered the inquiry rooms, while

the congregation sang: "Jesus, lover of my soul." The number of workers in the inquiry rooms is gradually increasing; frequently upwards of forty clergymen, with many other Christian men and women, were engaged in conversation with those who are anxious to find salvation.

Prayer for the intemperate was again the theme of the noonday meeting, as on the two previous Fridays. There were not less than five thousand persons in attendance. Mr. Moody said he would again call attention to the new birth. "I don't know," said he, "of any other refuge for a man addicted to strong drink. Unless Christ give him a new nature, all his good resolutions and his efforts to reform himself will be of no avail. You can't find anything in Scripture which will justify a man in the belief that he can reform the flesh. It is only when the new life is given by God that he can resist temptation. Flesh is flesh, and you cannot improve it. Some one has said, 'God never mends anything; He creates anew.' It is of no use to go and tell a man he ought to reform; just tell him to give up trying and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. God does not put a new piece into an old garment. When God saves a drunkard he takes away all the appetite. Then a man does not have to give up the drink; he does not want it any more, has no desire for it. Why I would just as soon go and eat mud as go into a saloon and drink. I have got something better.

"Some say, 'Oh, but I want something as a stimulant. Suppose you do, you can get better stimulants than drink. When the Spirit of God fills a man's heart, and he gets a thorough acquaintance with his Bible, he has the best kind of stimulant. God wants every poor drunkard to become a partaker of the divine nature. Of course the natural man don't know what we are talking about; we must be born of God before we receive spiritual strength; with God's life in

us we shall overcome. A man who has been intemperate for thirty years, and who would drink five glasses before breakfast, has just been reclaimed ; he says that all the appetite has been taken away. God can do this for every poor drunkard in Philadelphia, and he has done it for many during the last week or two."

Mr. Moody then read a letter from an inquirer who, while trying to do right, knew his love for Christ was not the motive. He had come to a meeting hoping some word might be spoken which would help him to decide the question, What should he do to be saved ? Mr. Moody continued : " It is better to have love for Christ than to lead a blameless life without love. Now, the subject for to-day will be backsliding ; but I wish to say, first, that very few who call themselves backsliders ever slid forward ; they entered the Church for some personal, social, political, or business reasons, and when they left it they were no worse than when they went in. Now, I want to speak to those who have really once been born of God. Such men may have slid backwards, but they are never satisfied, for any man who was once converted finds the world spoiled for him. In the 2d chapter of Jeremiah you will find the question, ' What iniquity have your fathers found in me ? ' What iniquity have you found in God that you should leave Him ? That's what the question means. A backslider don't leave a congregation or a people ; he leaves God. In the 19th verse you will find the words, ' Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee. ' Do not think God can let such faults escape. The backsliders are the unhappiest mortals on the face of the earth. They seem to think it's a very light thing to break God's law, but God will punish them. God says to the backslider, ' I am married to you ; I am merciful ; but only acknowledge your sins and I will forgive

you. Turn, O backsliding children ! saith the Lord, for I am married unto you.' What words can be more beautiful than these ? Why is it that these men have left such a Father ? If you will only come back now you will have a warm welcome. But I believe many backsliders are still Christians outwardly, but they have been moving away in heart. They neglect secret prayer and become very formal in public devotion. Now, one very great comfort is to treat Christ and think of Christ as a personal friend. If I should go from here to Chicago, I should bid good-by to my friends here before I started : but did you ever hear of a Christian going to Christ and saying : ' Oh, Christ ! you have been a dear friend to me, but I must bid you good-by now. I am going away from you, and never expect to call again. Good-by, for I am going back to the world ? Did you ever hear of any one backsliding in that way ? I never did. You do not bid farewell to Christ ; you just run away from him without saying a word. All you need do now is to come back, and Christ will receive you."

Sunday, the coldest day of the winter, seemed most forbidding for an early service. Nevertheless, at the eight o'clock service a congregation of seven thousand gathered to listen to Mr. Moody's address on " Daniel." Anticipation of a rich feast seemed written on many faces, for a goodly number had heard of the remarkable impression made by the delivery of this address in Brooklyn and in the cities across the Atlantic. Mr. Moody had an audience more sympathetic and thoroughly earnest than perhaps any that has gathered on previous Sunday mornings. All had gathered expecting to obtain a blessing and to learn some great lessons from the life of one of the greatest Bible characters ; and we venture to say no one went away disappointed. The meeting had been advertised as specially for young men, and probably three

fourths of those present were of that class. The address was a rapid review of the life of Daniel ; and great emphasis was laid upon the fact that at the age of seventeen he and his companions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were not afraid to come boldly as God's servants. When ordered to eat meat and drink wine from the king's table, which had been offered to idols, and therefore was forbidden to the Jews, they refused. That is often the turning-point in a young man's history to be able to say "No," when the first temptation of city life is presented to him. During an address which lasted three-quarters of an hour the most rapt attention was given throughout.

Mr. Moody spoke in the afternoon in continuation of his last Sabbath afternoon's subject, which was on the text, "I pray thee, have me excused." Many people, he said, made the doctrine of election an excuse why they cannot accept salvation. He believed that the world had nothing to do with that word election ; it was only intended for the Church, not for the unconverted ; the only word that the unconverted had to do with is "whosoever ;" Christ settled the question by telling John to write, "Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the water of life freely." "Do you think that God offers the cup of salvation to all men, and then, just as you are going to drink, he snatches it away, and says, 'Oh, but you are not one of the elect.' God doesn't do anything of the kind. Some young people say that religion is going to make them gloomy, and they want to enjoy life before they accept salvation. Who told you that lie? Pardon for the condemned, bread for the hungry, a feast in the wilderness—are these likely to make men gloomy? None are too young, and a marriage feast is just the thing likely to make the young happy. Some people stumble over their intellect, and say they can't understand religion. There are hundreds of things.

we believe that we cannot understand. Many parts of the Bible I don't understand ; but I am not going to fight against my Lord with my puny reason.

“That excuse will not serve us on the last day. We can't say then that we didn't come because God gave us too much reason and intellect. Some make the excuse that they are too bad. We preach a Gospel for the very worst ; but you can't clothe yourselves with your own righteousness ; you must have the righteousness of Christ. Many think they must prepare themselves. God wants you just as you are in all your guilt and rags. If you come as princes he sends you away as beggars ; if you come as beggars he sends you away as princes. Just because our hearts are so bad is the reason we need a Saviour ; the harder the heart, the more need you have of Christ. Nobody tells us we must weep over our sins so many hours ; it ain't necessary to shed tears to get into the kingdom of God. Feeling is the last plank the devil throws out just when a man is almost ready to step on the Rock of Ages. All you have to do is to believe—not believe yourselves, but believe in Christ. You can't give a reason for not accepting the invitation. All your excuses are a tissue of lies. Do you say you have not time ? Make time. Say, as a lady did last week, ‘I won't leave this room until I have found salvation ;’ and she went out soon after rejoicing in sins pardoned.”

At the close of the sermon no less than five hundred rose for prayer, and a very solemn feeling was prevalent throughout the vast assembly.

In the evening the same sermon was preached by Mr. Moody to a crowded audience, of which the greater portion were men.

The afternoon service was the most effective in results of any that has yet been held. Three inquiry rooms were thronged. Those who sought religious conversation were for

the most part such as were evidently under divine influence. It not unfrequently happens that persons embrace the invitation to the inquiry room just for the purpose of airing their religious crotchets, or seeking the Evangelist's opinion upon some peculiar tenet to which they may be attached. Some are anxious to have an argumentative encounter on a doctrinal point, or an intellectual set-to as to the reasonableness of some plain statement of Scripture. All such receive the cold shoulder from both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, as well as from most of their fellow-workers ; and the cavillers and questioners are beginning to learn that the inquiry room is no place for them, unless they come prepared humbly and honestly to seek direction from the Holy Spirit through conversation with Christian men and women.

Rev. Dr. C. D. Cooper said : " Probably no man has ever addressed a more distinguished congregation in this city than that to which Mr. Moody preached last night. While we are asking blessings for others, do not let us forget to pray that the words spoken in the ears of the President, his Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and many members of the Congress of the United States, might prove to each one of them words of salvation. What an influence would go out through the distant parts of our beloved land, if truth and righteousness should prevail in the hearts of all who fill important offices at the seat of government."

Rev. J. Wheaton Smith then prayed very fervently for the distinguished men who were in the congregation last evening. " We pray," said he, " for the Chief Magistrate of these United States. We thank Thee, O God, for what Thou hast wrought by him in the past, and for the honor given him amongst men ! We pray for a still greater glory to rest upon him—the crown of a forgiven sinner. Help him to feel in the discharge of his important duties that there is a duty which he owes to himself in regard to his own salvation."

The occasion of these remarks and this prayer was this : A large party of gentlemen from Washington, who were invited to visit and inspect the Centennial preparations, took occasion to hear the Evangelists, and on Sunday evening, the 19th, the following distinguished persons were upon the platform : President Grant ; Hon. George M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy ; ex-Gov. Jewell, Postmaster-General ; ex-Secretary Borie ; Hon. Geo. Bancroft ; Judge Strong, of the United States Supreme Court ; Governor Hartranft ; ex-Governor Joel Parker, of New Jersey ; ex-Governor Bigler ; Hon. Thomas A. Scott ; Col. Fred Grant and lady ; Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church ; Judge Buell, of New York ; ex-Speaker Blaine ; Hon. Morton McMichael ; General Patterson ; General Garfield ; Senator Christiancy, of Michigan ; Senator Wallace and wife ; ex-Senator Cattell ; Congressmen Wells, of Mississippi ; Thompson, of Massachusetts ; Purham, of Florida ; Judge Pierce ; Messrs. Geo. H. Stewart, G. W. Childs, and John C. Bulli.

When these prominent and well-known men appeared on the platform there was quite a commotion in the congregation, and many evinced a disposition to applaud.

Bishop Simpson made the opening prayer, and pleaded very earnestly for a blessing upon the President and his Cabinet, for the governors of states, and all in authority.

It was with great difficulty that Mr. Moody preached on Sunday night. He had contracted a severe cold, and the exertion of speaking during the early services of the day, and conversing with the inquirers for an hour besides, had rendered him very hoarse. As he warmed up in his discourse, however, his voice became, for the time at least, stronger and clearer, and he spoke with almost his wonted earnestness—at fully his usual rapidity. Governor Hartranft, on leaving the building, said that he had heard so much of Mr. Moody's power to influence a great popular assembly, that he had in advance formed

a very high estimate of his ability as a public speaker. After listening to him he had come to the conclusion that all his friends had told him of Mr. Moody was by no means exaggerated.

President Grant expressed himself as greatly pleased with the entire service, being especially gratified with the singing of Mr. Sankey. Ex-Speaker Blaine thought Mr. Moody was a wonderful man, and others of the distinguished visitors who occupied seats on the platform expressed themselves in similar terms of gratification.

During the progress of the revival, the question often recurs as to the results achieved by such vast expenditures and labors. These are well summed up in the following paragraphs:

Thousands of men and women gather every day in the week out of the busy masses of this great city to hear the gospel of Christ preached in simplicity and directness. Very many of these hearers are not in the habit of church attendance. They are told plainly of their need of salvation, and urged to yield themselves to the service of the Lord Jesus. Many others of them are professed followers of Christ, who have been cold and inactive in his service. They are called on to be up and doing for their Master, and are told just how and where to work for Him. Each day hundreds of the unconverted from among these hearers ask the prayers of Christians in their behalf, and enter the inquiry rooms for personal conversation with God's children as to their needs and duty. Many of the church members also are beginning Christian work with new zeal and new efficiency. Many of those who have not been avowed disciples of the Lord Jesus declare their readiness to trust and serve Him heartily. Moreover, hundreds of requests from those outside come up daily for special prayer, and on these calls God's children plead with Him for answers of peace accordingly. There are meetings

for particular classes from time to time. Christian workers are appealed to as such. Sunday school teachers receive special instruction. The unconverted are invited and addressed by themselves. Young men are brought together and counselled religiously. Drunkards are talked to plainly and prayed for earnestly. Women and men meet by themselves, and sermons are preached for their exclusive benefit.

All this in itself is a great matter. No ordinary curiosity would bring together such audiences day after day for weeks together. Mr. Moody is now well known, and most who cared merely to see and hear him have been gratified. His style of preaching is so simple that many who hear him wonder at its power; but there is no diminishing of the crowds in attendance week by week. No undue excitement gathers and holds these hearers. All is quiet and calm at the meetings. The preacher makes no effort to sway his audiences by strong appeals to their passions. The choice he sets before them is simply that which the gospel offers wherever it is faithfully proclaimed. The interest in the meetings is a healthy interest in the cause and truth which they represent. The fact that it is exceptional—or unusual—only makes it the more important. Men of marked influence in the community, who have been known in almost every sphere but that of personal religion, are from time to time seen in attendance at these meetings, on the platform or in the body of the house. Even if they come from curiosity alone, there is reason for rejoicing that they are at last curious in this direction. It is well for them to turn aside from their usual occupations and hear the gospel preached. If many who are accustomed to follow their lead in other things imitate them in this, there will be a gain thereby. It is a good thing to have it fashionable for sinners to listen to straightforward earnest appeals to repent and be converted.

The record of these meetings is given day by day in the daily papers. The words of the preacher are repeated by the press throughout the country, so that hundreds of thousands have the gospel preached to them morning and evening from one week's end to another, through this agency alone. Editorial comments in the secular papers on this theme are frequent and pointed. Indeed, both Christians and the unconverted have been wisely counselled and cautioned by many a secular paper "leader." This in addition to all that the religious papers have to say on the same important subject; and it can hardly be doubted that the tone of the religious press as a whole has been elevated and bettered through the influences of which these meetings are an outgrowth. It can safely be asserted that never before was so much prominence given by the secular press of the United States to religious matters and to the direct presentation of Christian truth. The revival of 1858 bore no comparison with the present revival in this particular.

In the churches of Philadelphia there is more than a common interest in Christ and His salvation. This is true almost without exception, even if in any instance the pastor himself fails as yet to perceive it; for the churches are not so shut out from the prevailing current of popular feeling that they can be excluded from an influence as general as that which now pervades this community. Those pastors who participate most heartily in the special revival meetings naturally share most richly in the attendant blessings; yet all have new opportunities of hopeful work in their fields of church labor. If there is no considerable gain in any of these churches, it will not be because there is no special interest in religious things in that church and in the community about it. On all sides unsaved men and women are unusually ready to be conversed with, prayed for, taken by the hand and led to a waiting

Saviour. All who make the experiment of introducing the subject of personal religion, in conversation with those whom they meet in business or in social intercourse, find signs of this peculiar readiness—one of the most hopeful signs in any season of revival.

These results are in themselves great results. If they are to be counted unimportant, then may also the ordinary preaching of the Gospel in our sanctuaries, and the attendance thereof of Christians and of unconverted hearers, be looked at as of little worth, because so few new converts are made each week, so little progress is marked in Christian attainment, and so many days of attention to the world and its interests follow each day of pausing to consider the things of God. The beginning is good. "The end is not yet." How much more is to come out of this revival work cannot now be known. Up to this time there is every reason to rejoice in what God is accomplishing through this agency.

A weighty responsibility rests now on the Churches, and on all Christian workers in this city, and elsewhere as widely as the knowledge of these revival meetings extends. God is doing great things before us all. He has called the attention of the community to the theme of personal religion. Multitudes who were thoughtless on this subject a little time ago are now thinking about it earnestly. They are easy of approach. They would like to be talked with. They are not yet ready to go to any pastor's study and ask the way of salvation ; not yet, perhaps, to go into the inquiry rooms at the Depot Church. But they are thinking of themselves as sinners in need of a Saviour, and the one thing lacking to turn their steps thitherward may be a word from a Christian believer of their acquaintance. If this harvest-time passes and they are still unsaved, others than Mr. Moody and his immediate co-workers in the present series of meetings will have a

share in the blame. Systematic, earnest, untiring work on the part of Christians far and near, in the line of direct personal visitation and appeal, to induce those who are now without a trust in Christ as their Saviour to come to Him in penitence and faith, is the urgent demand of the hour. "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel ; therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die ; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life ; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity ; but his blood will I require at thine hand."

Mr. Moody says truly, that the test of a revival is the prominence it gives to Bible study, the power it has in turning men to the examination of God's Word, that they may learn therefrom of their danger, their need, their duties, their encouragements, their helps, and their hopes. From the days of Nehemiah down to the present time, every true revival of pure religion has shown itself in a new interest in God's law and testimonies on the part of leaders and people.

Hence it is that the present great revival is a blessed and hopeful revival ; for it secures a prominence to God's Word beyond anything which has been known since "all the people" of the Jewish nation "gathered themselves together as one man into the street," to hear and study "the book of the law of God," "day by day, from the first day unto the last day" of the protracted meeting which followed their return from captivity.

Never in the best days of olden time was there anything like the present interest in Bible study, in the home, in the Sunday school, in the social religious meeting. More people are studying the Bible than ever before. A larger proportion of all the people are engaged in this study. The study is

more systematic, more intelligent, more thorough, and more fruitful than at any former time. This interest in Bible study is not by any means exclusively a result of the meetings led by Mr. Moody. It is a result of the work of God in which the Moody meetings are a single element, and of which they are an evidence rather than a cause. But Mr. Moody works in the line of God's providence in this particular. He values Bible study. He urges it on all. He leads many to it. Through his labors and appeal Bible study increases, and its methods improve.

It was a remarkable and a most gratifying fact, that at the early morning meeting last Sunday, at the Depot Church, on a dark, damp, chilly day, from six to eight thousand persons came together expressly to be told how to study the Bible to best advantage. Mr. Moody said that he counted it the most encouraging meeting he had ever attended in America. If he had been told five years ago that that number of persons would come together for such a purpose, on such a day, in the city of Philadelphia, he would have said that the man was crazy who suggested it. A very large proportion of all present at that meeting had their Bibles, and used them freely, and very many in the audience were taking notes freely, as Mr. Moody told of the methods he valued in the effort to search out, and to profit by, the truths of the Bible. It was pleasant to hear that building "rustle wi' religion," as the thousands of Bible leaves were turned together at the leader's call.

If Mr. Moody's work in Philadelphia had no other result than the bringing of disciples, old and new, to the more intelligent and systematic study of the Bible, it would prove a rich blessing to the entire community. The entrance of God's words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple. God's word's are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. The believer is to be sanctified by God's truth. God's Word is truth.

HOW TO USE YOUR BIBLE.

I have been wonderfully cheered, said Mr. Moody, in going to the young men's meeting, to hear so much scripture quoted. Any revival that don't bring people to their Bible is a sham, and will last only for a few weeks; but if the people are brought to love the Word of God, there will be a revival that will last 365 days in the year.

In Nehemiah viii. 2, we read that Ezra, the priest, brought the law before the congregation of both men and women in the street, and he read therein from morning until midday; and in the eighth verse, it is said, "they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." I can imagine the priest reading the passage over twenty times until the people understood it. Bible Christians are all the time rejoicing in the Lord, for the Lord is their strength, but the people who neglect their Bibles are in a backsliding state.

Mr. Moody quoted Jeremiah xx. 9, to show that Christian men are constrained to open their lips and speak for the Lord. He said: If the Holy Ghost is our teacher, we will understand the Word of God. The best thing to interpret the Bible is the Bible itself.

There are three books every Christian ought to have: the Bible, Cruden's Concordance, and the "Bible Text-Book," published by the Tract Society.

Newspapers only tell you what has taken place; this book tells you what is going to take place. Take up one subject at a time. Take up "Love," and spend a month upon it. Take a concordance and go through the Bible with it upon this subject, and then you will be full of love, and there will be no room for malice and hatred in your heart. After that take up "Faith;" it is better to go to the Word of God and get faith

than to pray for it. Then take up "Blood;" it shows the way to heaven. Now take up "Heaven," and spend months upon it. Then "Prayer." We do not know how to pray as we ought to. Nine-tenths of us read the Bible just to ease our conscience. You do not get the whole Bible by reading it in that way. In family worship people often put a mark in their Bible to know where they left off. I hoed corn when a boy, and I used to put down a stick to know where I left off; so it is with reading the Bible. The only way for us to study the Bible is to take up one subject and try to master that subject. A man said to me, "Can you recommend the best Life of Christ?" I said I could recommend four—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. A man had better spend a year over these four Gospels than to run over the whole Bible. If a man studies Genesis he has a key to the whole Bible. It is the beginning of everything, and then the other parts of the Bible will unfold themselves to us. Let us take the Bible up with some object in view—to get at some truth. In California the best gold is found at the greatest depth; and so with the Word of God, the best part is deepest. Here is some law document; it is uninteresting. Now suppose it is the will of some man, giving you a great inheritance, you will become interested. This Book tells me of this inheritance. What can the geologist tell you about the Rock of Ages? He can tell you about the rocks of this world. What does the astronomer know about the bright and morning star? He can tell you about other stars. God did not tell Joshua how to use the sword and fight in the promised land, but he told him to meditate upon the law day and night, and no one could stand before him. These words apply to every one here. This sword cuts right and left, and with it a man can cut his enemies right up to the throne of God.

A man filled with the Spirit dwells much with the Scrip-

ture. Peter quoted Scripture at the day of Pentecost, when he was full of the Holy Ghost. This is the sword of the Spirit. What is a man good for if he has no weapon? We don't know how to use this sword; we should get into the habit of using it. David says, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart." A good thing in a good place for a good purpose. If you lose your health, you lie upon your bed and feed upon the Word of God.

When you meet together to dine it is better to bring out the Bible than to bring on wine. I was glad in England at seeing that done in a great many of the houses of the upper classes. An Englishman said to me, "Moody, did you ever study the life of Job?" I said, "No, I never did." He said, "If you get a key to Job you get a key to the whole Bible." "What has Job to do with the Bible?" He said, "I will tell you. I will divide the subject into seven heads. First, Job, before he was tried, was a perfect man untried. He was like Adam in Eden until Satan came in. Second, he was tried by adversity. Third, the wisdom of the world is represented by Job's friends trying to restore him. See what language they used. They were wonderfully wise men, but they could not help Job out of his difficulties. Men are miserable comforters when they do not understand the grace of God. Job could stand his scolding wife and his boils better than these men's arguments; they made him worse instead of better. Fifth, God speaks, and Job humbles himself in the dust. God, before He saves a man, brings him down into the dust. He does not talk about how he has fed the hungry and clothed the naked, but he says, 'I am vile.' Seventh, God restores him, and the last end of Job was better than the first. So the last state of man is better than the first. It is better than the state of Adam, because Adam might have lived ten thousand years and then fallen; therefore it is better for us

to be outside of Eden with Christ than that we should be in Eden without Him. God gave Job double as much wealth as he had before, but He only gave him ten children. He had ten before his calamity came upon him. That is worthy of notice. God would not admit that Job had lost any children. He gave him ten here and ten in heaven."

We want the Word of God so hidden in our hearts that we will be constrained to speak of Him. Many flinty hearts and scoffers have come to the meetings, but before they left they have been converted to God. A man while in a saloon picked up a newspaper containing a report of one of the meetings, the first line of which was, "Where art thou?" The man was struck with it, and said to himself, "I am not in the right place," and left. He came to the meetings and was converted, and is now, said the speaker, leading a Christian life. We must take the Bible without prejudice, and not as Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Episcopalians. He advised all to have a Bible which they could call their own, and to get the best that could be procured. It might be said that it cost too much money; but so much the better, it would be valued all the more, and would stand usage longer. He had carried the Bible he now used to California and to Europe and back, and nothing would induce him to part with it. It had been a great comfort to him, and he had found much pleasure in it. It might be argued that the kind he recommended is too large for a man to put in his pocket. Then carry it under your arm; you should always be willing to show your colors. In studying it, it would be well to have a copy of Cruden's Concordance and a "Bible Text-Book." These three books make a very good library. There is no better book to study the Bible with than the Bible itself. It is the best news-book that there is. The newspaper only tells of the news of the day, while the Sacred Volume tells of what will take place,

The Book should be taken up topically ; that is, take "Love" as a topic, and see how much the Bible has to say upon that subject. By that means you learn all about it, and can readily answer any question that may arise upon that subject. After that the word "blood" can be taken up, in order to find out how often that word occurs in the blessed Book, and how it is used. So other topics might be studied, such as "Faith," "Heaven," "Charity," and very many others. By this means a very good knowledge will be obtained of the Bible. Those who do it in that manner will be surprised at the amount of information that they obtain and the interest they will take in it. The Book will become very precious to them, and they will never want to be without it. A man once asked the speaker what was the best life of Christ. He replied that he did not know. Matthew wrote a very good account, so did Mark and Luke, but the speaker liked John's account the best. Some people read the Bible as though they did it merely to ease their conscience. They take it up, perhaps, and read a chapter without reflection, and then lay it aside with a mark indicating where they left off, just as they would do with any other book. If you ever expect to understand the Word of God you must study it ; you must, as it were, dig and delve through it. A great many people carry the Bible in their hands instead of their hearts. The speaker then illustrated how the Book should be used. He said that if he were to go and hear Dr. Newton preach a sermon he would turn to his Bible, which he always carries with him, and on the margin mark down some of the heads of the discourse, with the date, and five years after these heads would freshen his mind upon the sermon. He said that every one in studying the Bible should make notes on the margin of any matter bearing upon particular passages. It impresses the subject upon the mind, and in after years, if the necessity occur for a recurrence to

it, an explanation can be given at once. The speaker gave some further illustrations showing how he had impressed sermons upon his mind at the time of their delivery by making notes upon the margin of the leaves of his Bible, and how he had studied up the subject.

In connection with these valuable instructions, as to how to study God's Word, the following letter from Mr. Moody to "the recent converts in Great Britain" will have an interest to many in this country; not only to "recent converts," but to some who have long been counted as believers.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: Since returning to America, in response to my invitation, I have received precious communications from many of you. Were it possible, I would gladly reply to each; but, as I have not opportunity for this, I shall avail myself of the columns of *The Christian* to send to you all a few words of greeting.

I praise God continually for what he has done for you in saving your souls through the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son. You are much on my heart, and in my prayers. But most glad am I to know, that when I cease to remember, Jesus himself bears each one of you in continual remembrance before his Father. You are graven upon the palms of His hands (Isa. xlix. 16), and written upon the heart of His affections (Ex. xxviii. 29); and of you He has said, "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand" (John x. 28).

You have taken the Lord Jesus for your Redeemer, and it has become eternal salvation unto you. Now, Jesus is something more unto you. He has become your High Priest. His great business in heaven to-day is *to represent you*—your needs, your infirmities, and your trials. I want you to know this very fully; for no other truth can give you more daily comfort, or more firmly establish you in a constant holy walk,

Having died to save you, Jesus lives to keep you. At the cross he washed you from the condemnation of sin ; at the mercy seat he will cleanse you from daily defilement.

Some of you have written me how old besetting sins are annoying you. Take them straight to Jesus. Don't rely too much on yourselves in overcoming them ; don't follow human advice too much, or copy the example of other people too much in gaining the victory. Spare yourselves this weariness. Cast it all before your blessed Advocate, and let him bear you and your burdens too.

And do not, above all, forsake your Bibles. You can never separate Jesus the Word made flesh from the written Word. He who proclaimed himself *the Way*, declared also that He was *the Truth*. Pack your memory full of passages of Scripture, with which to meet Satan when he comes to tempt or accuse you ; and be not content to simply *know*, but strive to *obey* the Word of God. *Never think that Jesus has commanded a trifle, nor dare to trifle with anything he has commanded.*

I exhort the young men to be sober. Exercise yourselves unto godliness ; run the race according to Paul's motto, "Looking unto Jesus ;" draw your inspiration and power directly from himself.

I exhort the young women to great moderation. Your sphere of testimony may not be public ; your place of usefulness may not be large ; in your own homes "adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour." Keep one little thought in mind—"I have none but Jesus to please." And so make your dress as simple as you know will please your Lord ; make your deportment as modest as you know will commend itself to Him.

And for you all, "among whom we have gone laboring," our prayer is, "That your love may abound yet more and

more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere, and without offence, till the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God" (Phil. i. 9, 10, 11). Mr. Sankey joins me in Christian love. Your brother in Christ,

D. L. MOODY.

Brooklyn, November 12, 1875.

Among the most effective presentations of truth made by the Evangelist are the discourses on Noah. Mr. Moody preached from Genesis, chapter vii., verse 1: "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark." He said it was a loving invitation from a personal God. This communication came to Noah, that God would destroy the world, that His Spirit would not always strive with man. This was one hundred and twenty years before the flood that he told Noah to build the ark. Grace always precedes judgment. You find that when Christ came into the world He came in grace, and then judgment followed. Mr. Moody's description of the entry of the animals into the ark was very touching. God shut the door of the ark. As in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the last days. He told an affecting incident of a mother who told Mr. Moody that her daughter wanted her to go into the inquiry room. She went into the room with her daughter, and they were both blessed. He mentioned a young woman who was converted at Edinburgh, and was killed by an accident on a railroad. At the conclusion of the sermon some five hundred rose for prayers. This was one of the most solemn meetings ever held.

In his second sermon he said: Some persons say that they do not believe that there was a flood, and others say that they believe in the New Testament but cannot accept

the Old Testament. It won't do to reject any portion ; for if you do, you will have to reject it entirely. The speaker said that he firmly believed that there was a flood, and there is abundant testimony to prove it. He was not present to defend the Bible, for it defends itself. He had a message to deliver, and he would do it to the best of his ability. He then went on to describe the ark built by Noah, and said that the old man was ridiculed and made fun of, but he had faith in God and obeyed His commands. The speaker had been hooted at after leaving the meeting in the afternoon, but he did not care for it, for he knew that every man who stands up for Christ or endeavors to serve Him must expect to be jeered at and ridiculed. The people thought Noah mad ; but did you ever notice that the man who is mad thinks everybody else mad ? There are many who think that the men who serve the Lord and preach his word are mad. What about the man who deals out death and damnation, and robs his fellow-men of their brains and money, and robs their families of support ? Is that man who brings about so much wretchedness insane ? Oh, no ! no one calls him insane. The man who goes home and beats his wife and cruelly treats his children is not called mad. But the one who works for Christ and cares for his family is mad. The speaker then went on to describe the gathering together of every living thing in the ark, the closing of the door by God, and the great flood that followed, which lasted forty days and forty nights. This portion of the discourse was the same as that given in the afternoon. He said : Thank God the door of mercy is now open. He begged all who would be wise, while God is offering mercy, to step within the door ere it be too late and the door is closed. The speaker said the past year had been the best of his life, and he has prayed that the last Sunday of the year would be the best that he has yet experi-

enced by the conversion of hundreds and thousands of souls. When God shuts the door it will be too late—the day of grace will have passed. The last day and the last hour is coming; and don't you think of it? Oh! it may be that you will never again have the opportunity of coming to Christ. The time is coming again when God will judge the world. It will be consumed, as the Lord has said, by fire. "Come thou and all thy family into the ark." You may go away from the hall and laugh at and scorn Christ. Oh! but you may be called away without being able to see Him. Come to Him, now that He is offered, or you may never again receive the message. In 1857 there was a great revival, and all over the country people were flocking into the churches. There were men who then tried to write it down, but it was of no avail. The same effort is being made to write it down now, but they are not able to do so, because it is God's work. Oh, men! come into the ark while the invitation is yet being made. He then related an incident of a young lady who attended the meeting without any concern for herself, but before the service was over she said she would be in the ark before the afternoon was over. The young lady went to the inquiry room and there sought Jesus. He then related another incident of a mother and daughter who attended one of the meetings last Monday night. The latter was a convert, but the other was not. He noticed them, and talked to the mother. Afterward he observed the two in close conversation, and, on going up to her, she said that she had not been induced to come to Christ by anything he had said, but through what her daughter had told her. He inquired how many fathers present were out of the ark. "Oh!" said he, "don't stand in the way of your children; come in and bring your whole family before the door is closed." He then referred to a man who, on being converted, told how he had

treated his mother ; that while she was praying for him, he left home because he could not stand it. Finally he heard that his mother was sick, and he thought that he would go home, but he again thought that if he did, he would have to become a Christian to live under the same roof, and he decided not to go. Subsequently he heard that she was very sick, and he started for home, and on reaching there he found that his mother was dead. He then visited her grave, and he cried to God for help. He was thus left without father and mother, and he then cried to God for help and found Christ. The man told his hearers in Chicago that he would give all in the world to have his mother and father back, and he besought those who had mothers not to treat them unkindly. Said Mr. Moody, "Won't you now come in the ark and be saved, for the door may be closed when it is too late for you?" An invitation was then extended to all who desired prayers to stand up. A large number of men responded to the request.

Ex-Mayor Story of Boston then most fervently prayed in behalf of those who had risen.

So clear and unmistakable is the plan of salvation presented that the most illiterate can readily understand it. There is no chance for the slightest excuse ; no one can plead ignorance after hearing the warning words of the Evangelists, or say that the opportunity was not offered them of coming to the Saviour. Some of the most remarkable instances of conversion have taken place, and many who attended the meetings with no thought of becoming Christians have, under the preaching of Mr. Moody and the singing of Mr. Sankey, been induced to enter the inquiry rooms and make an unconditional surrender of their hearts to the Master. Every day the number of converts is being largely increased, which shows conclusively that the power of the revivalists is not of themselves, but of Him who has called them to do His work.

OLD 1875 SHROUDED WITH PRAYER.—THE GREAT WATCH
MEETINGS.

No outside attractions of holiday week drew away from the meetings at the Depot Church. Indeed, at no time before was the attendance uniformly so large, day by day, and the seriousness of the hearers so general. The interest of the week culminated in the watch meetings of Friday night. The building was packed to overflowing, and crowds outside vainly sought admission. There were three meetings during the evening, one beginning at nine, one at ten, and one at eleven o'clock. Mr. Moody preached earnestly at each service.

"Should any people faint," said Mr. Moody, "I hope the ushers will carry them right out, and don't let me see three or four thousand people straining their necks just because some one has swooned away." After a general chorus of the hymn, "Rejoice and be glad," Mr. Moody read the thirteenth chapter of the First Corinthians. "Grant, O God," prayed Mr. Moody, "that if there be any here who have made resolutions to do better during the coming year than they did in the blessed year that is closing, that their resolves may be taken away from them, and cause them instead to put their trust in Thee." "For the last time in this old year," said Mr. Sankey, "I will sing you the 'Ninety and nine.' Let us ask a blessing upon its singing." The popular hymn was well rendered, and the Evangelist smiled a heavenly smile of satisfaction. "A man cannot serve two masters," said Mr. Moody. "I couldn't belong to the Democrats and to the Republicans at the same time. You remember the border men in the late war when our army got among them. Oh! they were all Union men, red-hot; and when the Confederates came, then they were all Southerners, and the result was that both parties hated and plundered them. None of you, except infidels, would say that you wouldn't want to become Chris-

tians some time. Why not decide to-night, in the closing moments of the old year? All the good men named in the Bible were men of decision, and the others, Pilate, Agrippa, and the rest, wavering—‘almost persuaded.’ When Egypt was so troubled with frogs that the king couldn’t stand it any longer—it was frogs, frogs, nothing but frogs everywhere; he couldn’t move his foot without treading on a frog—he called Moses, and says he: ‘Moses, I want you to get rid of these frogs for me.’ Moses says: ‘When?’ ‘Why—a—a—to-morrow,’ says the king. He had no decision, and wanted to keep the frogs for another night. You must come down with the ‘I will!’ If there’s no God to punish sin—if there’s no hereafter, let’s turn our churches into theatres; if the Bible is a tissue of lies, let’s build monuments to Voltaire and Payne; if there’s no hell, ‘let’s eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.’ I believe that the hand of God is upon this nation, and that things are going to be worse if there’s not more repentance. I know what keeps men from deciding; it’s some darling sin. ‘I like to play cards, and I can’t give it up;’ ‘I love my rum-bottle—oh, my darling rum-bottle, how can I part with you!’ Sinners, this may be your last chance to decide. Oh, for Christ’s sake—for your own sake—trust, believe! throw yourself into the arms of the Saviour, who alone can bless you with a happy new year.”

Ten o’clock was announced, the first service closed, and several thousand departed, their seats being taken by newcomers. At eleven o’clock occurred a repetition of this egress and ingress, and the last portion of the watch began.

A little after ten o’clock, Mr. Moody called the Rev. Dr. Plumer, an aged minister, to what he called the “witness-stand,” and interrogated him as to his Christian experience. It was a novel way of doing things. Mr. Moody asked questions as if doubting the Word which he so often preaches, and

the venerable doctor answered. The following is Mr. Moody's own account of this original episode :

In response to a request for an account of the watch night inquiry meeting, when the Rev. Dr. Plumer was questioned by me as to the great truths of salvation, I give the questions and answers, as I recall them, aided by notes taken by others at the time :

DR. PLUMER.—I wish to give a year-text to this assembly. It is from the 73rd Psalm ; “ Whom have I in heaven but Thee ? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.”

MR. MOODY.—Dr. Plumer, we speak of the duty of “ conviction.” What is conviction ?

DR. PLUMER.—Conviction is a clear persuasion that a thing is true. Religious conviction is a clear, settled persuasion of five things. *First*, That I am ignorant, and need instruction. *Second*, That I am guilty and deserve wrath and not pardon. *Third*, That my heart is vile, and must be renewed. *Fourth*, That my condition is miserable ; I am “ wretched, and miserable, and poor.” *Fifth*, That I am helpless ; I am without strength ; I cannot save myself ; I cannot think a good thought without divine grace.

MR. MOODY.—What is the use of conviction ?

DR. PLUMER.—The use of conviction is not to punish a man for his sins ; nor is it to make him any better. The devils in hell have been under an awful conviction for a long time, and not one of them is any better. The sole object of conviction is to light up the soul to the faith of Jesus. The sole object of conviction is to bring the sinner to accept salvation by atoning blood.

MR. MOODY.—Is any given amount of distress necessary to genuine conversion ?

DR. PLUMER.—Lydia had no distress—we read of none.

God opened her heart, and she attended to the things spoken by Paul ; but the jailer at Philippi would not have accepted Christ without some alarm. If you will accept the Son of God, you need have no trouble ; there is nothing in trouble that sanctifies the soul.

MR. MOODY.—Well, Doctor, what is conversion ?

DR. PLUMER.—Glory be to God, there is such a thing as conversion ! If there was not, everlasting chains and darkness would be our doom. To be converted is to turn from self, self-will, self-righteousness, all self-confidence, and from sin itself, and to be turned to Christ. The turning-point in a man's conversion is his acceptance of Jesus Christ ; that he closes in with Christ and gives him all his confidence.

MR. MOODY.—Why must a sinner come to Christ for salvation ?

DR. PLUMER.—Because Jesus Christ is the only Saviour. All the angels in heaven and all the saints in heaven and earth cannot save one sinner. He must come to the Saviour. I will tell you why. Here are quintillions of tons of atmospheric air, why does not that support life without your respiring ? You must breathe it, or you die. For the same reason you must make Christ yours, or you perish, notwithstanding what he has done. The sight of a river will never quench thirst, and the sight of food will never satisfy hunger. You must come to Christ and make his salvation yours.

MR. MOODY.—Can a man be saved here to-night before 12 o'clock—saved all at once ?

DR. PLUMER.—Why not ? In my Bible I read of three thousand men gathered together one morning—all of them murderers—their hands stained with the blood of the Son of God. They met in the morning, and before night they were all baptised members of Christ. God added to the Church in those days such as should be saved. If you are ever saved

there must be a moment when you accept Christ and renounce the world.

MR. MOODY.—What is repentance?

DR. PLUMER.—It is turning to God with abhorrence of sin, and cleaving to Christ with promise of obedience. A man truly repents of his sins who does not commit the sins he has repented of; therefore saving repentance always terminates in purity of life and reformation. A thorough change of heart is followed by a thorough change of character.

MR. MOODY.—How can I know that I am saved?

DR. PLUMER.—The fact that God is true. “Let God be true, but every man a liar.” If I accept Jesus Christ it is not Mr. Moody’s word, nor Mr. Sankey’s, nor Dr. Newton’s; it is the Word of the living God whose name is Amen. “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.”

MR. MOODY.—What if I haven’t got faith enough?

DR. PLUMER.—Glory be to God, if I can touch the hem of my Saviour’s garment I shall be saved. A little faith is as truly faith as a great deal of faith. A little coal of fire in the ashes is as truly fire as the glowing heat of a furnace. Jesus says not, if you have great faith you will be saved, but “he that believeth shall be saved.” Oh, come and trust Him fully. Give Him all your confidence, and if your faith is not as strong as it ought to be, cry, as did the disciples, “Lord, increase our faith.”

MR. MOODY.—But I don’t know that I have the right kind of faith.

DR. PLUMER.—Are you able to analyze your faith and say whether it is exactly of the right kind? The thief upon the cross did not say, if I had a little more faith I would ask you to remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom. He offered his prayer with the faith he had, and Christ accepted

him. You must have faith in God through grace, and then your faith must have works, to be of the right kind.

MR. MOODY.—I don't feel that I love Christ enough.

Dr. PLUMER.—And you never will. To all eternity you never will love Him as much as He deserves to be loved.

“ Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be ;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to Thee.”

MR. MOODY.—When the temptation comes, it is so much stronger than my resolution that I yield. What shall I do ?

Dr. PLUMER.—Look to Jesus. He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Christ can give us the strength of giants. Jesus is the best Master and the best Friend in the universe. Glory be to His name for ever.

The questions and answers are worthy of preservation. It would be indeed well if the scene, on the occasion of this conference between the two men of God, could be faithfully pictured to our readers.

It was near midnight. The close of the year was at hand. The Depot Church was crowded. Twelve thousand persons sat listening intently to the words of the earnest Evangelist. Mr. Moody had concluded a sermon from the text, “ How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him ; but if Baal, then follow him.” The appeal had come home with power to many who now longed for words of personal counsel, or who were burdened with anxious doubt. An ordinary inquiry meeting, such as usually follows Mr. Moody's sermons, was not practicable then and there ; for the services in the main room were to continue until the new year opened. Said Mr. Moody : “ You always show an interest in the inquiry meetings. I often see some of you who are outside looking

in at the doors to see what is going on in there. Some of you have been in there. Some of you would like to go there to-night; but we've no chance for such a meeting now. So I propose to turn this whole meeting into an inquiry meeting. Here is the Rev. Dr. Plumer, of South Carolina. He is seventy-four years old. He has been living on borrowed time for four years. For fifty-five years he has been sitting at the feet of Jesus. I'm going to put him on to the witness stand, and question him before you all. Dr. Plumer, will you take the pulpit."

The venerable clergyman, with his commanding form and patriarchal presence, arose, and with tremulous movements took the stand before the vast congregation. He gave his Bible greeting from the seventy-third Psalm to the waiting hearers. Every word was spoken with distinctness and with deep feeling, as if under a sense of weighty responsibility in thus witnessing for the Lord. It was a most impressive service. Many a soul present seemed to feel himself the questioner, and to listen as for his life to the answer. In that solemn hour it was as if God's prophecy for the latter days was fulfilled: "And I will give power unto my two witnesses." Their speech and their "preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

At eleven o'clock the doors were again thrown open while the big audience sang "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing." This was the commencement of the watch-meeting proper—watching for the first stroke of the hour which marked the end of the old and the beginning of the new year. Though but a few more persons got in through the briefly opened

doors, it was because those who had come to stay the meeting out held on to their seats, unwilling to give up an opportunity of once a year's happening. Another solemn hymn, "A charge to keep I have," and one of a joyful character, "The Lord of earth and sky," were sung, Mr. Sankey standing by the organ, while Prof. Fisher played, beating time by gently clapping his hands, and the Rev. Dr. March, formerly of the Clinton Presbyterian, prayed. He entreated God that all the meditations of the night should draw the congregation to a contemplation of their great blessing in Christ. The twenty-eighth hymn, "One more day's work for Jesus," was sung, the solo by Mr. Sankey and the chorus by the choir, Mr. Sankey substituting the word "year" for "day" and asking the choristers to do the same. The change fitted the hymn very well. Mr. Moody then began his third sermon of the evening by the sudden utterance of the words, "There are thirty-five minutes left for you to take Jesus." He resumed the theme "Decision," which he had treated two hours before, taking for his text the words in Matthew, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" If Pilate, said the preacher, had decided to follow Christ he would have been walking with Peter, John and the disciples in heaven; he would now be in the fold of Christ; but he liked popularity, and he listened to the call of ambition, and he gave Jesus up to be crucified. Every one in the depot had to go out to-night with or without Jesus; there was no more serious question to be settled in the last few minutes of the year. The Jews had said, Crucify Him! crucify Him! when the words of the text were asked of them. Would those present do the same. Let Christians in "these last minutes of 1875" lift up their voices in prayer for the salvation of sinners. Mr. Moody pictured Pilate's supposed remorse on the morning after he had refused to save Christ from the cross. He followed the footsteps of Judas—this man

Pilate, who would be popular with Cæsar—and put an end to his life. The man of pleasure and the woman of the world were then exhorted to come to Jesus. “How about you blasphemers who have come in here to-night? What are you going to do? Many are here to-night who have made resolutions to commence the new year with, but they can do nothing without Jesus.” At 15 minutes to 12 Mr. Moody asked them all to join in a silent prayer. Heads were bowed all over the building, and silence reigned, Mr. Sankey breaking it by playing the soft strains of “Almost persuaded,” which he sang, or rather recited, in a broken voice. Mr. Moody asked those Christians to rise who wished other Christians to pray for them. Almost the entire audience rose to their feet. Then the unconverted were invited to stand up and ask Christians for their prayer. Rev. Mr. Johns led in prayer, remembering both classes—the converted in need of help* and the unconverted in need of a Saviour. Dr. Newton, after this, recited the Lord’s Prayer, and all the congregation followed. The doxology, “Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,” was sung, and Mr. Moody said that there were about four minutes of the old year left, which he wanted spent in silent prayer. It was an awful solemn four minutes. It was so silent inside that the sudden clang of the bells and shriek of the whistles on the stroke of twelve on all sides of the building broke with startling distinctness on the ear. A few words of prayer were uttered in the meanwhile by Messrs. Moody, Sankey and George H. Stuart, the multitude still bowing their heads. The benediction was impressively pronounced by Rev. Dr. Plumer, and Mr. Moody, wishing all a “Happy new year,” closed the meeting.

Dr. Plumer said, “I wish you all a happy eternity,” and with this solemn greeting the vast multitude passed out.

THE MID-DAY SERVICE.

At the noon service, which was specially for the reclamation of inebriates, more than a hundred requests for prayer were read for unfortunates of all ages and sexes of that class. Mr. Moody's text was, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth." He told of a man who, in his drunken moments, came into one of these meetings, declaring: "John Wannamaker's catchpenny won't have any effect on me." But the question, "Where art thou?" so affected that drunkard that he was led to the Saviour. Dr. Plumer, President of Columbia College, exhorted the people, saying: "Oh, believe! Be saved! Come, ye opium-eaters and smokers, ye drunkards and ye chloral drinkers, come all and be saved!"

The hymn "Sowing the seed" was announced. Mr. Sankey said: Before we sing this song, I will tell you one reason why we should sing these hymns, and that is, God is blessing them to many a poor wanderer who comes to this building night after night. Last week a man who had once occupied a high position in life came into this hall and sat down. While I was singing this hymn he took out his pass-book and wrote down these words:

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

Last night that man in the inquiry room went on his knees and asked God to break the chain that had dragged him down from such a high position to the lowest of the low. He said he had resolved when he went out of that praise meeting that he would cease to indulge in the intoxicating cup, but before

he reached home he went into a saloon and broke his resolution. We prayed for him last night. He is now praying that God may break his chain. I want you to pray that this brand may be plucked from the burning, and that God may use these gospel hymns to turn the hearts of sinful men.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, said the question was asked : "Are there any permanent results following the labors of these two brothers, Moody and Sankey, in the only two cities they have visited in this country?" We had no substantial results in Brooklyn until the froth of novelty had blown away. In Philadelphia the froth of novelty has now blown away, and you have got to the blessed work. Every Church in Brooklyn that followed up the labors of Moody and Sankey with personal effort is to-day in the midst of a greater or more limited revival of religion, and every case that has been followed up by an effort has been succeeded by a permanent conversion. Our chief difficulty was from the self-indulgence of church members who were greedy to get enjoyment for themselves and not pass it to a dying soul. Sabbath school teachers were quickened in their work, but the greatest results of the work have been in regard to young men. Two union prayer-meetings have grown out of the work—one in Brooklyn and the other in New York. God has blessed the labors of these brothers in reaching that class of men who are addicted to strong drink. The most significant example I have yet met with in Brooklyn is that of a man given up by everybody. That man was picked up in the mud before my church door many a time, and he has stood before that church and damned it. He is now sitting at the feet of Jesus, humble and in his right mind. If God will save him, He will save any man in this city.

Mr. Moody said he had received a note on Sunday night, asking him if a person could come to the Saviour if he wanted,

or, in other words, has one power in himself to come? To answer this he read from Matthew xi. 27, and from other portions of Scripture. If a man wants to come, no power on earth or hell could hinder him; but God will not receive any one who is not willing to give up his sins.

The only sorrowful meeting of the week is the prayer-meeting for drunkards on Friday. The glimpse that is given in these meetings into many of the homes of the great city is an appalling one. Wives, sisters, daughters, send up a bitter cry for intercessions in behalf of those who are walking in the sure way to death, and wrecking the happiness of others in the work of their own destruction. And darker still was the revelation when the requests for prayer mentioned wives, mothers, and daughters hastening to a shameless end through strong drink. One note was in behalf of a wife in a home of wealth, of social position, the slave to strong drink, "whose husband would gladly give all his wealth for the restoration of his partner and their home." Another for an only daughter given to the use of intoxicating liquors. The prayers in behalf of these cases are most urgent and beseeching, and it is a relief to these dark unveilings to know that some of the poor slaves of drink have been rescued from their bondage, and brought in humility and penitence to the feet of Christ.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL DAY AT THE DEPOT CHURCH.

Thursday, January 6, the noonday service at the Depot Church was specially in the interest of the Sunday schools. The platform was crowded, as was also the space in front of the separating curtain, which was finally lifted and a large number of persons occupied the space beyond. Mr. Moody conducted the services, which began by singing, under Mr. Sankey's leadership, the hymn beginning, "There is a land of

pure delight." After reading a few verses from Matthew xviii., Mr. Moody said :

We have been having such a tender time in these noonday meetings for a few days back, that we want to keep on to-day in the same line. And so our topic is, "How to lead our children to Christ."

Now my experience in the Sabbath school has been something like this : that wherever I could find a teacher who was willing to work personally with the children, and get them to learn one by one, and talk with them, and pray with them, and pray for them ; and then, after they had succeeded—because that kind of work always succeeds—in bringing them to Christ, if they just nursed them, and fed them with the sincere milk of the Word—instructed them, and taught them how Christians ought to live, how Christians ought to walk—that teacher has always been successful. I never knew such a teacher to fail. But those teachers who never speak to their scholars, except in the class and when they are all together, are about as successful as the ministers who never have any inquiry meetings, and who always meet their people in the pulpit, and preach to them in a body. If we are to be successful in leading children to Christ it must be done personally.

A friend of mine, who has been a teacher some time, said to me that he had never seen a soul converted. He had in his class five young ladies of position and influence in the town in which he lived. He had tried to teach them the Bible, and had talked to them about Christ, but had never spoken to them personally about their going to Christ. Some remarks were at length made to him about working personally with the children. He went home and thought over the matter, and the next Sunday he said to one of the five young ladies that he would like to see her and have a little talk with her after the school had broken up. The young lady stayed when the

rest went out, and he then spoke to her personally about her soul's salvation ; told her how anxious he was for her conversion. The tears began to trickle down her cheeks, and he found that she was ready to be taught the way. The next time the others met that young lady they asked her what he wanted of her, and she told them. The next Sunday he asked another one to stay, and in five Sundays those five young ladies were led to Christ, and all of them have been successful teachers now for five years. Remember that this was done in five short weeks, by exhorting them personally, and praying for them.

I remember once going out with two of my teacher's class, calling upon some scholars. We went into one house and met three young ladies who had grown up in our-mission Sunday school. They had been there from childhood up. As I went out I said, " Now let us go to work and see if we can't win those three to Christ. You take Margaret, you take Sarah, and I will take Henrietta, and we will give them books, write to them, visit and pray for them—work personally with them." Within a month two of them have been led to Christ, and since I have been in Philadelphia a young man has come to me from Chicago and told me that Margaret has been converted. Prayer has prevailed, and those three have been saved, and two of them have been co-workers with me in the Sabbath school for a long time.

If teachers here will hold their classes next Sabbath with a determination, God helping them, that they will try to lead one soul to Christ, and pick out one member of their class and earnestly endeavor to work with that one member, you don't know what you may do for Christ. And if you can't see them on Sunday, make a point of meeting them through the week, invite them to some of your meetings, and then pray to God to convert them.

My friends, when you turn one of these little children to Christ, you don't know and you can't tell what God may do with them ; you don't know how they may be raised to be a great blessing to the honor of the Lord, or how they may hereafter turn hundreds and thousands to Christ. If we don't get into this personal work of dealing with souls I don't think we are going to be very successful. It is my experience, after having superintended schools for twelve or thirteen years, that the people who deal personally with the scholars make the successes.

And not only that. How very few mothers take their children off into a room, talk with them, pray with them, tell them the way to Christ ! I know if that were done we would have fewer requests here from mothers for drunken sons ; but the fact is, that hundreds of mothers do not believe in the conversion of their little children, and the result is that soon those children wander into billiard halls and drinking saloons, and at twenty many of them have become confirmed drunkards, and then, and then only, the mothers begin to wake up and cry to God that He must save their sons. We ought to commence earlier.

In Cincinnati, at a Sunday school meeting, the little children were repeating verses, and one of them, a little child only four years of age, got up. She was so small she had to be put up on a seat. She got scared at the people, and was afraid to repeat the verses her mother had been teaching her through the week—"Suffer little children." With trembling lip and heart, she said, "Suffer little children," and then broke down. She commenced again, "Suffer little children to come," and broke down the second time. She attempted it the third time, "Suffer little children to come, *and don't any of you stop them from one and all to come.*" She had got the meaning of the phrase. She could not have given a better one,

Don't any of you stop them, for God wants them all to come, and it is this miserable unbelief in the Church that is keeping back the children. How many could be brought to Christ in the morning of their days if we labored for their salvation as we should. God help us to be wise while we have our children with us young—their hearts tender. Let us pray to make an impression upon them for eternity, that they may go to Christ in the morning of their day.

Mr. Sankey said many a parent and many a teacher, it is to be feared, as the result of all his earthly career, will at last be able to say nothing better than that he has gathered "nothing but leaves." Pardon me, then, while I sing that hymn, and let each one pray that his harvesting will be far better.

After singing, the Rev. H. C. McCook spoke as follows : Faith is natural to a child. There is scarcely anything that a child does not receive by faith. In the family circle, when he comes to learn the first principles of right and wrong, he has nothing for it but the word of the father, "This is right, my child," or the word of the mother, "This is wrong, my child ; you must do this ; you must not do that," and the child believes. You scarcely ever find a doubter among children. Now, God has already prepared the children for this. When you come before them persuaded that the child can be led to Christ—as Brother Moody has said—persuaded that the Word of God which you teach is able to make the child wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ—when you sit down before that little immortal, God has made the whole way, so far as his natural disposition is concerned, perfectly plain and easy for you.

Now, what are you to do ? You do not need to stop and explain what faith is, or what regeneration is, or to enter into any other of these questions about religious doctrines and life,

but the great thing is to hold up the object of faith. If you can put Christ's creed before the child, showing what Jesus is to the child and to all the world, in all his lovely attributes, the child will follow you, and the Holy Spirit will bring that child to embrace Christ by faith.

Now, then, point to God as the Father of the child in Jesus Christ. Let him be taught to believe through all his days that this heavenly Father is his own father—his Father in heaven—and that he may go to him for every blessing. Several years ago I was playing with my own little girl and a companion who had come to the house, when the children were both very small. They were leaping down from the stairway, and as I stood below, my little child said, "Papa, let me jump into your arms." "Very well," I said, "go up a step or two higher," and I reached out my arms. The little one stepped up and then sprung down the steps without any hesitation, and I caught her safely. "Now," said I, "Gracie, you try it," and little Gracie went up a step or two, and stood as though she was going to make the jump, but she didn't do it. Once, twice, several times, she tried to make the jump and couldn't do it, and I had to reach up and lift her down in my arms. Now, what was the difference? How can you account for the difference in those two children? Why, my own little girl had the spirit of a child in her. I was her father, and so with an unquestioning faith she leaped right down-stairs, knowing that I would catch her. But the other child was not of my family. She was only in there as a play-mate for a season, and when she came to attempt to repeat the action her little heart failed her, because she didn't see her father down below with outstretched arms.

Rev. C. A. Dickey, D.D., next addressed the meeting. He said: "God has laid on me many responsibilities, under which I tremble, but there is none that I carry like my two

children, because I feel that for those I am wholly responsible before God. I believe that in regard to every other soul on God's earth somebody must share the responsibility with me—some other father or some other mother must divide it with me—but before God I feel that for two souls I am wholly responsible. And I say that nothing bears upon me like the weight that God has put upon me for those two little children. And if I have one word to say to you, knowing that most of you are parents here to-day, it is this one thought, that the responsibility is yours and not the child's. I therefore wish that this question had been otherwise presented. Instead of how to bring the children to Christ, we ought to be considering on our knees how we are liable to hinder the children from coming to Christ, for I believe that there is nothing which can possibly interpret the promise of God and the precepts of God but this thought, that so far as God and his plans of mercy are concerned, they embrace the children, and God is exhausting everything to save them all, even those who are hindered by others. It is to me the most humiliating thing that falls from the Word of God that the disciples are presented in the most beautiful picture of God's Word as the obstacles in the way of the children. There is no picture that God has painted upon the Word so beautiful as that where Christ beseechingly says, "Suffer them to come." And I say that the dark line on that bright picture is the fact that the disciples must be rebuked and be gotten out of the way before Christ can be gratified in the possession of the children. It is not said, "Suffer little children to be brought unto me," but "suffer them to come," as though the little ones were themselves eager to come; as though their hearts were full of the desire to come; as though they, by the plans and purposes of God, would come; as though everything that was essential was provided but one thing, and that was the removal

of the obstacle, the taking away of the hindrance. "Suffer them to come." "I am ready," says Jesus. The children are ready. The trouble is that something is in the way, somebody is violating some pledge, somebody is violating some promise, somebody has thrown himself in the way of the child, and it is prevented from coming to me.

Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, of the Beth Eden Baptist Church, related an interesting incident. He said that they organized some years ago a mission on South Street, and among the scholars was a little boy who was a rider in Dan Rice's circus, and whose mother kept a peanut stand at the Arch Street Theatre. The little boy was a great trouble in the school, and none of the male teachers could do anything with him. Finally a lady said she would take the boy, and soon after he noticed the little fellow looking earnestly into his teacher's face, and intently listening to her. Through her he was led to the Saviour. He finally left the school, and some time after they heard that he was a drummer boy in the Union army, and was mortally wounded. He sent a letter to his old teacher, full of love, thanking her for leading his soul to Zion. Some persons say that they are not sufficiently educated for teachers, but, said the speaker, all that is required is to have the love of Christ in our hearts, and He will do the rest.

Mr. Moody gave his experience. He said where he found a teacher willing to work personally with the children—get them alone one by one and talk with them, and pray with and for them, teaching them how a Christian ought to live and walk—that teacher has always been successful. Teachers that never speak to their scholars only in the class are about as successful as preachers who never have any inquiry meetings. If we are going to be successful in leading children to Christ it must be by personal teaching. Mr. Moody related several instances of the successful result of personal teaching,

both by Sunday school teachers and mothers with their children. If mothers would take their children alone in a room and teach them, there would not be so many requests by mothers for us to pray for souls who are drunkards.

The Rev. Dr. E. P. Rogers said : I want to give a single illustration of what my friend Mr. Moody said in his opening address. One fact is worth a thousand arguments. He said we didn't know what our children might be the instruments of accomplishing in God's hands if they were early converted. I want to state one single fact to him and to you. The scene occurred about twenty-five years ago, and I shall never forget it. One beautiful Sunday morning word came to me that a little girl, six years old, a member of my Sunday school, was lying on her dying bed. She was a child of un-Christian parents, the highest people in the state, her father the Governor of the State, a former Judge of the Supreme Court, a gentleman of the highest standing, but out of Christ. The little girl, as I stood by her bedside, said to her father, "Father, come here." She took him by the coat, drew him down to her so that his head almost touched her cheek, and said, "Father, I am going up, I am going up, I am going to Jesus ; and now, dear father, I want you to promise me one thing." "What is it, my child ?" said he, broken down in agonizing sorrow. "I want you to promise me," said she, "that you will be a Christian and follow me to where I am going, up to Jesus ;" and turning to her grandfather, an old gray-headed man, nearly eighty years of age, she said, "Grandpa, your head is very white, and your time is very short ; but, grandpa, follow me to Jesus." So she passed away, saying to me, "Give my love to my Sunday school teacher, and thank her for all she did for me." The next day we laid little Sallie in her grave under the tall pine trees of the Southern forest, and after the funeral this tall, stately, dignified man, always attentive to my voice

as a preacher but never allowing me to get near him out of the pulpit, said to me with tears in his eyes, "Mr. Rogers, come and see us every day, and talk to us about Jesus, for we want to remember the little preacher and follow her to Christ."

You don't know what your children could accomplish if they were brought to Jesus. One of the sweetest pictures of the latter-day glory closes with this climax, "A little child shall lead them." And there are children in your household who may yet lead men and women to the Saviour, if we suffer them to come to Him now.

After silent prayer, the Rev. George A. Peltz said: How can we reach that very point? How can we see in the children of our homes and our classes that work of the Lord God so that they will lead others to righteousness? In theory I have long held that they may be Christ's very early, but I had to wait for a little girl in my own home to teach me that the thing was a great reality. That little girl, five years old at the time of which I speak, was singing around the room, "I love Jesus." We thought it was to her only a matter of amusement, and one of us said, "Do you really love Jesus?" "Why, I can't tell the time when I didn't love Jesus," said she. Love to Jesus appeared to have sprung up in that little heart, so far as she was conscious of it, as early as love to father or love to mother.

It taught me this: First, none can tell how early God's Holy Spirit may take hold on a heart and mould it savingly. It taught me, secondly, that very little ones may intelligently receive the blessed Jesus; and it taught me, thirdly, never to doubt a child's experience where there is a sweet trust and a loving faith in the Saviour. As parents and as teachers, let us hold to this.

One other lesson we may learn from children. A boy in my own Sunday school was convicted of sin. He came to the

school hoping his teacher would say something to help him, but the teacher did not. He went home with his heart all crushed because he felt that nobody cared for his soul. He sat down alone to brood over his terrible condition. His little sister came running into the room, and as she came in she repeated the words, "Let not your heart be troubled," and away she went. He thought about it. Thought he, "Who sent me that message?" He supposed an older sister had sent it, and he felt so grateful that he went to thank her. She said, "I didn't send it." He called the little girl and asked who told her to say those words. "Nobody told me," said she. "Where did you get them?" said he. She answered, "Why, I was learning my text for next Sunday." He asked where the text was. She showed it to him, and for the first time the fact dawned on him, there is a Saviour who said, "Let not your heart be troubled." He thought, "My teacher had no such word for me, but Jesus had it, and I have it from the lips of Jesus." And just there and then he felt that Jesus had personally suffered with and sympathized with him, and was ready to bear his burden and take away his sins. Let us hold up a personal Saviour such as that. That is the Saviour the children need.

Mr. Moody read a letter from an English correspondent, in which a very touching account was given of the call up higher of two Christian boys. "Precious jewels" was then sung, and the meeting closed, the mothers tarrying to pray in one anteroom, and many of the men retiring for the same purpose to another.

Teachers in the Sabbath school might well take some hints from Mr. Moody. He preaches for a purpose. He does not merely do it to interest, but to convert. He would not preach at all, we may be sure, unless he did interest and instruct, but we may be equally certain that he would cease to preach

if he did no more than this. His great aim is so to interest and instruct that his hearers shall decide for Christ. When a teacher spends all his time on that which will secure the attention and give instruction, he may find that after all he has accomplished nothing. He has taken the easily-captured outworks, while the citadel remains untouched. The heart, and not the mind or the fancy, is the real object of attack.

Mr. Moody in one of his sermons said : " Suppose I go to find a poor beggar-woman whom I have seen standing on the street clothed in rags. I find her all nicely clothed, and ask, ' What does this mean ? ' She says, ' Why, Mr. Moody, a man came and put into my hand, as I stood here, a ten-pound note.' ' How was that ? Did you know how to put out the right kind of hand ? Was your hand all right ? ' ' Why, sir, you don't understand. The stranger put the money, a ten-pound note, into my hand ; laid it here on this very palm. Why, I got the money ; isn't that enough ? Now many come to me and say, ' I am afraid I haven't got the right kind of faith.' Faith is only the hand held out to God. Don't look at your hand, look up to God. You don't feel joyful ? Take Jesus at His word, and let feelings alone."

Mr. Marsh, who has been on Mr. Moody's track, writes : I have not once heard the complaint, so often made after revival excitement has cooled, that converts did not " hold out." It was a common thing for people to come into his meetings indifferent and go away converted. Indeed, the emphasis with which he preached to all alike the duty of immediate surrender was a stumbling-block to some good people. Who could not see that a man who decides promptly when an issue is fully before him, is quite as much to be depended on as one who dallies a long while over a decision ? There are no more steadfast soldiers of Christ in the British churches to-day than those who enlisted under Mr. Moody. Perhaps

no other minister in Edinburgh has had to do with so many of the converts in that city as Mr. Wilson, of the Barclay Church. He recently stated that he had known of but two declensions. But I am sure that the most important result of this two years' work is not measured by the number of hopeful conversions in connection with it, many thousands though they were. The breaking down of denominational prejudices is most marked. The spiritual life of the churches has been greatly quickened. Ministers confess that they have preached since as they never knew how to preach before. "He used to be a very different man, but he got a blessing when Moody was here," was a remark made about an earnest Christian worker in Edinburgh, the like of which one often hears in Scotland. It was something marvellous how he inoculated those whom he met with his zeal for souls. A business man in an English town went to hear him in another city. They had a five minutes talk together. A new fire was kindled in his heart, and since then he has had no greater joy than to preach in the evening on the street to those who never go to church; adjourning to some convenient room for a prayer and inquiry meeting with such as may be entangled in his net. In Aberdeen I found the theatres filled every Sunday evening to listen to the simple, pleading presentation of Gospel truth from a lawyer; and a police magistrate holding meetings in the Infirmary with the old people who are too feeble to get out to any other service.

The results that followed his flying visits to some of the smaller cities were sometimes quite remarkable. At Berwick-on-Tweed I asked whether he held meetings there. "Yes, he was here for one day." I suggested that such a short visit did not leave much of a mark, probably. "Indeed it did," was the answer. "It was the beginning of a great revival. Berwick has never been the same town since." In many

places the special revival interest—if it may be called special in such a case—which began with his meetings, still continues.

“Evangelistic meetings” are a common form which this quickened interest in Christian work takes,—meetings with the special aim of leading sinners to Christ. They are held in halls, in churches, in tents; on week-day evenings and on Sundays, conducted sometimes by ministers and sometimes by laymen. Edinburgh seemed to be full of them. The noon prayer-meeting is one of the notable results of the work in the latter city. It is held in the Free Assembly Hall, and attended by hundreds every day. The ministers and members of all denominations seem to be most thoroughly and delightfully united in it. It flows on full to the banks with a current of its own. No one comes for the sake of “keeping it up.” The specific requests for prayers that are sent into it sometimes reach a hundred in one day, a goodly number being accompanied by thanksgiving for answers received to prayers previously solicited. On Saturdays it takes the form of a crowded children’s meeting similar to those held in Dundee and other cities on Saturday afternoons.

It is with sincere pleasure that we present the views of the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton as to the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Philadelphia. Dr. Newton is so widely known, both in this country and abroad, from his prominence as a preacher to children, as a representative clergyman in one school of thought in the Episcopal Church, and as editor of *The Sunday School World*, that a communication from him will always command attention. Moreover, as chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the meetings of the Evangelists in Philadelphia, he has had unequalled opportunities of learning the truth as to the subject on which he now writes.

I write, by request, a few lines expressive of my own im-

pressions of those dear brethren, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and of the work which they are carrying on in this great city. The details of their work are reported in the papers every day. I need not dwell upon them. The striking peculiarities which mark the men themselves have been spoken of again and again. We are all familiar with these. There are three points of view from which these men and their work have most strikingly impressed me; and on each of these I wish to say a few words.

The first of these *is the illustration afforded in the work of these men of the essential, practical union existing between Protestant Christians*. Many instances of this might be referred to in connection with this movement. A single one may here be adduced. This occurred rather in the preparation for the work than in the work itself. A part of this preparation was to have a class of Christian workers trained and ready to go into the inquiry rooms and render service there in guiding anxious souls to Jesus. The class was composed of between three and four hundred Christian men and women. These were gathered from the different churches of the city known to be in sympathy with the Evangelists and their work. They were the best specimens of Christian knowledge and experience that these churches could furnish. And when convened together this body of "Christian Workers" made up a deeply interesting assembly.

The preparation of these workers was intrusted to a committee of four ministers, representing the leading Protestant denominations. The Rev. Dr. Breed represented the Presbyterian Church; the Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, the Baptist; the Rev. Dr. Hatfield, the Methodist; and the present writer the Episcopal Church. This committee met the workers several times for general counsel and directions in view of the solemn and responsible work in which they were to engage.

At these meetings each member of the ministerial committee addressed the workers in turn. There was no concert or agreement beforehand as to the points to be discussed, and yet the most delightful harmony prevailed through all the exercises. Not one jarring or discordant note was struck from the beginning to the end. If a stranger had been present he might have listened most attentively to the teachings of these men representing the leading branches of the Protestant Church; and for the life of him he could not have detected the slightest shade of difference in their teaching. From anything he saw or heard there, he could not have told who was the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist, or the Episcopalian. The watchmen on the walls of Zion were seeing eye to eye. They had approached so near to Jesus that they no longer saw things in the decomposed rays of their separate denomination-ism. The pure white light that shines eternally from the Sun of Righteousness was shedding down its beams upon them; and, on that grandest of all questions, "How shall a man be just with God?" they were made "one in Christ Jesus." And whatever helps to bring us thus together in such a way is a blessed work, and one on which God's blessing must certainly rest.

Another interesting point of view from which to contemplate the work of these men is in *its influence for good on the churches*.

We see several things from which this influence must spring. One of these is the marked characteristic of these men. If asked to put my finger on this peculiarity, I should say it was great singleness of aim, a remarkable earnestness and intensity of purpose. And to be brought into contact with such men, especially when, as in the present case, they are possessed of great magnetic power, cannot fail of having a good effect on all about them. We hear the song of life pitched to

a higher key than we have been wont to sing it; and before we know it we find that our own hearts and spirits have been attuned to harmony with this loftier strain.

Then, again, the Church in general is receiving good from the effect of Mr. Moody's style of preaching on the clergy. The most striking peculiarity that marks his preaching is its simple, direct, practical, unceasing, and intensely earnest appeals to the Word of God. And greater conformity to a style of preaching, so truly primitive and apostolic, in the pulpits of our land, would be an unspeakable blessing to the Church. It would be to put aside what the Apostle Paul calls "the enticing words of man's wisdom," and substituting for them "the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." This is a great want of the Church in the present day.

Still further, these Evangelists are doing good to the Church by promoting, on the part of Christian people, a more careful and diligent study of the Word of God. All the services in which they engage lead to this result. This is especially the case with the Sunday morning services for Christian workers. I wished, while at these last-named meetings, that every member of my church could have been present, for I was satisfied that it would have done them all great good. I never went to my Lord's day work in a better frame of mind for doing it than on the mornings when I had the privilege of attending those meetings. What we need among our church members in these days, above everything else, is greater acquaintance with the Scriptures. And these men are blessing the Church by helping to lead Christian people on to just this result.

The other point of interest from which to contemplate these Evangelists and their work, is, *in their power to reach and bless multitudes of men not reached or blessed by the ordinary ministrations of the Gospel.* This is seen in the character of the assemblies they are addressing all the time. It is seen in

the open acknowledgment of numbers converted at these meetings ; and especially in the numerous cases of those lost to their families, or to society, and given up to the body-and-soul-destroying tyranny of strong drink ; but who, through God's blessing on their instrumentality, have been "plucked as brands from the burning," and restored to health and hope—to peace, to comfort, and to usefulness. The recovery of *one* such would be a sufficient recompense for all the time, and money, and labor expended in this work since these brethren came to our city. But when this one comes to be multiplied by dozens of scores of rescued men of this most hopeless class of all who go astray ; and when to this one class are added large numbers of those in every other class of transgressors, brought back to God through the labors of these Evangelists, I feel, for myself—whatever others may say or do—that I can do nothing else than thank God for sending them here ; and pray Him to bless them more and more while they tarry among us ; and then to follow them with His blessing wherever else it may please Him to lead them.

MR. MOODY'S WINSOMENESS.

Gentlemen thus write from Philadelphia :

For once we have an Evangelist who is an evangelist. As such no fault can be found in him, except by some scurrilous papers, rum-dealers and infidels. Many thanks to Him who has raised up and sent to us Mr. Moody. No crotchets, or hobbies, or eccentricities, or taint of heresy, or anything objectionable to earnest Christians—what a comfort in this, to begin with. But in expounding the Book he is mighty, because he has made it his study, is full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and has strong common sense. In all these seven weeks of labor no heresy-hunter has even smelled any unsoundness. Plain, pointed, all-sided, tender, and intensely

earnest, he reaches every case. In the power of illustration he has no equal known to us—though he is not conscious of any scholastic rules or professional technicalities. For once we have an evangelist who has solved that question of ministerial conferences and Sunday school institutes, "*How shall we reach the masses?*" Over eleven thousand people, of all classes, crowd the great tabernacle, all eager to get near the stand, and all hang upon his thrilling words.

Mr. Moody is an organizer and a manager in the best sense. Classifying Christian workers by age and sex, for greater efficiency, by meeting at different hours and places adjoining, and all under his direction, his way of doing things wins the co-operation of all. And if, as rarely is the case, anything falls out of line, or is likely to disturb the harmony, he has the happy faculty of shutting it off without offence. Hence what a work has been done in seven weeks! No exact estimate can be made, of course, but inquirers have gone up to thousands. And the good gained to the church members in attendance, and to the ministry, cannot be told. At this point the interest is steadily rising and extending, and it seems vastly important that Messrs. Moody and Sankey continue here a long while yet. The sweet gospel-singer has also won the hearts of the people by his unequalled singing, and his loving labors in the inquiry room.

In the churches that are enjoying the influence of these great meetings, the good will long be felt, and the fruits seen.

God never has a work to be done but he finds a worker to do it. Commonly, too, his choice is just what man's would *not* be. Samuel blundered as to Israel's first king, and the last thought of David, the chosen one, prefigured the mis-choices of the kingly ones by men, and their rectifications by the Lord of the kingdom ever since. John, the shaggy rustic of the wilderness, with loathsome "locusts and wild honey"

for "his meat," grimy fishermen, and a hot-headed youngster fiercely "haling men and women to prison," who of the "wise men" would have picked *these* as the men to tell the world the great redemption story?

They *were* chosen and did it. Seventy years of Sunday school work has drawn Christians into the general use of what are called the International lessons, which are simply a plan by which Christians agree to open to the same chapter and study it together, each Sabbath of the year. The Christian world never before by their own choice hit upon such a *doing together* of anything. It has pleased Jesus the king, and throughout the world he has drawn the heart of man to the divine Word in a wonderful manner. He has anointed ones in the service. This humbly born, illiterate Mr. Moody is a "chosen vessel," or witness to the treasures hidden in the book of grace. He didn't set out to do this work. He doesn't claim to be doing it beyond all other men. I think he is doing it, though he may not know it, for while aiming at and attaining other wonderful work—using this as a means only—he is educating millions *in a way of study*, which will go on after all his other work ends, and outgo it in real value.

Look at this assembly, seven or eight thousand, at early morning of Sabbath, or at 4 P.M. of a week day; sitting around him in far more reverent intensity of heed than the disciples of Socrates or Plato on the banks of the Illyssus ever showed; than any group of pupils in any "Divinity School" I have seen; no trifling, no fun-making, no dawdling, as in class-rooms; but the eager, diligent thousands hearken and turn to chapter and verse, and make notes of his words, as of no professors of exegesis and sacred literature I have yet seen.

The value of the work is not alone, not mainly, in what he does himself, but more in what he is training them to do. These may show what that is.

(a.) A supreme aim to push the divine Word up to the souls of men ; to touch all men with God's thought in the Word, whatever that is. Face to face with God, his friend or his foe, is the practical fact in this way of using the Bible. The narrative ; the text ; the setting is second ; how to get at the soul through it, is first. No matter for the story, or the style, or the commentaries on it. Does it stop you from sinning and stir you up to do what God would have you do ? The persons in the narrative were good or bad, wise or foolish, as may be ; they are there to carry God's question to you : Are you fleeing from the wrath to come, and doing God's bidding to you ? To save souls, to make alive in Christ, is the ever-visible aim in the reading, and of his upspringing comments as he reads.

(b.) Vivid personation marks these readings. Take Lot and Peter. A quick-handed crayonist could put much of the "reading" on a board as it went on. It would be Lot stealing a look "*toward* Sodom," seeming not to see it ; the glamour of its towers, warehouses, etc., stealing his heart. He gets there ; makes money ; gets into city office ; is rich. See him strutting about Sodom : boys whispering, "There goes rich Mr. Lot, president of —— bank !" Been any Congress he'd been Hon. John Lot, M. C. ! Sounds well. He's done well for himself ! Next he is seen lolling in the "best carriage in Sodom," with wife and daughters, going to opera or theatre, etc. Religion dead in his soul ; "just like you, and you, worldly professor, getting the world and losing your soul." Then two angels come. They will put up with him. He's one of the chief men of Sodom now. Why not have any distinguished strangers ? Ah ! he didn't guess their errand. They tell him ; ask if he has any other but those in the house. Then the mob ; the stroke of blindness ; and, because they can't see, he gets through the crowd to houses of sons-in-law. See him ring door-bell ; window opens, with

"Who's there?" The tidings; the call, "Up, flee for life." They laugh at him; "mocked him;" he's out of his head. *There's no danger!* Sodom never had better times or stood firmer. *He's lost his witness;* men don't believe a word he says, because he's been living as much in the world as they have; his testimony is good for nothing, just like so many here. Then the storm; the flight; "the sin of Sodom," etc.

Peter was most effectively sketched; with more of system and naturalness than any other I have noted.

He is fishing; is called; leaves all; but as soon as he has made himself over to Jesus, goes back to his business. [Converts who would jump from the inquiry room into the pulpit, etc., had a plain speaking to at this point.] His call when the business was good—nets full—(costs to be a Christian); he gets into "Doubting Castle"—trying to walk the water—"most Christians live in that castle." On the Mount of Transfiguration he started "toward Rome"—a touch of High Churchism got into him. He would have three tabernacles: one for Moses, one for Elias, one for Christ—*all alike*, bring Christ down to their "old saints'" level! Instantly they were gone! Christ alone with them; a voice of thunder, "hear him! hear him!"

This was a masterstroke in the reading. With awful emphasis, "hear him" rang over the throng. Peter's fall was divided into six steps—each a kind of medallion scene around the central figure, which grew into bold and powerful form as he "read him out." (1.) The feet-washing refusal; didn't know how dirty travel in the world had made him. (2.) Self-confidence; "If all forsake, not I," etc. (3.) Got asleep; "could not watch one hour." Malchus and his lost ear, or a half-awake Christian's blunder, was a telling point. (4.) "Followed afar off. (5.) Got into bad company; by the fire in the hall. (6.) Lost his temper; swore, etc. This detail

is given to show the method the revival Bible-study is taking. It is simply the Bible made alive !

Very ragged and inaccurate many of the chalk-marks are, some almost grotesque, but life is in them ; Christ is in them ; the way to be saved is seen by them as by no other use of Scripture. On this method the Bible takes the hearer along with itself ; it does not come at him, corner him, and " hew him in pieces," as in some uses of it ; but it fills him with itself, and he walks in the light, seeing by it his sins, and the blessed Jesus ever so full of waiting love and mercy toward him.

Successors, more accurate, scholarly, and, we hope, as full of Christ, will carry on this raising to life of the Word of life in the manner Mr. Moody has so effectively begun. " Thy Word is truth."

It is a wonderful record which is made of the meetings led by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in this city up to the present week. Including the young men's and young women's meetings, there have been in all about 250 different services of the series, with an aggregate attendance at them of perhaps 900,000 persons. It is thought by the committee in charge that at least 300,000 different persons have in all been at these meetings. To the last the interest in the services has deepened, and the attendance at them has increased. The meetings of last Sunday, at the beginning of the ninth and closing week, were as crowded as any from the first of the series. Very many Christians have been quickened to new activity in the work of the Lord, and very many sinners have been led to yield themselves to a waiting Saviour through God's blessing on these services. The good results of the meetings are not to end with the removal of the Evangelists from Philadelphia. There is a new Christian life in this city, manifested in a spirit of union, and in zeal and heartiness in all

religious endeavors beyond anything hitherto known here. Unmistakable evidence of this is given in the varied exercises of the closing week of these evangelistic meetings. The brightest anticipations of friends of this work at its beginning are already more than realized in Philadelphia.

It is interesting to note that the closing meeting of the course was densely packed by the best people of the city, while thousands were unable to gain admittance. Faithful to Christ and to the truth, he wins the confidence of good men, and more than all binds them closer to the Lord and to duty.

MR. SANKEY ANSWERS A QUESTION.

"How should music be conducted in the Lord's work?" asks one. Before we give his reply we insert the crisp remark of a veteran pastor:

"There are these three," said Dr. Plumer, at one of the Moody meetings, "faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these is charity, for charity endureth forever. There are these three, prayer, the sacraments, praise, but the greatest of these is praise, for praise endureth forever."

I can scarcely expect that my views will be accepted by all singers; but my opinions are based upon the results of more than fifteen years' personal experience in conducting the service of praise in various branches of the Lord's work in this country and other lands.

I will speak first of the music in the church, which should be conducted by a good, large choir of Christian singers, who would encourage the congregation to join heartily with them in the songs of Zion, instead of monopolizing the service themselves.

I would not have unconverted persons leading the praise

of the people of God. I am fully persuaded that four-fifths of the traditional trouble with choirs arises from having unconverted people conducting this part of the service of the sanctuary. If I could not get a converted choir, I would go back to the good old ways of our forefathers, and select the best Christian man in the church who had a good voice, and put him up in front of the congregation, and let him lead as best he could, and I am sure the people would join more heartily under his leading than they would with a choir who are anxious to show how well they can execute some new tune which they have just found. But there are very few churches, if any, in which a good Christian choir may not be formed, and no one will doubt that when all the parts of our sweet church songs are sung from the heart, and the words of the hymn are distinctly pronounced, it is much sweeter than where all are singing in unison.

I would have the singers and the organ in front of the congregation, near the minister or speaker, and would insist on deportment by the singers in keeping with the services of the house of God. The conduct of the choir during the service will have very much to do with the success of the preaching. Instead of whispering, writing notes, passing books, and the like, the choir should give the closest attention to all the services, especially to the preaching of the Word. There should be the most intimate understanding between the leader of the singing and the pastor. When new tunes are to be introduced into the church they might be sung frequently by the choir alone, before the regular services commence, as voluntaries; thus the people would become somewhat familiar with the music, and when it is introduced into the regular service they would be able to take up the tune and sing it with pleasure and profit. New hymns and tunes should be introduced occasionally; but great damage is often done by

injudicious choir leaders trying to introduce a new tune at every service.

The congregation should be exhorted by the pastor to join heartily in the singing, and if a choir-master persisted in bringing out new-fangled tunes in which the people could not join during the hour of public worship, he should be set aside and his place supplied by some one who would not be so ambitious to show off how well the choir could perform, but who would be glad to have all the people join in the good old songs of Zion, which will be loved and sung until

"All the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more."

The whole question of the singing should be kept in the hands of the office-bearers of the church, and the choir should never be encouraged to entertain the idea that they are an independent organization, with power to levy war upon the church and bring it to terms, or to secede from it and cause a disruption. Praying singers are likely to be loyal to the church, and not to give trouble.

The singing in the regular prayer-meeting should be of the most spirited and spiritual character, and should be led by a single voice, usually without instrumental accompaniment, so that no restraints of any kind may interfere with the worship of even the oldest saint, who might not be able to sing in just such time and voice as would be expected were the instrument used.

The singing of long hymns should be avoided. Two or three verses well sung and bearing upon the key-note or subject of the meeting will do more good than a dozen verses poorly sung. Old familiar hymns and tunes should be used, with now and then a Sunday school song, so that the children may feel that they have a part in the prayer-meeting as well

as in the Sunday school. The young should be encouraged to attend the prayer-meetings to assist in the singing.

Nothing will kill a prayer-meeting more effectually than poor, drawling, lifeless singing; while many a poor prayer-meeting has been saved by good and spirited singing.

The American Sunday school has done more to make us a singing people than all other causes combined, and to attempt giving suggestions as to how its singing should be conducted, may seem rather venturesome. But as there are schools where, for want of a good singing-leader, there is a sad deficiency in this most delightful service, I may be pardoned for dropping a few suggestions for their benefit.

In the first place, you should have a lady or a gentleman who can play the cabinet organ. If you have not such an instrument already, I would advise you to get one as soon as possible. Let the leader, seated at the organ before the school, with a few good voices near by, conduct the singing in a hearty and spirited manner, inviting and urging all the teachers and scholars to take part in it. You will have great difficulty in getting the children to sing at all, if the tunes are allowed to drag. A word now and then as to the meaning of the hymn, a few directions as to the way in which it should be sung, and hints as to the correct pronunciation of the words, will add much to the interest and profit of the singing.

Do not let the school run into a singing-class. See that all the hymns have a bearing upon the lesson of the day.

When union religious services are held, the singing should occupy a prominent place, and it should be judiciously conducted. A union choir should be formed, composed of the best singers from the different denominations in the community. The pastors should select the persons from their own choirs or congregations, and send in their names to the person

or persons selected to have charge of the singing. Frequent meetings of these singers should be held for practice. Such hymns and tunes should be used as are easily caught by the people, and such only as contain the simple gospel; those which are full of invitations to Christ rather than to creed.

All these preparatory meetings for practice should be opened and closed with prayer. Moreover, each singer should be impressed with the importance of bearing himself in the most exemplary manner. Especially should this be demanded from each singer during the time of the public services, for inattention to the preaching on the part of members of the choir will cause more or less inattention in the congregation.

The time and tune should be led by the organ. The organist should first play a measure or two, to indicate the time and movement. At the close of this all should join heartily in the singing, leaving no place for the appearance of the quite useless appendage of too many religious gatherings—a fussy singing-leader. During the public service I would not have the leader stand up before the audience, and with a stick or a book beat the time with such fearful gesticulations as to call the attention of the people from the singing to himself. Let there be nothing about the choir to divert the audience from their part of the worship. All should try and understand the sentiment of the hymn or sacred song, and enter into it with heart and voice, in a prayerful frame of mind, silently asking God to bless the song to every soul.

I am persuaded that much interest may be added to evangelistic services by the singing occasionally of some sweet gospel hymn by a single voice. If the voice be strong enough, and the pronunciation of the words be clear and distinct, and the singer be full of faith that God will bless his message, I

have no doubt that many will accept the "gospel in the song" who would, perhaps, otherwise remain unreached by the truth. I would not permit solo singing, or any other kind of singing, to take the place of the preached Word ; but solo singing, properly conducted, may be a means of attracting people to the services who would not have come simply to hear a sermon in the usual way.

What is most needed in all these things is that they be attempted in prayer and faith, and to the glory of God. Ministers should pray for the singers and the singing. The singers should pray for themselves and their work. Thus may a bond of union be formed in this service which will be owned of God, and thereby will the world be led to see still more and more of the power of sacred song in winning souls to Jesus.

At an immense praise-meeting presided over by him, additional words were spoken worthy of being read by many ten thousands.

Mr. Sankey said : " There has been running through my heart since coming here this evening, a sort of mournful note along with these notes of joy. It is that these meetings are soon to pass away—that this is the last praise-meeting we shall probably join together in on earth. But with that thought comes this blessed thought, that by and by, with this large company, and with other large gatherings we have met elsewhere, we shall meet to sing a better song than we have ever sung on earth. We are glad of the Christian hope and assurance we have that we shall stand with that company, and our song shall be, ' Hallelujah, 'tis done, I believe on the Son ; I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.' I would to God that while we are praying, singing, and speaking to-night, souls may decide for heaven. We are fast moving on to judgment. May God help us all to believe on Jesus, so

that when we stand before the presence of the King we may be able to join in the new song of Moses and the Lamb."

Mr. Sankey and the congregation then sang, "'Tis the promise of God full salvation to give."

Rev. Dr. McCook spoke of the way Messrs. Moody and Sankey had overcome the prejudices of the people of Scotland against the organ and songs. When Mr. Sankey showed them he was singing the Gospel, it struck some of the people as a novelty, but it was no new thing. It was only a part of the old, old way of declaring the old, old story. He quoted several texts of Scripture to prove that there was a mighty influence in Christian song to retain in the minds of the people the truths of the Gospel.

Mr. Sankey said: "I have received so many cheering letters of how these little hymns are blessed, that I am encouraged to go on with this speaking to one another in hymns and songs. It is wonderful how these hymns have been spread all over the world these last two years. After our work in London was over, I had twelve days to spend before sailing for home. I thought I would slip off where I could get rest, where I would not be asked to sing or even talk about these meetings. I went to Calais, thence to Paris, and on to Switzerland. I went to the capital of Switzerland, near the foot of the Alps. The evening I got there, the first thing I heard under my window was the most beautiful volume of song that I almost ever heard. I looked out of the window and saw about one hundred and fifty people singing this sweet hymn: 'Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on his gentle breast.' It had been translated into their language. I recognized the words. I spoke to them through my friend as an interpreter. The next evening they were requested to attend a large gathering in the capital of that country. I

promised to go down and sing a hymn or two. The old French church was packed, and people were standing in the street. These people sang nearly all the hymns that you sing to-day. They had been translated and sung for months. I heard the children sing them in the Alps. As I returned through another portion of France, I heard those hymns sung on board the railway trains, and I thought, 'What shall the harvest be?' You do not know how many souls have been rested by hearing 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' Then, I said, by God's grace I will keep on singing, and I will encourage every other person who has a voice to keep on singing these sweet stories of Jesus and His love, and somebody will be blessed, just as somebody is being blessed here. May God bless the singing of these hymns throughout the earth until we meet to sing a better song in heaven."

Rev. Dr. Sheppard said: "We owe a special debt of gratitude to God that in His good providence He has made the service of song so efficient in publishing the Gospel. When I first had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Sankey I told him he had actualized an idea of the Rev. Albert Barnes. Mr. Barnes said to me a few weeks before his death, if he could sing as well as I could, he would not preach but would sing the Gospel in the pulpit; for he thought he could accomplish more by singing than preaching it. The first song I heard Mr. Sankey sing was 'Jesus passeth by,' and I said that was the most eloquent sermon I ever heard; it spoke of the opportunity present—soon to pass—and actually passed. It was most impressive and powerful."

Mr. Sankey rendered the favorite hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." His voice, in the lines "Oh, all ye heavy-laden, come," and afterward in "Too late! too late! will be the cry, Jesus of Nazareth *has* passed by," became so low,

broken, full of pity and clear withal, that dozens of people half rose from their seats and bent forward toward the stage as if by magnetic attraction. Mr. Sankey's singing was as fine as ever, and it seems strange that any one who listens to his beautiful songs of praise is not touched and brought to look upon the question of eternal life as the most important that could be presented. Men have risen for prayer who have stated that they were brought to realize their lost condition and to seek salvation through the hymns that they have heard sung.

Mr. Moody read the 35th chapter of Isaiah, after which he made an earnest prayer, thanking God for the rich blessings that he has showered upon the people. Reports were then received. Mr. Moody first made the report as to the women's meetings. He stated that they are very interesting, and God is showing His power greatly. The prayers of mothers and wives are being amazingly answered. The 87th hymn was then sung,

“ Lord, I hear of showers of blessings.”

The reports were then continued as follows: Mr. George H. Stuart reported a great awakening in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church. He said that the pastor had taken a great interest in the revival services, and that since they have commenced his only son has given his heart to Christ. There are now twenty-three young men who are living witnesses of what Jesus is doing in that church, and while he could not give the number of ladies who have professed Christ, he would say that there have been quite a large number. Several young men in his store had come out on the Lord's side.

Mr. Rowland represented the Young Men's Christian Association. He said that the prayer-meetings on Saturday

evenings are largely attended, and that there is an average of twenty young men who at every meeting rise for prayer and express a desire to come to Christ. There have been twenty-seven drinking men converted. Meetings have been inaugurated by the young converts among the workmen at the Gas Works and the seamen on board of the receiving-ship. He also stated that a good work is being done by the Yoke Fellows, and that bands of workers were going out, holding meetings, and bringing men to the Saviour.

Professor William Johnston followed by stating that a great awakening was going on in a small mission near Germantown, and that on last Tuesday evening some twelve or fifteen arose for prayer, and before leaving the place gave their hearts to Christ. On Sunday a meeting was held at the House of Correction, the result of which was most encouraging. Over one hundred persons arose for prayer. At the Bethany Presbyterian Church, at the request of the pastor, he reported the most happy results. At the last communion twenty-nine persons arose for prayer.

Mr. Wannamaker made a very encouraging report of what the Lord is doing at the young men's meetings. He said that they are largely attended, and that nightly a score or more men rise for prayers and are led to Christ. The meetings are remarkable for their length, and though it has been his effort to close them at 11 o'clock, it is often midnight before some of the young men are able to get away. He also said that many had been turned to God through the singing of Mr. Sankey, and often when Mr. Moody feared that he had failed in his efforts to reach the hearts of the people, a number have testified that the sermons had induced them to take a stand for Christ.

Rev. Dr. Hatfield followed, and said that he had been greatly encouraged with the meetings, and had given them very

much of his time. He spoke of the great work that is being done among the women, and said the results are astonishing. He then referred to the young men's meetings, and stated that he had seen as many as fifty rise for prayer. The number of conversions are surprising, and, do what he would, he never could get away until a very late hour.

Mr. Moody said that he had received a letter from a young convert, a resident of Cedarville, New Jersey, who, several weeks ago, while on a visit to this city, attended a meeting in the depot, and was converted. He went home and opened a prayer-meeting in a school-house, which has been greatly blessed. The meetings are still being held, and are being attended with glorious results.

A school-teacher from the country during the Christmas holidays was converted at one of the meetings, and he writes that after he got home he gathered the boys together and had a prayer-meeting. Several have since been held, all of which have been greatly blessed. On Monday last a lady came to the women's prayer-meeting and was converted. She said that the evening before her husband had attended the meeting in the Depot and given his heart to Christ. The conversion was brought about in this manner: The two had engaged in a quarrel, during which their little girl, unobserved by them, on the porch knelt down and prayed for them. A neighbor noticed the child, and went into the house and told the parents. The quarrel ceased, and that night the father went to the meeting at the depot, and there was converted. He returned home and set up the family altar. The result was that the wife and mother the next day attended the meeting and was also converted. The family are now rejoicing in the Saviour.

Mr. John Wannamaker, who has so efficiently presided over the young men's meetings, made a very encouraging re-

port of the work that has been done and is being done for the conversion of souls to Christ. He said that it was difficult for him to know just where to commence, and what to say in the limited time afforded him to speak. The churches in which the meetings have been held have been crowded, and very many interesting incidents have taken place. On Sunday night, in Rev. Dr. McCook's church, between four hundred and five hundred young men on their knees consecrated themselves afresh to the Master's work, and nearly all of those young men were converted during the past eight weeks. He had never witnessed such meetings, and on earth he never expected to be closer to God than he has been while in attendance upon them. Every night men have stood up and given their hearts to Christ, and are now laboring hard for the conversion of all out of the fold. A recent convert who once had been a Christian, but who had fallen through the power of strong drink, related his experience. He had lost two fortunes, and all his friends had left him, but through the efforts of Mr. Moody he had been again brought into the fold.

Mr. Wannamaker said he did not know how he could get into words the report he desired to make of the young men's meeting. He wished he could put it in like the beggar who came to the door and said: "Please ma'am, give me a drink of water; I am so hungry, I don't know where to sleep to-night." It has been high tide all the week at these meetings, and they have been crowded as they have never been before. He never expected on earth to get as near heaven as he had been when at some of these meetings, when in some portions of the house young men were finding the Saviour, others weeping over their sins, others singing joyous songs; and such was the spirit of the hour that, for the time at least, we were all Methodists. It was impossible to enter into details, and, indeed, he would rather not mention names or special cases

except to say that among those who are coming to take their places on the Lord's side, it seemed to him that we have the promise of many Moodys and Sankeys, of grand men to stand in the front and preach for the Lord Jesus Christ. In all our city the shining host of heaven last night did not look down upon a more beautiful scene than when between four and five hundred young men in Dr. McCook's church were upon their knees consecrating themselves afresh to the service of the Lord. These men, so far as he had observed, were new recruits in the ranks of the Master's army. The most beautiful thing about it was that they came from all classes of society. Some of the first men in Philadelphia are nobly confessing Christ, and are ready to work for him. He believed the time was coming again when, like Joseph, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego, and Daniel, the young men are to be noble witnesses for Christ. May God speed the day when every young man in this city shall feel that it is the greatest privilege and highest honor to be on the side of Christ and working for him.

At the final monster farewell services the Depot was filled with upwards of 12,000 persons. The doors were closed, and within twenty minutes from this time there were over 7,000 more around the several entrances striving in vain to gain admittance. At the close of this meeting three thousand persons went into the inquiry room. A gentleman, whose son had found rest in a Saviour's love through the instrumentality of their meetings now closing, sent to Mr. Moody a diamond ring, which had been so long worn that it seemed a part of himself, as a thank-offering to the Lord for this great blessing, with instructions to dispose of it as the Holy Spirit should direct. This ring was afterward sold for \$1,000, and the money given to the Y.M.C.A. Over \$100,000 were raised at the collection.

Mr. Moody concluded the services by thanking the ministers of Philadelphia for their support and sympathy, and asked their prayers as he went to New York. He then prayed most fervently for all the young converts, that they may be kept true to the faith.

After singing "Blest be the tie that binds," the happy throng dispersed, and the glorious record of the Evangelists in Philadelphia was closed.





CHAPTER XV.

THEIR WORK IN NEW YORK, AND SELECT SERMONS BY MR. MOODY.

MESSRS. MOODY & SANKEY, and their Christian helpers, after a short respite from the tremendous labors necessary to the successful conduct of their work, attacked sin and unbelief in its stronghold in the metropolis of the western world. The long awaited campaign was commenced on Monday night, Feb. 7th, at the Hippodrome, and continued for sixty-four days. Into the Hippodrome gathered day by day the largest audiences ever collected in New York. Lawyers, bankers, merchants, some of whom scarcely ever enter a church, were just as much a part of the congregation as the lowly. All classes and conditions of men have been represented at these meetings.

Such an anxious seeking for the truth has never been witnessed, and it is a question whether the same amount of good has been accomplished anywhere in so short a time. All classes have been benefited by these special religious services—ministers, Christian workers, and sinners.

All who attended the meetings have reason to look back upon the period with great pleasure, for they have witnessed wonderful manifestations of the Holy Spirit, and the blessings of the labors of the good and faithful ambassadors of Christ.

Mr. Moody's first discourse at the Hippodrome was upon human weakness and almighty power.

Long before the hour advertised immense crowds had gathered on Madison Avenue, and when at last the large doors at the entrance on that side of the building were thrown open, the crush became considerable. Men and women appeared to forget every other consideration in the all-absorbing effort to get in early in order to obtain advantageous seats. Some were a good deal crushed in this endeavor, but no one was much injured. The

policemen around the building, only fifty in number, had no difficulty in keeping order. When once the immense throng began to surge in, it took a very short time to fill the large hall to its utmost capacity, the body, galleries, and every available seat in the building being brought into requisition. The smaller hall was then thrown open, it being found that there were still large numbers waiting for admission. Too much cannot be said in commendation of the arrangements inside the building. Notwithstanding the rush of such a number of people into the hall, there was not the slightest confusion. The ushers were here, there, and everywhere, and performed their duties most efficiently; so much so that the immense crowd was seated in a very few minutes, and in as quiet and orderly a manner as an ordinary church congregation would be. For some time before the entrance for the general public had been thrown open, the platform had been gradually filling up from the Twenty-seventh Street entrance, which had been reserved for ministers, reporters, and the holders of complimentary tickets.

Among those on the platform were Rev. Drs. Ludlow, Adams, Hastings, Tucker, S. H. Tyng, Jr., T. H. Marling, Newell, Hall, ex-Gov. Morgan, Rev. Dr. H. B. Chapin, Hon. William E. Dodge, Rev. Dr. R. D. Hitchcock, J. B. Cornell, Mr. Ralph Wells, Revs. W. McAlister, H. Moore, Rev. Drs. A. M. Clapp, G. H. Hepworth, Taylor, Gen. C. B. Fisk, Bishop Janes. The platform to the left of the speakers was set apart for the choir, the men of which had also assembled and taken their seats before the entrance on Madison Avenue had been thrown open. The first meeting of the great revival in New York, was a decided success. The audience was very quiet. It was only when Mr. Sankey led the choir in some of his well-known hymns that they showed their enthusiasm by the way in which they joined in the chorus. Mr. Moody's address appeared to deeply interest the assemblage. As usual with him, it was simple, but he showed his deep earnestness throughout the whole of it, and these are the qualities that make his sermons so effective.

HUMAN WEAKNESS AND ALMIGHTY POWER.

Mr. Moody took for his text "*But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty.*" "*That no flesh should glory in his presence.*"

Now, said he, if we are going to have a work in this city of New York we must give God all the glory. I dread coming to a new place, for it takes a week or a fortnight to get down to solid work.

People are leaning upon the choir and saying: "Is not that a large choir?" Or they are saying: "There are so many ministers here, this is going to be a great work." It is not by might or power, but by God's Spirit, and we are to get our eyes off from those things. There will be no blessing until we get done leaning upon anything of that kind. It is the old Gospel—the old story, and we want the old power—the power of the Holy Spirit. If it

is anything less than that it will be like the morning cloud, it will soon pass away. I can tell you who will be disappointed, and who, in after years, will say the meetings were a failure : It will be every man and woman who does not get quickened. If there is a minister who does not get quickened, he will say the work is a failure. What we want is to get down to ourselves. If there is to be a true revival, there must be a casting down before there is a lifting up. It was when Abraham was on his face that God talked to him. When we are humble God will lift us up. Until God's people are quickened, there will be no revival. It will only be a counterfeit revival if you work among the unconverted before you get quickened yourself. When the Lord has restored us to the joy of His salvation, then we will be able to teach transgressors the way to the kingdom of God. If we are cold and lukewarm, and have not the Holy Spirit resting upon us, God will not revive the work. There may be one or two converts, but the work will not be thorough unless the Church of God is quickened. I have come from Princeton, and I have not seen anything in America like what I saw there. I think they have a Holy Ghost revival there. The president of the college told me they never had anything like it before, and the same remark was made by one of the faculty. They had been disappointed of the leaders they wanted, and they met together and prayed. One of the faculty asked them to pray for him, and right there at that meeting the work broke out. There have been about fifty brought back who had wandered from Christ. About fifty have been converted, and it looks now as though all Princeton would be brought into the fold. Oh, that it may commence here and quicken us, and then the Lord will use us. If you want to introduce two men to each other, you want to be near them. If you want to introduce sinners to God, you must be near to God as well as near to the sinner. If a man is near God he will have a love for the sinner, and his heart will be near him. Until we are near to God ourselves we cannot introduce men to God. Some one has said God always uses the vessels nearest at hand, and if we are near to God He will use us, and if we are not God cannot use us. Now we want to be in a position to give God all the glory. There are some things that make me tremble for fear our work will come to naught. There is so much man-worship. We must sink ourselves. We must get "I" down in the dust. We must lay aside our dignity and say : "Here am I, use me." I must decrease, but He must increase.

I want to urge you Christian people of New York, not to buy anything on the streets. I am told that sixty-five men have come over from Philadelphia to sell photographs and medals, and they are hawking them on the streets. It is a wonder people come to the meeting, they are so beset with people having these photographs to sell. People who patronize these men are doing the work a great injury. I would like to urge the people not to buy even the hymn-books on the street. Go into the book-stores and buy them. Those photographs are no more photographs of us than they are of you. I have not had a photograph taken these eight years. Many men will not come into the meeting, because they say, "these men are speculating." That impression has got abroad on account of these men on the streets. Let me urge and beg you to do anything to keep down this man-worship. Let us get behind the cross, and let Christ be full in view, and then we will have men come into the kingdom of God. Let us go back to the text. It is the weak things that God wants to use. The world does not want the foolish things ; it wants the mighty. But God takes the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. Next, God takes the weak things to confound the things which are mighty. Then He takes the base

things, and the despised things, and the things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are, that no flesh may glory in His sight. That was written that we may learn the lesson that God must have all the glory, that we must not take any glory to ourselves, that no flesh may glory in His sight. Just the moment we are ready to take our places in the dust and let God have His glory, then the work will be begun. If we get lifted up and say, "That is a great meeting," and get our minds off from God and are not in communion with Him, this work will be a stupendous failure.

Now you will find in all ages that God has been trying to teach His children this lesson—that He works with the weak things of the world. When He wanted an ark built He called one man to build it, and the world looked upon it with contempt. God's ways are not our ways, and God's thoughts are not our thoughts. God called one man to build the ark, and though it was thought by the world to be contemptible, yet when the deluge came it was worth more than all the world. When God wanted to deliver Israel out of the hand of the King of Egypt, He did not send an army. If we had that work to do, we would have sent an army; or if we were going to send a man, we would have sent an orator, and laid the matter out before the king in grand style. The Lord called this man Moses, that had been in the desert forty years, that had an impediment in his speech. Down goes Moses to the King of Egypt, who looks upon him with scorn and contempt, and says, "Who is God, that I should obey Him?" He finds out who He is. Look and see how God works with that king. He uses the little frog. Pharaoh looks upon the frogs with scorn and contempt. Moses said that there were many of them, that their God was a mighty God, who delighted to take the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. We are not weak enough.

It is weakness God wants. If we lay our weakness upon the altar God will take that and use it. One depending upon God's strength is worth all the strength of the world. He has power and He wants us to learn the lesson that power comes from Him. Look at that giant coming out to defy Israel. Down in the valley came the giant of Gath every morning, and the whole army was afraid to meet that giant. When Israel was trusting in God whole armies came against them and they were not afraid, but now they have their eyes upon that giant and are afraid. When we get our eyes away from God how easily we are made afraid. At last a stripling came up, and when this uncircumcised Philistine came out the young boy inquires, "Who is this man that defies the army of God?" They tell him. He wants to go right out at once and meet him. He was the very last person we would have chosen. We would want to have some other giant to meet the giant of Gath. God will have the glory. That is the point. If some great giant had slain the giant of Gath the people would have given him all the glory. God takes that youth from the country, and he goes out not with Saul's armor. He has no armor of Saul upon him. He takes a few smooth stones out of the brook, and with his sling goes forth to meet the giant. He says: "You have your spear, but I come in the name of my God." He leaned upon the strength of his God. And now look at him as he puts that little stone in his sling. He takes one aim, God directs it, and the giant of Gath falls. That boy was the very last man we would have chosen, but he was chosen of God. God takes the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. We want to learn the lesson that we are weak. We do not want our own strength. God called Sampson, and with the jawbone of an ass he slew a thousand men. Look at Jonathan and his armor-bearer. God can save by few as well as by many. It is not by might or power, but by the Spirit of God. If we will learn that lesson to-night we

can be of use at once ; we can be used as chosen vessels to carry the Gospel to others. Then the work can commence in New York at once. Let me impress this upon you, that it is weakness that God wants. There was weeping once in heaven. John wept when he got there, and some one handed him a book, and it was sealed, and there was no one there that could open the book. Abel was not worthy. He might have looked upon Enoch ; he was not worthy. He might have looked upon Abraham, the man who had such mighty faith in God ; yet the father of the faithful was not worthy to open the book. He might have looked upon Elijah or upon Daniel, but they were not worthy. He might have looked upon the New Testament saints, but they were not worthy. Stephen was not worthy. John began to cry as he looked into heaven and down upon earth, and found there was not one upon earth who was worthy to open the book. John heard a voice saying : "There is one who is worthy ; the Lion of the tribe of Judah." John looked around to see the Lion, and lo ! it was a lamb.

Instead of our having strength, we want weakness. When the lion of hell was to be overcome, the Lamb of God came forth, and the Lamb of Calvary slew the lion of hell, and conquered him. If we are going to have strength in God we must have weakness. We want to ask God to give us weakness, not strength.

When God wanted Germany to be blessed He gave power to one man to do it and Germany was blessed. When darkness and superstition were settling over Scotland He did not call forth a great army to deliver the land. The Spirit of the Lord came on John Knox, and he shook all Scotland. You cannot move through that country now but you feel the influence of John Knox there. You feel in England the influence of John Wesley and Whitfield. They were not giants in intellect, but the Spirit of God was on them ; they were mighty in God. Look at Gideon. God wanted him to go up against the Midianites. He marshalled 32,000 men. The Lord said : "If I give you victory, Gideon, with that army, Israel would say, 'What have we done ; we have slain our hundreds of thousands of Midianites.' Just say to the men who are fearful that they can go back home." Out of 32,000, 22,000 left, so that he had but 10,000 remaining. His heart sinks within him. "Too many yet," said the Lord. "If they get the victory they will say, 'See what we have done.' They will take the glory to themselves. Take them down to the water and we'll try them again." Well, out of 10,000 only 300 were left. So the Lord sent them forth with their empty pitchers and they overthrew the Midianites. I would rather have 300 men in New York city whose hearts were set on God — who were not full of fears and doubts, than thousands of those who see so many giants, so many obstacles always in the way. I have heard so many say, "New York is a hard city ; you won't succeed here." They are all the time looking at the difficulties. If God be with us we will succeed. Is not the God of our fathers enough for New York? Cannot our God take this city and shake it as He would a little child? There is not an infidel or a sceptic in New York that the Lord cannot reach. When in Philadelphia, we almost thought it was a failure for the first few weeks. They talked about the crowds all the time, but could not get their eyes fixed on God. Then the holidays began and the audiences fell off. It was the best thing that happened. The work then commenced, and I believe the results are deep and lasting as eternity because it was God's work. Don't you say anything is small that God has a hand in. Look at that little cloud yonder, not bigger than a man's hand ; but as the hand of God is in that cloud it is found to be enough for all Palestine. The land then thirsting for water got all that it needed. Don't call it small : it is large enough if God only give it.

Let me say, before we close, what we want to get is the blessing home to ourselves. Let us not be so anxious to reach the unconverted as ourselves. People will say, "That is just what such a person wanted." They will never hear for themselves. Use your ears for yourselves. Let us pray God to get a blessing ourselves, every one of us. Let ourselves get quickened, and what the result will be it will take eternity alone to tell. Let us get quickened and anointed ourselves by the Spirit of God afresh, and I have no more doubt that I exist than that a great work will be accomplished in our midst. But if we are not blessed ourselves, then the work will be a superficial one. It won't be the work God wants to give us. Let us ask God to-night that we may receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Let our prayer be: "O God, bless me. Give me a fresh baptism of Thy Spirit. Restore to me the joy of Thy salvation." Just before Elijah was taken away the Lord told him to call Elisha to take his place. If God calls us He will qualify us for our work. He is able to do it. He can qualify us for it. So Elijah called Elisha, and when the time came for him to be called away he started from Gilgal to go down to Bethel. He said Elisha should not go with him. But it had been revealed to Elisha that Elijah should be taken away, and he wanted to get his spirit, so he said: "I will not go without you." When they got to Bethel, Elijah said: "You stay here and I will go to Jericho." He wanted to visit the theological seminaries there. But Elisha said: "You will not go without me." So arm in arm the two went to Jericho. "You tarry here till I go over Jordan." But Elisha would not stay without him, so arm in arm they went to Jordan. Elijah now said; "What do you want—what is your petition?" Elisha answered, "I want a double portion of your spirit." A pretty bold petition indeed. Oh, let us ask great things! That is just what God wants. Elijah said: "Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken up, it shall be so unto thee." But Elisha will not leave him. They now come to the waters of Jordan and pass through dry-shod together. They leave the Jordan arm in arm, when lo! suddenly a chariot separates them. Elijah goes away from him; he is swept away to the clouds, but, as he goes, back comes his mantle. Elisha takes it up to Jordan. With it he strikes the waters. The answer now comes; these waters separate and he goes over alone. And when the sons of the prophets saw it, they lifted up their voices and cried out: "The spirit of Elijah rests upon Elisha."

Oh, may the spirit of Elijah rest upon us to-night! Let us go to our closets and plead with God. Let us go to our homes and cry mightily to God that the spirit of Elijah may rest upon us. Then we can say: "Here I am, use me." Oh, that we may get self out of the way. Let us make no provision for the flesh, but give up all to Jesus, and you will see how quickly he will bless our service.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

You will find my text this afternoon in the 53d chapter of Isaiah, 4th and 5th verses: "*Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.*"

Five times that little word "our" is used—our sorrows, our griefs, our iniquities, our transgressions, and the chastisement of our peace—there is a

substitute for you! I would like, if I could, to make that 53rd chapter of Isaiah real. I would like, if I could this afternoon, to bring before this congregation, or to bring out this truth—what Christ has suffered for each one of us. We take up the Bible, we read the account of His crucifixion and death, how He suffered in agony, and we go away, lay the Bible down and think nothing more about it. I remember when the war was going on I would read about a great battle having been fought, where probably ten thousand men had been killed and wounded, and after reading the article I would lay the paper aside and forget all about it. At last I went into the army myself; I saw the dying men, I heard the groans of the wounded, I helped to comfort the dying and bury the dead, I saw the scene in all its terrible realities. After I had been on the battlefield I could not read an account of a battle without it making a profound impression upon me. I wish I could bring before you in living colors the sufferings and death of Christ. I do not believe there would be a dry eye here. I want to speak of His physical sufferings, for that I think we can get hold of. No man knows all that Christ suffered. Now, when a great man dies we are all anxious to get his last words, and if it is a friend, how we treasure up that last word, how we tell it to his friends, and we never tire talking to our loved ones of how he made his departure from the world.

Now, let us visit Calvary; let us bring the scene down to this present age; let us bring it right down here into this world this afternoon; or let us go back in our imagination to the time of Christ's crucifixion; let us imagine we are living in the city of Jerusalem instead of New York; let us take just the last Thursday He was there before He was crucified. Let us just imagine we are walking up one of the streets of Jerusalem. You see a small body of men walking down the street: every one is running to see what the excitement is. As we get nearer we find that it is Jesus with His apostles. We just walk down the street with them and we see them stop and enter a very common looking house. They go in and we enter also, and there we find Jesus sitting with the apostles. You can see sorrow depicted upon His brow. His disciples see it but do not know what has caused His grief. We are told that He was sorrowful unto death. As He was sitting there He said to the twelve, "One of you shall this night betray me." Then each of them wondered if he were the one of whom the Master spoke, and they said, "Is it I?" Then Judas the traitor said, "Is it I?" Jesus said it was. Christ said, "Judas, what thou doest do quickly." Then Judas got up and left the room. For three years he had been associated with the Son of God. For three years he had sat at the feet of Jesus. For three years he had heard those words of sympathy and love fall from His lips. For three years he had been one of the faithful twelve. He had seen Him perform His wonderful miracles. He had heard the parables as they fell from the lips of Jesus. For three years he had been a member of that little band. So he got up and went out into the night, the darkest night that this world ever saw. He goes out of that guest chamber. You can hear him as he goes down those steps off into the darkness and the blackness of the night. Then he went to the Sanhedrim and he said, "I will make a bargain with you, I will sell him cheap;" and there he betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver. That was a small amount. Men condemn him, but how many are selling Him for less than that? How many will give Him up for less than that? There are men who will sell him for a little pleasure, and women who would sell him for two or three hours in a ball-room.

You can hear the money being counted. He puts it into his pocket. He says, "Give me a band of men and I will take you where He is." It

was then that Christ said those beautiful words. It was on that night that He said, "Let not your hearts be troubled. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, that where I am there ye may be also." Instead of the disciples trying to cheer Him, He is trying to cheer them. He takes Peter, James, and John off from the rest, and then He withdraws from them about a stone's throw. Then He prayed to the Father. He that knew no sin was to bear all our sins. He who was as spotless as the angels of heaven was to suffer for us. From this lone spot his earnest prayers ascended to heaven. And while He is praying the apostles fall asleep, for their eyes are heavy. Peter, James, and John were heavy with sleep. When He gets up from prayer He looks into the distance. He sees the men who are hunting for Him. They are looking around through the olive trees for some one. He well knows who they are looking for. He went up to this band of men and said, "Whom seek ye?" And they said, "We seek Jesus of Nazareth." "Well," said Jesus, "I am He." There was something about that reply that terrified those men. They trembled and fell to the ground. Then at last Judas came up, and I don't know but he put his arms around His neck and kissed Him. When Judas had kissed Christ, the soldiers seized Him, for Judas had told the soldiers that when they saw him kiss a man that was He. Those hands that had wrought so many wonderful miracles, those hands that had often been raised to bless the disciples, were bound. Then Peter takes his sword and cuts off the high priest's servant's ear. But Jesus healed the wound at once. He would not let the soldier suffer.

Then they take Him back to Jerusalem. He can see the soldiers and the populace mocking Him. When they take Him back they are summoned before the Sanhedrim. They lead Him before the Sanhedrim, and Annas is sent for. He is taken before Annas and Caiaphas: Christ is taken before the rulers of the Jews. There were seventy that belonged to that Sanhedrim. The law required that two witnesses must appear against a person on trial before he could be convicted. They secure false witnesses, who come in and swear falsely. Then the high priest asked Jesus what it was that those men witnessed against Him, but He said nothing. Then the high priest asked Him a second time and said, "Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" Jesus answered, "I am, and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Then the high priest said, "What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy from His own lips." And the verdict came forth, "He is guilty of death!" What a sentence! After a moment He was pronounced guilty of death. You can see one of these soldiers strike Him with the palm of his hand. Another spits in His face. Why, if I should spit in any of your faces you would be disgusted and get up and leave the hall. They not only struck Him, but they spit upon Him. They keep Him until morning. While they are keeping Him Peter is out in the Judgment Hall swearing that he never knew Him. They had all forsaken Him. Judas had already come back and thrown down the money which had been paid him for betraying innocent blood. He was about going out to hang himself.

About daylight they take Christ before Pilate. They are so eager for His blood that they cannot wait. By this time the city is filled with strangers from all parts of the country. They had heard that the Galilean prophet had been brought before the Sanhedrim, that they had condemned Him, and that He was to die the cruel death of the Cross, and all they had to do was to get Pilate's consent and they would then put Him out of the way. Pilate looked at Him and talked with Him, and then said, "I find no fault in this man." And they shouted, "Why, if you chastise this man

and let Him go, you will do wrong, He is a Galilean." "Why," said Pilate, "is He a Galilean?" And they told Pilate that He was brought up at Nazareth. When he heard that, glad to get rid of the responsibility, Pilate says, "Then I will send Him to Herod." There are a great many Roman soldiers keeping back the crowds in the streets, the same as our police on some great day. You can see these soldiers going before the crowd that have Jesus, clearing the streets. Herod was glad when Jesus was brought into his presence, for he hoped that He would perform some miracles to gratify his curiosity. We are told that Herod's men of war set Him at naught. They dressed Him up, took some cast-off clothing of one of their kings, perhaps, and said, "Hail, King of the Jews!" Then they came up and struck Him on the face. Oh! my friends, let us make this scene real to-day! He was bruised for our transgressions. He is your substitute and mediator.

After they had mocked Him they dressed Him up in His own garments and brought Him before Pilate. You can see the crowd around the judgment hall. They are ready to put Him to death. Pilate wanted to chastise Christ and release Him, and then deliver a prisoner to them. And they cried, "Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas."

They opened the prison door and let the prisoner out. Then Pilate thought of a way to save Him. He remembered that it was a custom among the Jews that on a certain day one prisoner was to be released to them, and go unpunished. So he said to the Jews, "Which of these two prisoners shall I release, Jesus or Barabbas?" And when the Chief Priest found out what was going on he went through the crowd and asked that Barabbas might be released. The Governor was disappointed, and when he put the question to the crowd, "Which shall I release unto you, Jesus or Barabbas?" Jesus who raised the dead, or Barabbas who took the lives of men, whose hands were dripping with the blood of his fellow-men? No sooner was it put to the crowd than they lifted up their voices, shouting, "Barabbas, Barabbas!" Then he said, "What shall I do with Jesus?" And the cry rang through the streets, "Let Him be crucified." But a few days before the crowd were crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" Then when the Governor heard it he turned and wrung his hands, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man."

Oh, until I came to read all about what Christ suffered, I never before realized what He had done for us. I never knew until I came to read all about the Roman custom of scourging what it meant by Christ being scourged for me. When I first read about that I threw myself on the floor and wept, and asked Him to forgive me for not having loved Him more. Let us imagine the scene where he is taken by the Roman soldiers to be scourged. The orders were to put forty stripes, one after another, upon his bared back. Sometimes it took fifteen minutes, and the man died in the process of being scourged. See Him stooping while the sins of the world are laid upon them, and the whips come down upon His bare back, cutting clear through the skin and flesh to the bone. And, after they had scourged Him, instead of bringing oil and pouring it into the wounds of Him who came to bind up the broken heart, and pour oil into its wounds—instead of doing this they dressed Him up again, and some cruel wretch reached out to Him a crown of thorns, which was placed upon His brow. The Queen of England wears a crown of gold, filled with diamonds and precious stones, worth \$20,000,000; but when they came to crown the Prince of Heaven, they gave Him a crown of thorns and placed it upon His brow, and in His hand they put a stick for a sceptre.

Now you might have seen at one of the gates of the city a great crowd bursting through. What is coming? There are two thieves being brought for execution. Between the two thieves is the Son of God, walking through the streets of Jerusalem. And He carried a cross. You ladies wear small crosses made of gold and wood and stone around your necks, but the cross that the Son of God carried was a rude, heavy tree made into a cross. I can imagine Him reeling and staggering under it. Undoubtedly He had lost so much blood that He was too faint to carry it, and before they got to the place it well nigh crushed Him to the earth. And then some stranger undertook to bear it along after Him. I can imagine the strong man carrying it along, and the crowd hooting, "Away with Him; away with Him"—a pestilent fellow, as they called Him. This was only nine o'clock in the morning. They arrived at Calvary a little before nine. Then they took up the Son of God and they laid Him out upon that cross. I can imagine them binding His wrists to the arms of the cross. And after they had got Him bound, up came a soldier with hammer and nails and put one nail into the palm of His hand, and then came the hammer without mercy, driving it down through the bone and flesh, and into the wood; and then into the other hand. And then they brought a long nail for His feet; and then the soldiers gathered round the cross and lifted it up, and the whole weight of the Son of God came upon those nails in His hands and feet. O, you young ladies, who say you see no beauty in Christ that you should desire to be like Him, come with me and take a look at those wounds, and remember that that crown of thorns was laid upon His brow by a mocking world. Look at Him as He hangs there, and at the people who pass by deriding Him. There are the two thieves that reviled Him, and the one that said, "Save us and save Thyself if Thou be the Son of God." But hark! At last there comes a cry from the cross. What is it? Is it a cry to the Lord to take Him down from the cross? No! It is, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Was there ever such love as that? While they were crucifying Him He was lifting His heart to God in prayer. His heart seemed to be breaking for those sinners. How He wanted to take them in His arms! How He wanted to forgive them! At last He cried, "I thirst;" and instead of giving Him a draught of water from the spring, they gave Him a draught of gall mixed with vinegar. There He hung! You can see those soldiers casting lots for His garments as they crowd around the foot of the cross. While they were casting lots the crowd would mock and deride Him and make all manner of sport of Him. He cried only, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Right in the midst of the darkness and gloom there came a voice from one of those thieves. It flashed into his soul as he hung there, "This must be more than man; this must be the true Messiah!" He cried out, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy Kingdom!" We are anxious to get the last word or act of our dying friends. Here was the last act of Jesus. He snatched the thief from the jaws of death, saying, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And again he spoke. What was it? "It is finished," was His cry. Salvation was wrought out, atonement was made. His blood had been shed; His life had been given. Undoubtedly, if we had been there, we would have seen legions of devils hovering around the cross. And so the dark clouds of death and hell came surging up against the bosom of the Son of God, and He drove them back, as you have seen the waves come gathering up and surging against the rock, and then receding and then returning. The billows were over Him. He was conquering death and Satan and the world in those last moments. He was treading the wine-

press alone. At last He shouted from the cross, "It is finished." Perhaps no one who heard it knew what it meant. But the angels in heaven knew; and I can imagine the bells of heaven (if they have bells there) ringing out and angels singing, "The God-man is dead, and full restitution has opened the way back into Paradise, and all man has to do is to look and live." After He cried, "It is finished," He bowed His head, commended His spirit to God and gave up the ghost. Do you tell me you see no reason why you should love such a Saviour? Would you rather be His enemy than his friend? Have you no desire to receive Him and become His? May God soften all our hard hearts to-day.

LOVE.

It speaks in Galatians about love, the fruit of the Spirit being love, joy, peace, gentleness, long suffering, meekness and temperance. The way this writer has put it—and I think it is very beautiful—is that joy is love exultant, peace is love in repose, and long suffering is love enduring. It is all love, you see, a gentleness is love in society, and goodness is love in action, and faith is love on the battle-field, and meekness is love at school, and temperance is love in training. Now there are a great many that have love and they hold the truth. I should have said they have got truth but they don't hold it in love, and they are very unsuccessful in working for God. They are very harsh and God cannot use them. Now let us hold the truth, but let us hold it in love. People will stand almost any kind of plain talk if you only do it in love. If you do it in harshness it bounds back and they won't receive it. So what we want is to have the truth and at the same time hold it in love.

Then there is another class of people in the world that have got the truth, but they love so much that they give up the truth because they are afraid it will hurt some one's feelings. That is wrong. We want the whole truth anyway. We don't want to give it up, but hold it in love, and I believe one reason why people think God don't love them is because they have not this love. I met a lady in the inquiry room to-day, and I could not convince her that God loved her, for she said if He did love her He would not treat her as He had. And I believe people are all measuring God with their own rule, as I said the other day, and we are not sincere in our love, and we very often profess something we don't really possess. Very often we profess to have love for a person when we do not, and we think God is like us. Now God is just what He says He is, and He wants His children to be sincere in love; not to love just merely in word and in tongue, but to love in earnest. That is what God does. You ask me why God loves. You might as well ask me why the sun shines. It can't help shining, and neither can He help loving, because He is love Himself, and any one that says He is not love does not know anything about love. If we have got the true love of God shed abroad in our hearts we will show it in our lives. We will not have to go up and down the earth proclaiming it. We will show it in everything we say or do.

There is a good deal of what you might call sham love. People profess to love you very much, when you find it is all on the surface. It is not heart love. Very often you are in a person's house, and the servant comes in and says such a person is in the front room, and she says: "Oh, dear, I am so sorry he has come, I can't bear the sight of him;" and she'll get right up and go into the other room, and say, "Why, how *do* you do?" I

am *very* glad to see you !” [Laughter.] There is a good deal of that sort of thing in the world. I remember, too, I was talking with a man one day and an acquaintance of his came in, and he jumped up at once and shook him by the hand—why I thought he was going to shake his hand out of joint, he shook so hard—and he seemed to be so glad to see him and wanted him to stay, but the man was in a great hurry and could not stay, and he coaxed and urged him to stay, but the man said no, he would come another time; and after that man went out my companion turned to me and said, “Well, he is an awful bore, and I am glad he’s gone.” Well I began to feel that I was a bore, too, and I got out as quick as I could. [Laughter.] That is not real love. That is love with the tongue while the heart is not true. Now, let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. That is the kind of love God gives us, and he wants the same in return.

Now, there is another side to this truth. A man was talking to me out here the other day that he didn’t believe there was any love at all; that Christians professed to have love, but he didn’t believe men could have two coats, and I think he reflected on me, because I had on my overcoat at that time and he hadn’t got any. I looked at him and said: “Suppose I should give you one of my coats, you would drink it up before sundown. I love you too much to give you my coat and have you drink it up.” A good many people are complaining now that Christians don’t have the love they ought to have, but I tell you it is no sign of want of love that we don’t love the lazy man. I have no sympathy with those men that are just begging twelve months of the year. It would be a good thing, I believe, to have them die off. They are of no good. I admit there are some that are not real, and sincere, and true, but there are many that would give the last penny they had to help a man who really needed help. But there are a good many sham cases—men that won’t work, and the moment they get a penny they spend it for drink. To such men it is no charity to give. A man that won’t work should be made to work. I believe there is a great deal more hope for a drunkard, or a murderer, or a gambler than there is of a lazy man. I never heard of a lazy man being converted yet, though I remember talking once with a minister in the backwoods of Iowa about lazy men. He was all discouraged in his efforts to convert lazy men, and I said to them, “Did you ever know of a lazy man to be converted?” “Yes,” said he; “I knew of one, but he was so lazy that he didn’t stay converted but about six weeks.” And that is as near as I ever heard of a lazy man being converted; and if there are any here to-day saying they don’t love us because we don’t give them any money, I say we love them too well. We don’t give to them, because it is ruin.

Some years ago I picked up several children in Chicago and thought I would clothe them and feed them, and I took special interest in those boys to see what I could make of them. I don’t think it was thirty days before the clothes had all gone to whiskey and the fathers had drunk it all up. One day I met one of the little boys for whom I had bought a pair of boots only the day before. There was a snow-storm coming up, and he was bare-footed. “Mike,” says I, “how’s this? Where are your boots?” “Father and mother took them away,” said he. There is a good deal that we think is charity that is really doing a great deal of mischief; and the people must not think because we don’t give them money to aid them in their poverty that we don’t love them, for the money would go into their pockets to get whiskey with. It is no sign that we are all hypocrites and insincere in our love that we don’t give money. I believe if the prodigal son could have got all the money he wanted in that foreign country he would never have come home, and it was a good thing for him that he did get hard up and had to

live on the husks that the swine ate. And it is a good thing that people should suffer. If they get a good living without work, they will never work. We can never make anything of them. God has decreed that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and not live on other people.

But I am getting away from the subject. I only wanted to touch upon this subject because a good many are complaining that Christian people don't help them. I have sometimes fifteen or twenty letters a day, coming from Kansas, and Europe even, asking us to take up a collection. They say, "Here is a poor woman. Just get the people to give a penny apiece." Suppose we began doing that sort of thing. We should have to have somebody to look up this man or this woman and find they are worthy. If we took up one collection, we would have to take up five hundred. I never found a person true to Christ but what the Lord would take care of them. I think it is a good thing for people to suffer a little until they come back to God. They will find that God will take care of them that love Him. A great many say, "Oh, I love God." It is easy enough to say this, but if you do love God He knows about it, be assured. He knows how much you love Him. You may deceive your neighbours, and think you love God, and assume a good deal of love when there is really no love in your heart. Now it says in Corinthians viii. 3 : "But if any man love God, the same is known of Him." God is looking from heaven down into this world just to find that one man. God knows where he lives, the number of his house, and the name of the street he lives in. In fact, He has the very hairs of your head numbered, and He will take good care of you. He will not let any of His own children come to want, He will not let any of those that come to want suffer, He will provide for their wants if they are only sincere, but He don't want any sham work. When the Lord was here He was all the time stripping those Pharisees of their miserable self-righteousness. They professed great love for Him while their hearts were far from God. Let us not profess to love God with our tongue and lips, while our lives are far from it.

Another class say, "I don't know whether I love God or not. I am really anxious to know whether or not I love God." Now, if you are really anxious it won't take you long to find out. You cannot love God and the world at the same time, because they abhor each other. They are at enmity, always have been and always will be. It is the world that crucified God's Son; it was the world that put God's Son to death. Therefore, if we love the world it is a pretty good evidence that the love of the Father is not in us. We may say our prayers and go through some religious performances, but our hearts are not right with God because we cannot love God and the world at the same time. We have got to get the world under our feet, and the love of God must be first in our hearts or else we have not got the love of God. The command we have is that he who loveth God loveth his brother also. Now, if we have got our heart full of enmity and jealousy and malice toward any of God's children it is a sure sign that the love of God is not in our hearts. To love a man that loves me—that don't require any goodness; the greatest infidel can do that; but to love a man that reviles me and lies about me and slanders me—that takes the grace of God. I may not associate with him, but I may love him. I may hate the sin, but love the sinner. And that is one of the tests by which to find out whether you have love in your heart. The first impulse of the young convert is to love every one, and to do all the good he can, and that is the sign that a man has been born from above, born of God, and that he has got real love in his heart; and these tests God gives us that we may know. The question is, do you love the world? Had you rather go to theatre than

to prayer-meeting? Had you rather go to a dance than to commune with the godly? If so it is, then it is a good sign that you have not been converted and not born of God. That is a good test. People want to know whether they love God or not; let them turn to that test and they will find out. If your heart is set on the world and you had rather not be with God's people, it is a sure sign that you have not been born of God.

Well, there is another class of people who say, "I don't see if God really loves me and I love Him, why I am called upon to have so many afflictions and troubles." Just turn a moment to the 8th chapter of Romans, the 28th verse: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His promise." It is not a few things, not a part of them, but *all* work together for good. Give a man constant prosperity, and how quick he turns away from God, and so it is a little trouble here, and a little reverse here, and some prosperity there, and taken all together it is the very thing we need.

If you just take your Bibles you will find that God loves you. There is no one in this wide world, sinner, that loves you as God loves you. You may think your father loves you, or your mother loves you, or a brother or a sister, but let me tell you you can multiply it by ten thousand times ten thousand before it can equal God's love. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Can you have greater proof of God's love and Christ's love? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Christ laid down His life for His enemies. Ah, my friends, it will take all eternity for us to find out the height and breadth, and length and depth of God's love. I am told that when that Roman Catholic Archbishop in Paris was thrust into prison during the last war there was a window in the door of his cell in the shape of a cross. He took his pencil and at the top and bottom marked the height and length and depth, and at each end of the arm the length and breadth. Ah, that Catholic bishop had been to Calvary. He could realize the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of God's love, and that Christ gave Himself up freely for us all.

How men with an open Bible can say that God don't love them is more than I can understand. But the devil is deceitful, and puts that into their heads. Let me beg you, beg you, go to Calvary, and there you may just for a moment catch a glimpse of God's love. There was a man came from Europe to this country a year or two ago, and he became dissatisfied and went to Cuba in 1867, when they had that great civil war there. Finally he was arrested for a spy, court-martialed, and condemned to be shot. He sent for the American Consul and the English Consul, and went on to prove to them that he was no spy. These two men were thoroughly convinced that the man was no spy, and they went to one of the Spanish officers and said, "This man you have condemned to be shot is an innocent man." "Well," the Spanish officer says, "the man has been legally tried by our laws and condemned, and the law must take its course and the man must die." And the next morning the man was led out; the grave was already dug for him, and the black cap was put on him, and the soldiers were there ready to receive the order, "Fire," and in a few moments the man would be shot and be put in that grave and covered up, when who should rise up but the American Consul, who took the American flag and wrapped it around him, and the English Consul took the English flag and wrapped it around him, and they said to those soldiers, "Fire on those flags if you dare!" Not a man dared; there were two great governments behind those flags. And so God says, "Come under my banner, come under the banner of love, come under the banner of heaven." God will take good care of all that come under His banner. Oh, my friends, come under the

banner of heaven to-day. This banner is a banner of love. May it float over every soul here, is the prayer of my heart. God don't will the death of any who will come under His banner of love. It is pure love, and sinner, may the love of God bring you into the fold is the prayer of my heart. I read once of a young man who left his father, and at last that father died and the boy came to the funeral, and there was not a tear that flowed over his cheeks during all the funeral. He saw that father laid down into the grave, and he did not shed a tear. When they came to break the will, and the boy heard that the father had dealt kindly with him, and had given him some property, he began to shed tears. When that boy heard his father's will read, his heart was broken, and he came to his father's God. O sinner, if you want to find out God's love, take this last will and testament of Jesus Christ. He showed His love by going to Calvary; He showed His love by His death agony there. He loves you with an everlasting love; He don't want you to perish. O, may you love Him in return.

THE TWO ADAMS.

I want to speak to-day upon the subject of the two Adams. Every person in this hall to-day is either in the first or second Adam, and I want for a little while just to draw the contrast between the two Adams. In the first chapter of Genesis, 26th verse, we will find the Lord made the first Adam lord over everything, over creation. They have now in the Old Country a great many titled men, and a good many whom they called lords. You might say that Adam was the first lord; he was the first man that was lord over creation. God had made him lord, or you might say king, and the whole world was his kingdom. He was the father of all. The second Adam you will find if you turn to the first of Mark. You will see that when Christ commenced his ministry, after He had been baptized by John, He went off into the wilderness, and there He was among the wild beasts for forty days. He was not made lord over everything. He came not as the first Adam did, but He that was rich became poor for our sakes. Then in the second chapter of Genesis, the 17th verse, you will find the first Adam introduces sin into the world. I used to stumble over that verse more than any other verse in the whole Bible. I could not understand how God said Adam should die the day he ate that fruit, and yet he lived a thousand years. I didn't understand then, as I do now, that the life of the body is not anything in comparison with the death of the soul. Adam died in his soul right there and then. Death is just being banished from God's sight; for God is the author of life, and the moment the communication was cut off between Adam and God that was the end of life. It was then "Eat and die." Thank God! It is now eat and live. If we eat of the bread of heaven we shall live for ever.

Then in the third chapter at the 6th verse God told him not to do it, and when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. Now, there is the first sin that came into the world. The second Man, instead of yielding to sin—He that knew no sin—became sin for us. The first man brought sin upon us and brought sin into the world, but the second man, who was without sin, became sin for us. A great many complain because Adam's sin comes down upon the human race all these six thousand years. They seem to think it is unjust in God that

Adam's sin should be visited upon the whole human race, but they forget that the very day Adam fell God gave us a Saviour and a way of escape, so that instead of complaining about God being unjust, it seems to me every one of us ought to look on the other side and see what a God of grace and love we have. God was under no obligations to do that. If it had been any one of us, we would have come down and pulled the rebel from the face of the earth. We would have created another man, it might have been, but God made a way for Adam and all his posterity to be saved. He gave us another man from heaven, and through Him all of us could be saved just by accepting life. Through the disobedience of one many were made sinners, but thank God, through the obedience of another many are made heirs of eternal life. I want every one in this hall to just turn away from this first Adam. He has brought all the misery into this world. It came by Adam's disobedience and transgression. He disobeyed, sin came, and death came by sin. God's word must be kept, but you turn to the eleventh chapter of John, and you find Christ is the Resurrection and the Life. One brought death, and the other brought immortality to life. If it were not for Christ we could know nothing about resurrection. I pity the poor man who ignores Christ, who rejects the Son of God. What has he got to do at the resurrection? In the third chapter of Genesis the first Adam lost life. In the first chapter of John the second Adam gives it back to us if we will only take it. The gift of God is eternal life and all we have to do is just to take it. All the pain and sickness in this world came by the first Adam, but thank God the second Adam came to bear away our griefs and sorrows. "Surely, He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." And you will find in the seventeenth chapter of Matthew that He cures our sicknesses. Now, when the first Adam had done this, had sinned and brought death upon the world, had brought a curse upon it, he ran away and hid in the bushes; but when the second Adam came to take his place and suffer his guilt, instead of hiding away in the bushes of Gethsemane, He came out and said to these men who were seeking for Him, "Whom seek ye?" and they said, "Jesus of Nazareth;" and he answered, "Here am I." He delivered himself up. The first man was disobedient unto death, but the second man was obedient unto death. Through the obedience of one, many shall be made alive, many shall live for ever. Turn back to Corinthians, 15th chapter, 45th verse. That is the most wonderful chapter almost in the whole Word of God. You ought to be well acquainted with the fifteenth chapter. And so it is written, "The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last was made a quickening spirit." Now there is a difference between a living soul and a quickening spirit. The first was made a living soul, but he could not impart life to a dead body. He could hand life down through his own family and his own line. He was made a living soul, and he could have lived for ever if he had not sinned; but the second Adam was made a quickening spirit; therefore He could raise others from the dead. All He had to do was to speak to a dead body and it would live. That is the difference between the first Adam and the second. The first was made a living soul and he lost life, and the second was made a quickening spirit, and all he had to do was to speak to dead bodies and they lived. He was the conqueror over death; He bound death hand and foot and overcame it and was a quickening spirit.

Now the first Adam was of earth, earthy. God promised him the earth; God gave him Eden, and he was all of this earth, earthy. The second man is the Lord from heaven. That is the difference between the two Adams. One is all of earth, earthy, and the other is from heaven.

Now I don't see what people are going to do with these passages in the Bible where they try to ignore Christ's Godhead, saying that He did not belong to the Godhead, that he was not God-man. "The second man was from heaven," says Paul, "and therefore He spoke as a man from heaven." When the first Adam was tempted he yielded to the first temptation. When the second Adam was tempted He resisted. Satan gave Him a trial. God won't have a Son that He cannot try. He was tried; He was tempted; He took upon Him your nature and mine and withstood the temptation. The first Adam was tempted *by* his bride. The second was tempted *for* His bride. God says, "I will give you the Church." He was tempted in this world just for His bride—the Church. He came for His bride, and instead of the bride tempting Him, he overcame all that He might win the bride to Himself. And you can always tell the difference between the two Adams. When the first Adam sins he begins to make an excuse. Man must have an excuse always ready for his sins. When God came down and said, "Adam, where art thou? What have you been doing? Have you been eating of that tree?" he hung his head and had to own up that he had; but he said, "Lord, it is the woman that tempted me." He had to charge it back upon God, you see. Instead of putting the blame where it belonged, on his own shoulders, he tried to blame God for his sins. That is what the first Adam was. We have it right here every day in our inquiry room—men trying to charge the sin back on God instead of getting up and confessing their sins. They say, "Why did God tempt me? Why did God do this and that?" That was the spirit of the first Adam. But, thank God, the second Adam made no excuse. He took it upon Himself to bear our sins upon the tree. The first Adam looked upon the tree and plucked its fruit and fell. The second Adam was nailed to the tree. "Cursed is every one that is nailed to the tree." He became a curse for us. The two wonderful events that have taken place in the world are these, that when the first Adam went up from Eden he left a curse upon the earth, but when the second Adam went up from the Mount of Olives He lifted the curse. The first brought the curse upon the earth, the second as he went up from the Mount of Olives lifted the curse, and so every man that is in Christ can shout Victory! and there is no victory until he is in Christ.

When God turned Adam out of Eden, He put cherubim at the gate with a sword; Adam could not go back to the tree of life. It would have been a terrible thing if they had gone back and eaten the fruit, and had never died. O, my friends, it is a good thing to be able to die, that in the evening of life we may shuffle off this old Adam coil, and be with the Son of God. There is nothing sad about death to a man that is in Christ Jesus. God put a sword there to guard the tree of life. The Son of Man went into the garden and plucked up the tree, and transferred it into Paradise. The gates are ajar (that is a poetical expression, but I use it for an illustration), and all we have to do is to walk right in and pluck the fruit and eat. Men complain because Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden. I would rather be up there, where Satan cannot go, than be in the old Eden.

Thanks be to God, Satan cannot go up there! The tree is planted by the throne of God, and there is the crystal stream by the river, and the tree is planted beside it. If God put Adam out of this earthly Eden on account of one sin, do you think he will let us into the Paradise above with our tens of thousands of sins upon us? If he punished one sin in that way, and would not allow him to live in the old garden for one sin, will he permit us to go to heaven with all our many sins upon us? There is no sense in

the sacred history of the atonement unless our sins have been transferred to another and put away. There is no hope unless God's sword has been raised against sin, and if God finds sin on you and me we must die. All we have to do is to turn our sins over to Him who has borne our sins in His own body on the tree. Will you turn to the third chapter of Colossians, 3d verse: "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." When Adam was driven out of Eden, all he lost was an earthly garden. God never promised him heaven. He was not a fallen man; he was an earthly man. God gave him Eden. What do we get if we are of the second Adam? The moment that God pronounced His creation good, then evil began to creep in. You could hear the footsteps of Satan coming. Satan said to himself, "Good, is it? I will mar it then;" and he went to work to destroy God's work. But no sooner had Satan left Eden than God came right down and put man into a higher place than before. Thanks be to Him, we have our life hid with Christ in God. You know Satan was once the Son of the Morning, but God afterwards cast him out, and now God takes a man and puts him in Satan's former place beside Him on the throne. We have more in the second Adam than we lost in the first Adam. There is a poor sinner that takes and hides his life in Christ; how will Satan get at him? He is secure. Our life is where Satan cannot get at it. If he could he would get at it before we could have time to get our dinners to-day, and we could not have the power ourselves to keep him out; but Christ keeps him out, and we are secure. When God said to old Adam, "Where art thou?" Adam went and hid away. When he asked the second Adam, "Where art thou?" he was at the right hand of God. When God asked the first Adam, "What hast thou done?" he said he had sinned. The second Adam said, "I have glorified Thee for ever." He came for that purpose. That is all that He did when He was down here on earth.

I want to call your attention to the natures of the two men. It is one of the most important truths that can be brought out. I was a Christian for twelve or fifteen years before I understood the two natures. I had a good deal of doubt and uncertainty, because I did not understand one thing. I thought when a man was converted God changed his whole nature. We very often talk about a change of heart. I do not think that is a good way to put it. You cannot find those words in Scripture. All through Scripture it is a "new birth;" it is a new creation; it is new life given; "born from above of the Spirit;" "born again." If it is a new birth it must be a new nature. I believe that every child of God has two natures. Some people say, "Why have you Christians so much conflict? You are always struggling with yourselves, and having conflict. We don't have it. Why is it?" Because we have two natures; and there is a battle always going on between the worlds of light and darkness. Once there was a judge who had a colored man. The colored man was very godly, and the judge used to have him to drive him around in his circuit. The judge used often to talk with him, and the colored man would tell the judge about his religious experience and about his battles and conflicts. One day the judge said to him, "Sambo, how is it that you Christians are always talking about the conflicts you have with Satan? I am better off than you are. I don't have any conflicts or trouble, and yet I am an infidel." That floored the colored man for a while. He didn't know how to meet the old infidel's argument. The judge always carried a gun along with him for hunting. Pretty soon they came to a lot of ducks. The judge took his gun and blazed away at them, and wounded one and killed another. The judge said quickly, "You jump in and get the wounded duck," and

did not pay any attention to the dead one until the wounded one was safely secured. The colored man then thought he had his illustration. He said to the judge, "I think I can explain to you now how it is that Christians have more conflict than infidels. Don't you know that the moment you wounded that duck, how anxious you was to get him out, and that you didn't care anything about the dead duck until after you had saved the other one?" "Yes," said the judge. "Well, I am a wounded duck; and I am all the time trying to get away from the devil; but you are a dead duck and he has you anyhow, and does not bother about you until he gets me for certain." So the devil has no conflict. He can devour the helpless and the widow, and it does not trouble him; he can drive a sharp bargain, and get the advantage of a man and ruin him, and not be troubled about it; and he can heap up such things all the time, and have no conflict within. Why? Because the new nature in him is not begu. When a man is born of God he gets a new life. One is from heaven and comes from Christ, that heavenly manna that comes from the throne of God. The other is of the earth, and comes of the old Adam. When I was born of my father and mother I received their nature; when they were born of their parents they received their nature; and you can trace it back to Eden. We then received God's nature.

There are two natures in man that are as distinct as day and night. With that old Adam in us, if we do not keep him down in the place of death, he brings us into captivity. I do not see how any one can explain the 6th, 7th, and 8th chapters of Romans in any other way. People sometimes tell me they have got out of the 7th chapter of Romans, but I notice they always get back there again. The fact is, we do not know ourselves. It takes us all our lives to find out who and what we are, and when we think we know something happens that makes us think we are not much further than we were when we started. The heart is deceitful above all things. In the 6th chapter of Romans it is written: "Knowing this, that an old man is crucified with him that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin." And in the 11th verse there are just three words to be especially considered: "Reckon yourselves dead." If we were really dead, we would not have to reckon ourselves dead; but if we were dead as it means there, we have to think of it and "reckon" about it. Judically we are dead, but in reality we are down here fighting the world, the flesh, and the devil. Some people seem to think they have got away from the flesh, and that they are soaring away in a sort of seventh heaven, but they get back again sooner or later. We find them wandering off down here. You cannot make the flesh anything but flesh. It will be flesh all the time; it will bring us into captivity. If we do not put it off and crucify it, and keep it in the place of death, it will keep us there for ever. What if a man does yield and says it is not he, but it is the sin in him? It is but one man after all, not two men; and one man is responsible. If I am led astray by Satan, I may protest against it as much as my accuser does. I say I know I have been wrong; I was off guard; I was not watching; but I hate it as much as any one does. That is the reason why in the 17th chapter of Romans he calls it "I protest." But protestation does not excuse us. A man went into court, having been arrested for something. He said he did not do it, and when it was proved against him he said he did not do it—it was the old man in him. The judge said: "Well, I will send the old man to prison: the other may do what he can." If we yield and sin we have to suffer.

And at the very time that we are doing good Satan comes along and says, "That is a good action," and goes on and gets us all puffed up. There are a good many that have been ruined by spiritual pride. At the very time we are trying to do good the devil is present trying to get us to do it with some impure motive. We are to put him off. He is no longer our master. We have been redeemed, and we belong to the new man. We must starve out the old man ; give him no food at all ; not let him speak. The more we put him down the weaker he gets, and the more the new man speaks through us, the more power he has and the stronger he gets. As the house of Saul grew weaker and weaker, the house of David grew stronger. If you feed the old Adam he will go right on growing. If you go on with the world, and go to the theatres and to dancing halls in preference to prayer-meetings, the old man will get stronger and stronger.

A friend of mine said that when he was converted and began preaching, he talked a good deal about himself. He said one day he saw in one of the hymn books left by a godly woman who had a seat in the church, a fly leaf on which was written these words : " Dear Harry, not I, but Christ ; not flesh, but spirit ; not sight, but faith." These words my friend pasted in his bible, and never preached or thought any more about himself. He kept himself out of the way. That is just what the old man does not do. With him it is self, self, self. If it is the new man it is not I, but Christ. If it is the new man, it is not flesh, but Spirit. If it is the new man, it is not sight, but faith. In the old Adam it is death ; in the new Adam it is eternal life. We all come under the two heads. Which, my friend, do you belong to, the old creation or the new ? Let us pray that we may stand by the throne of God clothed in the righteousness of the second Adam.





PRAYER-MEETING TALKS.

HOW TO CONDUCT PRAYER-MEETINGS.—I have noticed, in travelling up and down the country, and after mingling with a great many ministers, that it is not the man that can preach the best that is the most successful, but the man that knows how to get his people together to pray. He has more freedom. It is so much easier to preach to an audience that is in full sympathy with you than to those who are criticising all the time. It chills your heart through and through. Now, if we could only have our prayer-meetings what they ought to be, and people go, not out of any sense of duty but because they delight to go, it would be a great help to a minister in his Sunday services. Now, I find it a great help in prayer-meetings to get the people right up close together, and then get myself right down among them. I believe many a meeting is lost by the people being scattered.

Another important thing is to see that the ventilation is all right. Sometimes I have been in rooms where I think the air must have been in there five or six years. You cannot always trust the janitors to take care of it. The people get sleepy, and you think it is your fault. Very often such a thing is the fault of bad ventilation. See that you get fresh air—not too hot, and not too cold, but pure. Then it is a good thing to have a subject. Let all the people know a week beforehand what the subject is going to be. You take the subject of "Faith," say, and ask a brother or two privately to say a little on that subject. If they say, "I cannot get my thoughts together;" or, "I am so frightened when I get up that I tremble all over," then tell him just to get up and read a verse. It won't be long before they will add a few words to that verse, and after a while they will want to talk too much, and the meetings thus become very profitable to those men. What we want is variety. Instead of having Deacon Jones and Deacon Smith and Deacon Brown to do all the praying and all the talking, have somebody else say something in this way, and thus create an interest.

I would not have the minister always take the lead, for I have noticed when the minister takes the lead, if he ever goes off there is a collapse. Now it seems to me a minister should get different ones into the chair, and when he goes off the meetings won't miss him, and there will be no falling off. Not only that, but he is training his members to work. They will go out around the town and in schoolhouses, and preach the Gospel, and we multiply preachers and workers in that way if they are only just taught to take part. Now I believe there are a great many in our church prayer-meetings that could be brought out and made to be a great help if the ministers would only pay their attention to it. How many lawyers, physicians, public speakers we have who do nothing to actively help along the work, and I believe that difficulty could be removed if the minister would take a

little pains. Let the father whose son has been converted get up and give thanks. Have once in a while a thanksgiving meeting. It wakes up a church wonderfully, once in a while to let the young converts relate their experiences. Then you say, what are you going to do with these men that talk so long? I would talk to them privately, and tell them they must try to be shorter. And it is a good thing sometimes for ministers themselves not to be too long. Sometimes they read a good deal of Scripture, and talk until perhaps only fifteen minutes is left, and then they complain because Deacon Smith or Jones or some one else talks too long. Just let the minister strike the key note of the meeting, and if he can't do that in ten minutes he can't at all. Very often a minister takes up a chapter and exhausts it, and says everything he can think of in the chapter, and then can you wonder a layman cannot say more who has had no study of the subject? Give out the subject a week ahead, let the minister take five or ten minutes in opening, and then let the different ones take part. That would be a greater variety. When a man takes part he gets greatly interested himself. It was pretty true what the old deacon said, that when he took part in the meetings they were very interesting, and when he didn't they seemed very dull. [Laughter.]

SUGGESTION TO CHURCH MEMBERS.—If the ministers would encourage their members to be scattered among the audience, to never mind their pew but sit back by the door if need be, or in the gallery, where they can watch the faces of the audience, it would be a good thing. In Scotland, I met a man who with his wife would go and sit among them, as they said, to watch for souls. When they saw any one who seemed impressed they would go to him after the meeting and talk with him. Nearly all the conversions in that church during the last fifteen months had been made through that influence. Now, if we could only have from thirty to fifty members of the church whose business it is just to watch, and you laymen and laywomen to afterwards clinch them in. The best way in our regular churches is to let the workers all help pull the net in. You will get a good many fishes; it won't be now and then one, but scores and scores. Now, a stranger coming into a church likes to have some one speak to him. He does not feel insulted at all. A young man coming to New York a stranger and going to church, if some one asks him to go into the inquiry room it makes him happy and cheers him. Two young men came into our inquiry room here the other night, and after a convert had talked with them, and showed them the way, the light broke in upon them. They were asked, "Where do you go to church?" They gave the name of the church where they had been going. Said one, "I advise you to go and see the minister of that church." They said, "We don't want to go there any more; we have gone there for six years and no one has spoken to us."

A man was preaching about Christians recognising each other in heaven, and some one said, "I wish he would preach about recognising each other on earth." In one place where I preached there was no special interest. I looked over the great hall of the old circus building where it was held, and saw men talking to other men here and there. I said to the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association who got up the meeting, "Who are these men?" He said, "They are a band of workers." They were all scattered through the hall, and preaching and watching for souls. Out of the fifty of them, forty-one of their number had got a soul each and were talking and preaching with them. We have been asleep long enough. When the laity wake up and try and help the minister the minister will preach better. If the minister finds he has not been drawing the net right,

if a good many in his church go to work and help him he will do better ; he will prepare the sermons with that one thing in view. Will this draw men to Christ ?

I do not see how men can preach without inquiry meetings. I like to see the converts. One minister in Scotland said he did not believe in disturbing the impression. If he had made an impression he did not want any one to say anything. He said, "After you sow the seed you don't want to go and dig it up to see whether it has sprouted." But I told him, "The farmers all harrow it in after it is sowed." [Applause.]

ADDRESS TO CHRISTIANS.—One thing has been laid upon my mind in the last hour, and that is, that we should pray to God to fill us with the Spirit. We have had a good many questions asked us by the young converts about how they should go to work. There is a great deal of work done by people who have not the power of the Spirit ; and to work without the power is like beating against the air.

I would call your attention to one thought : the gift of the Spirit for service. We may be sons and daughters of God ; but we may be sons and daughters without power. God has a great many children that have not got any power. Their words are idle words ; they might just as well speak in an unknown tongue ; their speech is "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." I suppose many of us have felt what it is to be preaching as though we were preaching to the air, our own hearts not moved, nor any one else's. When you go home, take your Bible an hour or two, studying up this one subject, the gift of the Holy Ghost for service. In the 4th chapter of Luke, the 18th verse, we read : "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel." It was after the Spirit came upon Him that He commenced His ministry. Then He went back to Nazareth, and His work was blessed.

We find in the 20th chapter of John, these words : "And when He had said this He breathed on them and said unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost." Of course His disciples had been converted before this. Back in the 7th chapter of John we find him saying on that great day of the feast, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said,—out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. Greater works than I have done you shall do, because I come of the Father, and the Holy Ghost shall be upon you which also comes of Him."

If we are only imbued with power from on High, it will then be ours to work for God. You cannot get water out of a dry well. You may pump and pump and pump, and the old machine will squeak, but there won't any water come. Sometimes pumps are dry and you can't make any water come until you pour in a little at the top. So we have got to have water poured on us, or we cannot get any more power than a dry pump. What we want is this water of the Spirit poured upon ourselves. Oh, may He pour it upon us this afternoon.

In the 20th chapter of Luke and the 22d verse, it says, "When He had said this He breathed on them and saith unto them receive, ye the Holy Ghost." Of course the disciples received the Spirit there.

Some people think because they have had the Holy Ghost resting upon them at one time in power, it is going to remain. But I tell you many a man that got converted and received the Holy Ghost, and was used ten years ago for the service of the Lord, has not got the power that he once had. He may be a good Christian, but he has lost the power. The people in his church know it. They say to each other, "What has come over our

pastor?" He has not got the unction, he has not got the Holy Ghost. Oh, shall we not seek and pray for it here to-day? May the God of heaven breathe upon us one breath from the upper world before we go hence! To see that we are not to be satisfied with being filled once, turn over into the 2nd chapter of Acts. He told His disciples to go back to Jerusalem and tarry there until they were imbued from on High. Those men had already been converted before. My friends, I think we do not tarry at Jerusalem until we get the power. We forget about the Holy Ghost, and about the necessity of our being anointed for service. These very men that He breathed upon then were afterwards filled with the Holy Ghost, as we read in the 4th chapter of Acts. Peter and James and John had not remained full. We are greatly mistaken in thinking that we may remain satisfied with past mercies of grace that God gave us away back these ten years ago. We do not love the fresh manna. In the 3rd chapter of John comes Nicodemus. In the 4th chapter of John He holds out the cup of salvation, and it becomes a well of water. The water always runs to one level as it comes down. The 4th chapter of John is a better Christian than the 3rd chapter. The best glories of a Christian are mentioned in the 7th chapter, where it says: "Out of His belly shall flow rivers of living water." In Luke we find it mentioned as a well, in John, a river. You know there are two ways of digging wells now. In one process, they do not stop as soon as they have come to water; but they dig on down carefully through the rock and sand, until they come to a lower strata, and a stream of the clearest crystal water starts and gushes to the top, like a fountain. You do not have to pump the water up from such a well. It comes of itself.

While I was in England I met a minister whose health had become so poor that he had to get an assistant to help him preach. He could only preach once a week, and not always that. One day, in meeting, the Spirit of God came upon him anew, and he got freshly anointed. He came down to London a year afterwards and told me that during the past year he had preached eight sermons a week. He said he had never been so well in all his life. I believe it is not work that breaks down our health; it is pumping without the water! What we want to do is just to wait on God until He gives it to us. I know a minister who told me he felt that he was preaching without this anointing, and he felt that his sermons had not been blessed for a long, long time. I know it was my own experience. I never like to talk about myself; it always makes me feel like a fool, but this may do some of you some good.

About four years ago I got into a cold state. It did not seem as if there was any unction resting upon my ministry. For four long months God seemed to be just showing me myself. I found I was ambitious; I was not preaching for Christ; I was preaching for ambition. I found everything in my heart that ought not to be there. For four months a wrestling went on within me, and I was a miserable man. But after four months the anointing came. It came upon me as I was walking in the streets of New York. Many a time I have thought of it since I have been here. At last I had returned to God again, and I was wretched no longer. I almost prayed, in my joy, "O, stay Thy hand!" I thought this earthen vessel would break, He filled me so full of the Spirit. If I have not been a different man since, I do not know myself. I think I have accomplished more in the last four years than in all the rest of my life. But oh, it was preceded by a wrestling and a hard struggle! I think I have never got out of this miserable selfishness. There was a time when I wanted

to see my little vineyard blessed, and I could not get out of it ; but I could work for the whole world now. I would like to go round the world and tell the perishing millions of a Saviour's love.

If in these closing months here we could get baptized by the Holy Ghost, would it not be blessed ? Is there not a hungering and a thirsting to be filled to-day ? "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." There is the word of the Lord Jesus. Is He not here to-day ? Is not He able to fill us ? If He would imbue us all, and expel all jealousy and sectarianism, would it not be blessed ? He can conquer this earthly will and fill us with the Holy Ghost as were the early Christians. Your congregations will find your new anointing out, if you take the grace and the anointing away with you. They will say to each other directly, "What does it mean ? What has come over our minister ?" O, God grant that self may lose its interest for us to-day, and that Jesus may burst upon us with a new view ; that we may behold Him to-day as we never yet beheld Him ; and may He give us fresh anointing !

CHRIST THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—Luke x. 25.—In this picture we get the whole Gospel. Jerusalem was the city of peace. Jericho was a city condemned, and from one to the other was all the way down hill—an easy road to go, as the unfortunate man thought when he started on his journey. But he fell among thieves, who stripped him and left him half dead, and the priest and the Levite passed him by. These two men represent a large class of people. We can imagine the priest asking himself, "Am I my brother's keeper ?" and complaining, "What did he want to go down there for, any way ? Why didn't he stay at home ? He was a great deal better off in Jerusalem—he might have known something would happen to him." Some people think they have done their duty when they blame the poor for their poverty, and the unfortunate for the accidents which happen to them.

There is another class who always begin to philosophize the minute they see any suffering. "Why does God have these things ? Why does He have sin and poverty in the world, I would like to know ? He needn't have it ; He could just as well have made a world without it." But here comes the good Samaritan ; he does more than pity and philosophize ; he helps, gives oil, and lifts the poor fellow on his beast. He is not afraid to touch him. He don't stop to ask whether he is Jew or Gentile, or just what he is going to do with the man if he takes him away from there. Now a great many people ask us, "What are you going to do with these young converts when you get them ? Where will you put them—into what church—Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal ?" "Well, we don't know ; we have not thought of that ; we are trying to get them out of the ditch first." "Oh, well then, we don't want to have anything to do with it ; we want it to be done decently and in order if we are going to have a hand in it."

These people are no Samaritans ; they won't have anything to do with the poor fellows by the wayside if they cannot dispose of them ever afterwards to suit themselves. Let us not condemn those who have fallen into the ditch. Christ is our Good Samaritan ; He has done for us, and tells us to do for others.

CREATE A CLEAN HEART IN ME, O GOD !—Ps. li. 10.—It seems as if here is where we might well stop and say a word. Is our heart clean in the sight of God ? Has He renewed a right spirit within us ? Do we show that in our home, in our daily life, in our business, and in our contact with others ? If we do not, it seems to me it is better to be praying for ourselves than for others, that the world may see that we have been with God's spirit. If we are a great way from Christ in all our ways, our words will

be cold and empty, and we cannot reach the world. There is power enough in this room to move all New York if we had the right spirit and clean hearts. A friend of mine told me he had been preaching some time without seeing any results in his church, and he began to cry to God that he might have a blessing on his church. He said weeks went on and the answer didn't come, and he felt as if he must either have a blessing or give up the ministry. He must have souls or die, and he said that on one Sunday he threw himself on his knees in his study and cried to God, "Oh, God! break this heart of mine and give me a contrite spirit." Just at this moment he heard a faint rap at the door, and opening it, his little child, four years old, entered. She had heard her father's prayer, and she said, "Father, I wish you would pray for me; I want a clean heart." "And," said he, "God broke my heart, and at the next meeting there were forty inquirers, after that one sermon." "Oh, that our hearts may be tender, and may we know what it is to have broken hearts and contrite spirits."

GOD'S POWER TO SAVE THE DRUNKARD.—Jer. xxxii. 17 :—"Oh, Lord God! behold, Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee." Mr. Moody said he had taken that chapter to every place where he had been. He had tried to find a substitute, but had never succeeded. He then said :

It's just what we want to give the keynote to our meetings. Many of us look about and see so many wretched and wicked people that we become disheartened. But it's as easy for God to save every drunkard and infidel in New York as it is for Him to turn His hand over. Think of this earth that God has made, with its mountains and rivers! Some one has said it is only a ball thrown from the hand of God, and another that the stars and the moon are only the fringe of His garments. If God can do these great things, think you He can't save drunkards? If He could speak worlds into existence, can't He save dead souls? I have more hope of these prayer-meetings than of any others. But if we don't get a hold of God here we won't anywhere. I believe that God answers prayers. If we ask a fish, He won't give us a stone. Some have said these meetings will pass away and do no good. But it won't be so if God is with us. The late war taught men how to pray. It seems to me that some of the best work I ever saw was among the soldiers. Those boys away from their mothers, how many prayers were uttered for them, and how many were converted! I well remember a young lieutenant from Indiana. In one of our meetings, when we had been speaking of mothers' prayers, he got up and said the remarks reminded him of letters he had received from his mother, expressing great anxiety about his soul. He had told her he would come to Christ after the war; but she reminded him he might never see that time. Another letter came from his home, and that mother was dead. And with the tears trickling down his cheeks, that noble young man told his tale, and came to know his Saviour. Now we come to-day to call upon the Lord for a great blessing to rest upon this mighty city.

A RAINY DAY PRAYER-MEETING.—Ps. ciii.—There are four precious clauses in this Psalm, viz. : "He forgiveth all thine iniquities;" "He healeth all thy diseases;" "He redeemeth thy life from destruction," and "He crowneth thee with loving kindness." Christianity is better than anything that the world can give. It satisfies us. This is what wealth cannot do. The crowns of Europe cannot give the peace and contentment that come from the Crown of Life. I like these rainy day prayer-meetings. It costs us something to get here.



ADDRESS TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

*Farewell Services at the New York Hippodrome, held
Wednesday Evening, April 19, 1874.*

In the fourteenth chapter of Romans, and fourth verse, you will find these words : “*God is able to make him stand.*” I have no doubt that there are many sceptics, and even lukewarm Christians, that are saying in their hearts that these young converts will not stand long. They say, “Wait three months, or at the most six months, and see where all the converts are at the end of that time.” “They won’t stand ; they won’t stand” —I have heard that said all my life. Our fathers and our forefathers heard it. “Ah,” they say, “they won’t hold out,” but look at the thousands and thousands of Christians that have held out notwithstanding all these prophecies. If you young converts, now in the morning of your Christian experience, will learn the lesson of this one word “able,” it may save you many a painful experience.

You cannot stand of yourselves, but it is God that is going to make you stand. He was able to make Joseph stand down there in Egypt, and to make Elijah stand before Ahab, and to make Daniel stand in Babylon, and John Bunyan to stand in Bedford. Probably he had as mean a nature as any one, and yet God was able to make him stand and to enable him to overcome that mean nature. The moment we lean on an arm of flesh, that moment we fall ; then we are on dangerous ground ; we walk on the edge of a volcano, on the brink of the precipice. I remember when I was a young Christian I used to think that it would be easier after a time, and that when I had been a Christian fifteen or twenty years I should have but few temptations and difficulties ; but I find that the longer I live the more dangers I see surrounding me. Why, Samson judged Israel for twenty years and then fell into sin ; and how many men there are who fall in their old age. I don’t mean that they are finally lost, but they fall into sin. They make some mistake, or their old tempers springs up, and they do some mean thing ; and very often the church has not as much sympathy with such persons as it ought to have. Too much is frequently expected of young Christians. There is a great difference between a man falling into sin and loving sin. If you fall into sin and all the time hate it, go and tell God all about it, for He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Guard against self-confidence, and the Lord will strengthen you and “make you stand.” We find in the tenth of 1st Corinthians this caution : “Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.” Be watchful ; be prayerful ; keep your eye fixed on Christ, not on any man, however good he may be.

Christ is able to make you stand, able to deliver you out of every temptation; and He will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able. In Hebrews ii. and 18th verse, we read, "For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." It has often been wonderfully encouraging to me to think that my Master has travelled all through this wilderness, that he knows all about the trials and temptations to which we are subject, and that therefore He is able to succor those that are tempted. When the old nature and the old temper assail you, look to Him for strength. People lay it down as a wise rule in temporal things, "Don't live up to your income;" but you ought to live up to your income spiritually. Use all the grace you have. God has yet plenty more. He has got a throne of grace established so that you may go and get all you may need. Use all the grace God gives you, and don't save any, but when you want more go and ask Him for it. See the face of God every morning before you see the face of man. Don't get more than one day's march from the throne of grace, and you will not go far astray.

An old Scotchman said to his son: "I want you to eat two breakfasts every morning. Do you know what I mean?" And the son reflected. "You mean I am to eat a breakfast for my soul as well as for my body." "That is right," said his father. See the face of your Father in heaven before you see that of your earthly parent; go to Him every evening, and do not sleep at night without seeking pardon for the sins of the day, for He is ever faithful to forgive. He delights to forgive. It is an old saying that "short reckonings make long friends." If you run up a long account with your grocer, when you come to settle you say, "Here's this two pounds of sugar I never had, and this thing and the other thing I never had." You have forgotten all about it, but if you had paid for it at the time you would have remembered all about it. Keep short accounts with God, and you won't fall far into sin. In 2nd Timothy, and the twelfth verse of the first chapter, we have Paul's persuasion. The Presbyterians, the Baptists, and every other denomination claim Paul as belonging to them. Mr. Saukey says he was a Methodist (laughter), but here we find what was Paul's persuasion. "For I know (he says) in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

I don't so much mind what church you belong to, but I want that all these young converts should be of Paul's persuasion. If you really believe you have received the pardon of your sins, commit your life, your reputation, your money—commit it all to the Lord. Tell Satan you have committed it to the Lord. Refer him right over to Christ. Don't attempt to make any argument with Satan, for the Lord is able to keep that which you have committed to Him. A boy wanted to fight with one who was smaller than himself, but the little fellow said, "Wait till I call my big brother." Christ is your big brother. You cannot fight with Satan, for he has six thousand years' experience, and is a deal wiser than you are. But the Lion of the Tribe of Judah had a battle with him, and overcame him; and since then Satan always flies when he hears the name of Christ. Our elder brother is able to help us, and He will always make a way of escape. In a town where I once lived, a man commenced business at a store where several others had failed. He had not much capital, not as much as some other men who preceded him, and every one expected that he would very soon fail. But he did not, and people couldn't understand the reason, until one day it was discovered that he had a rich brother down East who kept furnishing him with money. We have a rich brother in heaven, and He is able to keep

that which we have committed to Him, and to supply all our need. Let the young converts bear in mind that Christ is their keeper, and that they cannot keep themselves.

In 2nd Corinthians xi. 9, God says, "My peace is sufficient, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Now we want these young converts to serve Christ. It is not too much to expect that each one of you should bring twelve more. One young man came to me and said he was converted on the 3rd of February; he had a list of fifty-nine persons, with the residence of each, whom he had since that time been instrumental in leading to Christ; and if that young convert has led fifty-nine, every man, woman, and child ought to be able to reach some. Let each one go to work; that is the way to grow in strength. "They that water others shall themselves be watered, and the liberal soul shall be fed. God is able to make all grace abound." Let me give you a little advice. Let your friends be those who are in the church. Select for your companions experienced Christians. Keep company with those who know a little more than you do yourselves. Of course, you get the best of the bargain; but from my own experience I know that is the best way to make advance in a religious life. Get in love with the blessed Bible, and the world will lose its hold upon you. It will not be giving up and making sacrifices, but you will have no desire to follow questionable pursuits. All the time will be occupied in God's service, and life will seem too short to do all that you will want to accomplish.

My advice to all young converts is to join the church. If a minister preaches the Gospel, I don't care so much to what denomination he belongs. If your minister does not preach the Gospel, find some other minister that does, but do not be running from one church to another. In Romans iv. and 20th verse, God tells us that He is able to perform that which He has promised. Bear in mind that God's word is true; it will help you very much always to realize this. It is only when like Peter we begin to doubt that we fall. The old Scotch woman wrote against the promises in her Bible "T" and "P"—tried and proved. Every promise that you try and prove you will find to be true; and if you feed on them, the world will lose its influence over you. There is no discount to be allowed on any word that Christ ever said; all scripture is to be fulfilled. The year that Christ was born, Augustus Caesar, the Roman Emperor, ordered that all the world then under his rule should be taxed; but that money was not collected until nine years afterwards. Why was it that that particular year was chosen for the taxing, except that the word of God should be fulfilled, and that the Virgin be brought to Bethlehem, so that Christ might be born at the time and place predicted? Has God said it? Then let us believe it. I have a good deal of sympathy with the belief of the colored woman who said that if the Lord told her to jump through a brick wall, her business was to jump, and the getting through was God's work, not hers. For, do your part and God will do His. Take God at His word, and when He tells you to, jump.

I think the sweetest text in the whole Bible is that verse in Jude: "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." How precious, how sweet these words, "Unto Him who is able." Some people have an idea that every one must of necessity wander off into the world. Dr. Bonar, speaking at a meeting of young converts in Glasgow, said: "I am an old man now, but I have never lost sight of Christ since the day I first saw Him." You have not got to fall; don't believe such a thing for a minute, for "He is able to keep you and to present you faultless." What a beautiful thought for every one in this assembly, that we are to be pre-

sented by the Son of Christ pure and spotless, for the Bible says we shall be "without spot or wrinkle, and clothed with the garments of salvation." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." But don't forget where God found you. There is an institution in London which receives poor little vagabond boys from the streets and gives them a home and education and teaches them a trade. When they enter, a photograph is taken of each boy, just in his rags and filth as he was picked from the street; and then in after years, when the lad is leaving to fill a situation, another photograph is taken, and the two pictures are given him—the first to remind him of what he was when found by the institution. Let us not forget where it was that the Lord Jesus Christ found us. In Deuteronomy xxxii. and 10th verse, we read: "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste, howling wilderness; He led him about; He instructed him; He kept him as the apple of His eye." True things are here taught. He found him; He kept him; He led him about; and He kept him as the apple of his eye. Remember that it was Christ first found you. He sought you before you sought Him; but it does not take long for an anxious soul and a seeking Saviour to meet. I fancy some one here is saying, "I wish Mr. Moody would give us something practical." And you are asking, "Is it right to go to the theatre? Is it right to drink moderately? Is it right to read novels?" Well, I can't carry your conscience. Christ does not lay down rules for our lives; he lays down principles; and wherever there seems a room for any doubt as to which is right, I give Christ the benefit of it rather than seek to live up to the very outside limit. I could not go to the theatre myself because I would not like my children to go. I could not smoke because I do not want my boy to smoke. I do not read those miserable flashy novels because I have no desire to do so; but then I can't carry your conscience. Just be men of the Bible and live near to God, and these things will regulate themselves. Then if you have any doubt, ask for direction. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." Carry the whole matter to God; pray over it, and don't do anything about which you cannot ask God's blessing. I remember once being asked to attend the opening of a billiard hall. The invitation was sent to me, and I went to the proprietor and asked him if he really wanted me to come. He said he did, and I promised to come. I asked him if he would have any objection to my bringing a friend along with me. He said I could do so if I would promise nothing should be said about religion. I said, "I never go anywhere that I can't pray, and I mean to read a passage of scripture and offer prayer at your billiard hall." "Then," said he, "you shan't come." "But," I replied, "you invited me, and I am coming. But look here, my friend; we will compromise this matter. I will let you off on one condition, that you allow me to pray with you now." And there and then we went on our knees, and I prayed God to save his soul but curse his business. The billiard hall was opened, but in two months the business failed and the place was shut up again. Don't go where you cannot take God with you. At a place in Europe some one got up in one of the meetings, and asked if I didn't think it was possible for a man to be a Christian and an honest distiller. I said, "My rule is, do everything for the glory of God; and if, when you go into the distillery to-morrow, you can ask the blessing of God upon every cask of liquor, then you can carry on your business and be a Christian; but if you can't, then you are not living to the glory of God. My counsel in this matter is: be out and out on the Lord's side, and the Lord will help and deliver you. Never touch strong drink as long as you live. Nearly all the young converts who have fallen back in Europe have fallen through

strong drink. Even though certain classes of people may drink it moderately, don't you touch it. There are some people of strong will that drink and do not suffer thereby ; but ninety-nine out of every hundred men have not this strength, and they need the strength of your example. Give it up for Christ's sake ; give it up for the sake of those who have become the slaves of drink, but who now would rather lose their right hand than touch a drop of liquor.

One word more to the young converts : Be sure that you don't disgrace "the old family name," as Dr. Bonar puts it. Some of the people of New York are very proud of their old family name ; and let us remember that the family to which you now belong has a history reaching back eighteen hundred years. You are called the sons and daughters of God ; a high calling—a wonderful calling. Walk circumspectly ; walk as daughters of heaven, as the sons of a king. Walk so that the world may take knowledge of you, by your walk and conversation, that you have been with Christ. And now, brethren, I would, in the farewell words of Paul to the Ephesians, commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified. He is able to build you up, and to make you builders in Christ's kingdom, if you know your Bibles well. The Word is the sword of the Spirit, and until the Word is hid in our hearts we can be of little service. There are two dangers ahead. The moment a young convert becomes an active worker there is danger of spiritual pride. Satan comes and tells him what a great work he is doing, or some foolish man or woman in the church pats him on the back. The other danger is that young converts should get discouraged and not work at all, because some think all they do is not judicious and proper. In regard to what has been accomplished during the last few weeks we have no chance to boast. Instead of a few thousand being converted there might have been tenfold as many had we done our duty. Let us be ashamed of ourselves, but not ashamed of Christ. Bear in mind that we are only channels ; the work is Christ's, and all the glory shall be His.

In conclusion Mr. Moody said : And now, dear friends, I must say good-by ; but I do not like the word—rather let it be good-night ; for the night will be but short, and the morning will soon come when we shall meet the other side of the river, where there is no parting. We have received nothing but kindness since we came here, and the Lord has abundantly blessed our work. May God bless all the policemen, and the reporters, and the choir, and the ushers, and all who have aided the Lord's cause, since we came here ten weeks ago. God bless all the ministers who have worked so nobly with us for Christ, and may the good work go on when we are far from here.

Mr. Moody then prayed long and fervently, and asked that the Holy Ghost might abound with all present. He wound up by again calling down a blessing on all concerned in the work, and was greatly affected at the close. Mr. Sankey sang a farewell hymn to the air of "Home, sweet home," and the services finished with the singing of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the benediction, pronounced by the Rev. J. Cotton Smith, D.D.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey at once left the platform and retired to the private rooms, but it was a considerable time before the vast congregation had dispersed, many lingering to give the parting hand-shake to those with whom, in various relations, they had been associated during the past two or three weeks.

It is estimated that 3,500 new converts were present, the remainder of

the audience being composed of Christian workers, clergymen, and the choir.

The words of the farewell hymn sung by Mr. Sankey are as follows :

“ Farewell, faithful friends : we must now bid adieu
To those joys and those pleasures we tasted with you.
We labored together, united in heart.
But now we must close and soon we must part.

Our labors are over and we must be gone,
We leave you not friendless to struggle alone.
Be watchful and prayerful, and Jesus will stay—
Cling close to the Saviour, let Him lead the way.

Farewell, dear young converts, we leave you likewise :
And hope we shall meet you with Christ in the skies.
Oh ! who will turn back, and the Saviour deny,
Like Judas the traitor, deny him and die ?

Farewell, trembling sinner, sad time now with you :
Our hearts sink within us to bid you adieu.
One step back or forward may settle your doom—
’Mid the glories of heaven or eternity’s gloom.

Farewell, every hearer, we now turn away :
No more may we meet, ’till the great judgment day.
Though absent in body, we’ll be with you in prayer.
And we’ll meet you in heaven—there’s no parting there.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare us, dear Saviour, for yonder blest home.”





Date Due

FEB

9 1978

DEC

4 1978

APR 16 1996

APR 04 1996

JUN 16 1999

JUN 14 1999

BV 3785 .M7 B6

Boyd, Robert.

The lives and labors of Moody

010101 000



0 1163 0181224 8

TRENT UNIVERSITY

BV3785 .M7B6

Boyd, Robert

The lives and labors of Moody
and Sankey

DATE

ISSUED TO

261144

261144

